

For the Canadian Woman

Chatelaine

June 1954

20 Cents

GO ROUND THE WORLD
WITH CLAIRE WALLACE

A WIDOW WRITES
AN OPEN LETTER TO WIVES

WHAT YOU SHOULD
KNOW ABOUT POLIO





One of Canada's Leading Food Consultants

Mrs. Jehane Benoit tells

why it pays to freeze your own foods

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Everything in season . . . any time of the year.

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Save through "quantity" buying

Save through grocery sales



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Mrs. Benoit explains

why it pays to own an International Harvester Home Freezer

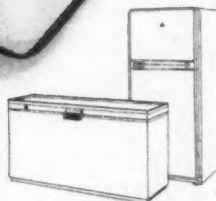
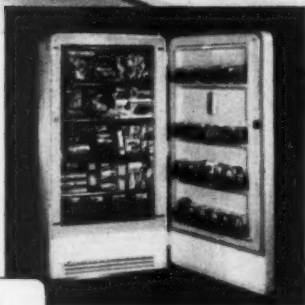
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Chatelaine Centre

GO ROUND THE WORLD WITH CLAIRE WALLACE

FROM NEW YORK, LONDON AND ROME . . . CLAIRE FLASHES THE FIRST OF HER
HOT-OFF-THE-PLANE REPORTS ABOUT HER GLOBE-GIRDLING SEARCH FOR THE
WORLD'S FOURTEEN WONDERS AND A HUNDRED EXCITING ADVENTURES



Next month Claire cables from Cairo.

New York—Hello and good-by. Propelled by the crowd in Times Square we were greeted by a friend from Canada, "Seeing the town, dear?" She looked blank when I replied smugly, "No, seeing the world this time, dear." For despite the fact our Atlantic flight was delayed eleven hours, we were off to see the fourteen wonders of the world—via Rome, Istanbul, Rhodes, Jerusalem, Cairo, Calcutta, Hong Kong and Honolulu. "We" means Lillian Spencer, who's worked with me for years, and I.

Idlewild—Red ribbon and sore arms. Just a year ago we started planning this trip, and now as take-off time came at last, we sat wearily in the airport lounge, trying not to jostle each other's freshly vaccinated arms and checking our packing list. Tablets to purify the drinking water . . . extra rubber lifts to replace run-down heels on our walking shoes and which Lillian vows she can put on for us if we cannot find a shoemaker . . . an international electric plug so difficult to find but so essential for our travel iron . . . bathing caps. Yet we travel light—just one suitcase each. But we did include three small "musts": brightly colored ribbon to tie on luggage handles for quick identification . . . a penknife for paring fruit in countries where it is not safe to eat everything . . . cellophane envelopes to hold lingerie, hosiery, blouses, shoes. Then customs inspectors can see everything without jumbling our packing. But I never thought I'd go around the world toting a biscuit tin lined with French chalk! This will carry our expensive cameras and films safely through the intense heat, humidity and mildew in places like India and Siam.

Crawling across the Atlantic. Nice smooth flight under experienced hands of Captain O. P. Jones, BOAC's senior, grey-bearded and distinguished pilot. Only excitement so far came when a man lost his passport and a woman lost a diamond ring. Practically all passengers joined the search, crawling on hands and knees across the Atlantic. What's it cost to go globe-girdling? The cheapest way is by slow boat for five hundred dollars—but you see more water than world. Flying rates have dropped. When I was first Canadian passenger to fly the Atlantic in 1939, a fellow passenger flying on around the world paid two thousand dollars for her fare. Today you can do it tourist for about \$1,300. But the ticket is only the beginning! The necessary shots-in-the-arm hurt like the dickens and cost thirty-five dollars. Visas were twenty-three dollars—the most expensive, five-fifty for Iraq, and the cheapest, forty-two cents for Burma. Siam makes no charge, bless her.

Shannon—Green soup and mountain dew. The runways are aglitter with green lights, the hostesses wear green uniforms and the first item on the airport menu was a pale green potato soup. The high price of coffee

doesn't disturb Ireland. Each of us was served "Irish coffee with a wisp of mountain dew"—hot black coffee, laced with Irish whisky, topped with whipped cream. Wow and begorra! . . .

London—Gypsy caravans and Rolls-Royces. It's thrilling to be back in the biggest city in the world. London's bus conductors are still witty, the bobbies as helpful as ever, and the pigeons are still the main attraction in Trafalgar Square—except Canada House. We bought a bunch of anemones from a flower "girl" who wore a silver maple leaf, told us she had traveled to Winnipeg last year to visit her two daughters and several grandchildren. "It cost my life savings, dearie, but it was worth it." . . . On England's country roads the gypsies are on the move, their brightly painted and untidy caravans mixing with the Rolls-Royces. We're on the move, too, by Italian airliner for Milan.

Milan—Art and spaghetti. Flying over the Swiss Alps we suffered painful temporary deafness owing to the extreme heights—but it was worth it to skim Mont Blanc, tinted a breathless pink by the sunset. In Milan we saw Da Vinci's Last Supper painted on the wall of the Convent Santa Maria, and enjoyed our first Italian spaghetti. We won't forget Milan's dogs, which all wear muzzles, or Milan's taxis which put their rates up at night.

Pisa—Dizzy heights and strange perfume. We climbed the dizzying Leaning Tower of Pisa and were bemused by the way different countries regard this world's wonders. At England's Stonehenge the only concession to tourists is a one-horse tea wagon. Italy is so proud of the Leaning Tower that it abounds in hawkers and souvenir stands. Why, even the perfume bottles lean.

Rome—Love and a hurdygurdy. As the aircraft approached this ancient city homebound businessmen crowded the windows exclaiming emotionally, "Roma, Roma!" as though returning to a loved one. Noisy motorbikes seem to be the favorite transportation here but Italians ride anything. We saw a woman hitchhiking home last night, perched happily atop a hurdygurdy. We roamed Rome thoroughly . . . the Coliseum, the Appian Way, and also the holy staircase—the twenty-eight marble steps which Christ is said to have trod, leading from the Jerusalem Palace of Pontius Pilate. The steps may only be ascended today on one's knees, and many we saw doing so were reverently kissing each step. . . . We're leaving for Istanbul, now, a twenty-five-hundred-year-old city reputed to have the best food in the world. Lillian is adventurous when it comes to eating native dishes—but I'm not looking forward to nibbling on boiled goat's eyes, which is a favorite dish in some Eastern countries. —CLAIRE WALLACE.

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*So nice
to come home to!*



Marriages may be made in heaven but they must be lived on earth. And Mrs. J— finds it more livable if she lets nothing mar her charm. Like unpleasant breath, for example. She lets Listerine, with its lasting effect, look after her breath... lets it accent her sweetness, heighten her appeal, day in, day out. Why don't you make this a must in daily grooming? It certainly pays off in added attractiveness.

Lasting Effect

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which

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That's a job for an antiseptic. Listerine Antiseptic kills bacteria. Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) instantly and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end.

No matter what else you do, use Listerine Antiseptic when you want to be *extra-careful* that your breath does not offend. Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and before any date where you want to be at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



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LISTERINE

The most widely used antiseptic in the world

Every week on Radio:

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Chatelaine



Vol. 27 No. 6

Pretty and practical is our cover dress by Lady Anne Sportswear in diamond surah acetate. Matching parasol by Du-Val, baskets from Cottage Craft. Photo by Paul Rockett.

Chatelaine

JUNE

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Reader Takes Over

The Superb and Terrible "Door"

PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON'S story *The Last Door* (April) is a superb story of a lost young life—an appeal for help from all the "Marcias" in the world. We all find it easy to love the charming child . . . Let this story challenge us to seek out the unattractive, unloved and defenseless little ones . . . People who are dealing with children, parents, teachers and others have it in their power to show the Marcias that the glory of life is people, not dreams, and in so doing convince them of their own dignity and importance as whole persons.—June Young, R.N., Edmonton.

. . . The Last Door is a terrible story—terrible because it is so true. It is true because it represents the cruelty of this world, a cruelty more common than most people know . . . —F. E. Grimsrud, Wembley, Alta.

Woods Family Remembered

Remember the Woods Family? (April). Who could forget! Why should a family earning \$300 a month require help to budget their income? I will tell you why—because God has been left out of their scheme of things . . . All we have is His—we are His stewards. If other families were selfish like the Woods the world would be more pagan than ever. The tenth is the Lord's and only those who give that and beyond know the joy of giving . . . I noticed some of the extra money Russ makes is used for giving, but that's an after-thought.—Mrs. W. J. Henley, Huntsville, Ont.

Representative clergymen queried by *Chatelaine* say very few people tithe today (perhaps forty in one congregation of six hundred). Less than half give regularly by envelope; envelope givings average one to two dollars weekly.

. . . I was quite appalled (Remember the Woods Family? April) at the thought that there were those who could not raise two children and keep out of debt on nearly \$300 a month. I would be in heaven on this income, as I am at present bringing up six children, all under fifteen years and the oldest a spastic, on a hundred and forty dollars and this is the most we have handled in six years. Most years our income has been less than \$1,000 . . . Even a load of wood extra can throw our own buying out of kilter but . . . going into debt is entirely out of the question as we could never get along at all if we did.—Mrs. Lilian Tustin, Aldergrove, B.C.

. . . I have just read the second article on the Woods family and to me it is fantastic that four people can receive an adequate tempting diet on their food

allowance. I am a registered nurse, a housewife, and a mother of a boy three years old and a girl one year old. Since my step-sister has been living with us, I have kept a list of our expenses, and our food has never been under \$26 or over \$30 per week. Proportionately, this is almost double the Woods' amount, and there are times when I feel that we are not eating all the things we should . . . —Mrs. Wm. MacGregor, Brampton, Ont.

Watch for further reports on the Woods' family.

Make-Over or Remake?

Ugh! If that is what your beauty experts turn out (Cinderella from Pugwash, April) how glad I am that I did not enter your Spring Beauty Week Contest—not that I stood a chance of winning. I like the sweet unsophisticated look of the pre-treated Miss Clarke. But, oh, the after effects! She looks like a water-soaked poodle . . .

You did make some great improvements in some of the eight other contestants. Some of them needed it as much as I do.—D. L. Langley Prairie, B.C.

. . . I have known Marion Clarke since she was a wee girl—a girl to whom fame has come overnight. We in Pugwash and surrounding countryside are most appreciative of Chatelaine's interest shown her, an interest which will have such far-reaching effects on her future life and career.—Mrs. Murray Smith, Pugwash.



Cover Boy?

I like the cover picture on my mother's April *Chatelaine*. But I wonder if girls enjoy

looking at other girls—especially remodeled ones. Now take me. I'm not remodeled, just me. I'm not a man yet, but I'm getting there—and by golly I think the girls would like a picture of a man for a change. Personally I think this one is pretty good. Of course if you don't please return it as there are quite a few girls in school who wouldn't mind having it.—Floyd Allard, age 16, Paddockwood, Sask.

That Second Marriage

My Second Marriage (April) parallels my own case for I too approached my first marriage young, trusting, naive—so sure that life with this man was all any girl could ever hope for. Ten years of trying, a child, endless bickering, then the divorce . . . My second marriage has given me a second lease on life.—(Name withheld on request.)

Continued on page 93



Why wait to lose weight?

This woman, like many others who have "gotten stout," knows that she should start reducing now. Yet the thought of going on a diet . . . of giving up her favorite foods . . . overcomes her better judgment. Why not wait, she reasons, and "trim down" later on?

Actually the first signs of "getting stout" are nature's warning to start reducing immediately. For when you bring your weight down and keep it down, you are likely to gain some mighty important health benefits.

There is the distinct possibility, for example, of lengthening your life. Here is a fact which is based on a recent study of women:

The death rate among seriously overweight women was found to be about fifty percent higher than among those of average weight or less.

Why do overweight and long life seldom go together? Simply because overweight is frequently associated with many diseases or conditions, including high blood pressure, heart and kidney disorders and diabetes.

Extra weight is especially bad for the heart. It has been estimated that 10 pounds

of extra weight require an additional half a mile of blood vessels to maintain this excess body tissue. The result is the heart and other vital organs have to work harder.

Extra weight usually begins to accumulate when we reach middle age, and in 98 percent of the cases the cause is simply due to overeating. Thus, after age 35, it is especially important to follow proper habits of eating.

Your doctor is the best judge of what your desirable weight should be. He will caution against quick, drastic reducing methods that may undermine health rather than improve it. With his advice, you can be helped to reduce without making radical changes in your diet, or resorting to strenuous exercises and other measures that may be ineffectual in the permanent control of overweight.

In addition to the health benefits of proper weight, there are other advantages which you may enjoy by keeping "in trim." The chances are that you will look better, feel better, and get more fun out of life.

So, why wait to lose weight?

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 64-L, "Overweight and Underweight."

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PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Peter Croydon (page 1, 82), Ed Hausman (10), Paul Rockett (21, 22, 26-28), Jack Lindsay (25), Miller (31, 101), Panda (39-42), Karsh (77).



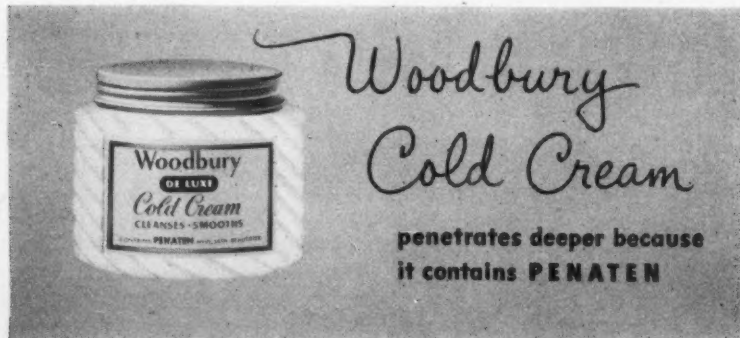
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Woodbury
Cold Cream

penetrates deeper because
it contains **PENATEN**

Boracic—

THE ENEMY LURKING IN YOUR MEDICINE CHEST

By Jon W. Kieran

AN OLD FAMILY FRIEND has turned out to be a villain in disguise. A white powder as familiar as salt or sugar, it has been in the home medicine cabinets of most Canadians for the past seventy-five years. Yet now pediatricians warn parents that boracic acid can be a deadly poison if taken internally or absorbed through an infant's broken skin.

Boric or boracic acid (they're the same thing) is most commonly used in powder form on infants, either by itself, mixed with cornstarch or as an ingredient in commercial baby powders. In solution it is used as an eyewash, and to bathe the nipples of nursing mothers.

That boracic is injurious when taken internally has been known for many years. It is just recently that leading doctors in several medical centres have ascertained that boracic can be absorbed through broken skin. Yet powdering an infant's raw and red buttocks with boracic has been used for diaper rash for generations. Precisely this treatment produced some of the most serious cases of boracic poisoning in children which have led medical authorities to act against boracic—particularly as they believe that many other cases may have been incorrectly diagnosed as meningitis and gastro-enteritis.

Use of boracic acid has been banned at the Children's Memorial Hospital in Montreal and in the infants' ward of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, as well as in some U. S. hospitals.

Two Montreal doctors, in a study of more than a hundred cases of boracic poisoning involving both children and adults, have recommended that the use of boracic "in any form of medical therapy, particularly as applied to infants and children, be discontinued." However, strong opposition to a blanket ban on boracic was expressed to Chate-laine by a Toronto dermatologist who believes it is still a valuable aid in treating certain adult skin conditions. "I have never seen a case of boracic poisoning in an adult," he declared. "The danger arises with very young children where a bad case of diaper rash may cover close to a quarter of an infant's body."

Two popular brands of baby powder

which have long contained a small proportion of boracic have dropped the ingredient entirely—even though medical investigators believe that in such small concentration (less than ten per cent) it is unlikely to cause serious trouble unless applied persistently and in quantity when the baby's skin is broken. "But that's just when parents are likely to sift it on the heaviest," one doctor points out.

"Boracic poisoning of babies is a real and serious problem," says Dr. Lawrence Chute, chief pediatrician at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. "It doesn't happen often but when it does it can be fatal."

A typical and tragic case was that of a child who lay critically ill in Toronto's "Sick Kids" while Chate-laine was collecting information about the boracic-acid danger. When only days old the child had been rushed to another Toronto hospital where it was found to show symptoms of gastro-enteritis, meningitis and pneumonia. Yet exhaustive tests showed the trouble to be none of these. The child was transferred to the Hospital for Sick Children where an alert doctor ordered laboratory tests which confirmed his suspected diagnosis: critical boric acid poisoning.

Investigation revealed that the child's parents had applied a large amount of boracic acid straight out of the tin to a diaper rash. The boracic, however, made the rash worse. So the unsuspecting parents powdered on more boracic, until the infant became violently ill.

The usual symptoms in such cases are skin eruptions with painful cracking and redness of the skin, followed by vomiting, diarrhea and nervous twitchings. In many cases the skin inflammation becomes so severe that the child has what one doctor called "a boiled-lobster appearance."

It takes experienced diagnosis to recognize these symptoms for what they really mean, however. As was pointed out by the physician who handled the recent case at the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children, "Had the child not lived long enough to get to this hospital its death would have been attributed to

Continued on page 6

Sleight

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love as much as wool . . . as much as silk.

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and it drapes so very well. When Canadian women see and feel
'Terylene', they'll be just as excited as I am."
You'll be happy to know you can look forward to
the arrival of "Terylene" later this year.



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GREY AND GOLD "SAMBA"
EVENING DRESS HAS A SLIM
SHEATH AND IS TIGHT TO
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SUNBURST PLEATS FORM A
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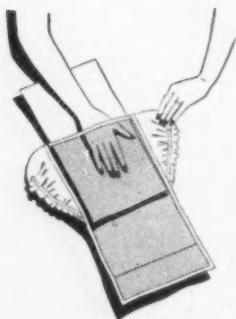
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Playtex Ltd., PLAYTEX PARK . . . Arnprior, Ontario

BORACIC HITS YOUNG CHILDREN HARDEST

Continued from page 4

any of the three diseases originally suspected."

There is no antidote for the poisoning. All the doctors can do is treat the dehydration and starvation with intravenous fluids, give blood or plasma transfusions, and administer drugs to counteract any disease the child might contract in its weakened condition.

Now that boracic is known to do real harm, some doctors say it never did much good—that it will not kill bacteria, for instance, although it has long been used as an antiseptic. The dermatologist previously quoted insists that it is a valuable drying agent for rashes causing moist and irritated skin in adults, and that because boracic is acid it helps to restore the natural acid condition of the skin where this is upset.

However, Dr. E. H. Watson of the faculty of medicine at the University of Michigan declared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* as long as nine years ago, "When a drug can be shown to be almost entirely ineffective and at the same time dangerous, even when used in ordinary ways, it is time to remove the drug from general use. Boracic acid is such a drug."

An exhaustive study of one hundred and nine cases of boron poisoning (boron is the element from which boracic is derived) has been made by two Montreal physicians, Dr. Richard B. Goldbloom of McGill University and Dr. Alton Goldbloom, physician-in-chief at Children's Memorial Hospital. Their most pitiful case was that of a thirteen-day-old boy who was brought to the hospital a year ago February, in a badly dehydrated condition, extremely undernourished from vomiting, and suffering frequent twitchings of the face and extremities. The cracked red flesh of the buttocks, which had been treated with repeated applications of boracic acid, had spread to the abdomen, chest and ears. Ten hours after admission the child died. However, this was a premature baby suffering other complications,

and the boracic poisoning, while acute, was considered to be only a contributing cause of death.

Three other cases were recognized at the Children's Memorial within the year (in one of them a commercial baby powder containing less than ten percent of boracic was found responsible) but fortunately these three children survived. Just how fortunate it was, the Goldblooms subsequently discovered when they began collecting case histories from various sources for their study. Death resulted in fifty-five percent of the hundred and nine cases studied and the death rate jumped to seventy percent in children under one year. Almost half the deaths were blamed on oral ingestion—persons accidentally swallowing boracic in some form. But there were twenty-eight cases in which the trouble developed following surface application of boracic—and of these nineteen died.

The Goldbloom report warns that so far not enough doctors are aware of the danger of boracic poisoning from such surface applications. In publishing the report of the Montreal doctors, the *Journal of Pediatrics* commented editorially that, "Boric acid should be replaced in medical practice with more efficient and safer medication, and pharmaceutical houses should co-operate in an educational campaign to acquaint the public of its potential danger."

So recently has the danger been realized, however, that even people professionally familiar with boracic find it hard to believe the familiar household "remedy" is sometimes really an enemy. An official of a Canadian firm which imports boracic in large quantities exclaimed "Ridiculous!" when Chataleine drew the medical reports to his attention.

"Why, we've been using it for years," he said. "I can't believe boracic would ever harm anyone."

But, improperly used, boracic can harm, and it can kill. +

"SAFEGUARD YOUR BABY" says Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D., Director Chataleine Child Health Clinic

Boracic (or boric) acid doesn't kill germs. It is not an antiseptic. It is not even particularly good as a cleansing solution, but it can cause very severe illness and even death, especially in babies. It is most dangerous when the mother uses it as a dusting powder on red or raw buttocks, or other skin inflammations in infants. The boracic acid gets through the skin and is very poisonous to the baby. It causes diarrhea and vomiting and intense redness of the skin, which later peels off in sheets. Convulsions and other nervous manifestations may also be present.

Boracic-acid solutions should not be used for cleansing the nipples before breast feeding, for washing around your baby's eyes or any other part of him. Borax and honey which was sometimes used as a treatment for sore mouths is dangerous as well as ineffective.

The safest thing to do is to banish from your nursery table any boracic or boric acid, boracic acid solution or ointment, or borated petroleum jelly.

BIRKS



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BUDGET TERMS:
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IT'S FROM BIRKS ...
BIRKS

Prices shown are for six-piece place-settings comprising luncheon knife and fork, small teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup, and butter spreader with hollow handle.

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Nylon Ways

to Happy Holidays

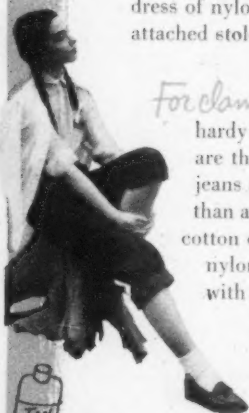
by Nancy Nylon



Summer...
and that vacation you've worked for all year!
Have a wonderful time . . . with a nylon
wardrobe to keep you carefree! It will motor,
cruise or fly, and pop out of your suitcase ready
to romp or party. Seaside dampness won't
halt its quick drying habits, so you can get along
with only half the usual equipment, and have
twice as much time for fun!

The prettiest girl on the float . . . and
a good sport too! Her nylon bathing suit,
like her whole holiday wardrobe . . . nylon
dresses, blouses, lingerie, shoes and sport
clothes . . . plays up to a carefree time.

Glamour without fuss is what you
gals aim for on a holiday . . . and here
it is, as fuss-less as it can get, because it's
nylon! This gorgeous waltz length party
dress of nylon sheer is strapless with an
attached stole. Washable and crush-free!



For clam bakes rock climbing,
hardy holidaying, blue jeans
are the uniform. And these
jeans are lighter and tougher
than any you've seen yet, because the
cotton denim is fortified with nylon. The
nylon sport shirt will do double duty
with your shirts in town. White for the
indispensable cardigan that's
the perfect topper to a
summer-dress evening.



The "fluffed out" look has created
a flock of beautiful petticoats in
recent months. But we've discovered that
they need a suitcase all their own
to travel in! Here's a very new
answer to your problem . . . so
new, it's still scarce . . . a
packable nylon Can Can petticoat that
folds into a cone-shaped nylon
travelling case!



White blouses dresses, bathing suits, shoes present
quite a cleaning problem, but when they're nylon, it's easy. So why
not write me, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, C-I-L House
Montreal, for my booklet "How To Keep White
Nylon White".

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, MONTREAL



HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP A RENTED COTTAGE

By Claire Andrew

FOR MANY SUMMERS our family
has vacationed in rented cottages.
Rented cottages can be bright and
fresh and simply furnished—but in
many cases they seem to be furnished
exclusively with ancient castoffs from
the city and decorated by postcards
from Uncle Charlie's trip west in 1930.

So over the years we've learned a few
tricks about making rented cottages
comfortable, no matter how dingy, dark
and discouraged the place may seem
when we arrive. With a little fore-
thought, you can work the same magic.
Start two weeks before departure col-
lecting items like those listed below; they
will brighten drab corners and make a
strange place seem more like home.

Put everything in three piles:

PAPER GOODS

Start with a package or two of gaily
colored paper to perk up those open
shelves which most cottages have for
dishes, as well as the shelves and ledges
in bedrooms and bathroom.

Add a pair or two of paper drapes
in a gay pattern to give a lift to living-
room windows too likely to be adorned
with limp and faded curtains when you
arrive.

Next on your paper pile put a large
map of Canada, or the world. We have
a beauty, five feet by three, which makes
a fine splash of color on a bare wall
and provides a sugar-coated geography
lesson for the whole family. Collections
of flower or bird pictures supply a bright
touch, too, and are handy to hang over
that lurid sample of 1935 calendar art in
the children's bedroom.

And don't forget a roll of silver-foil
paper—it holds its shape and can be
used time and again for dozens of
purposes. A rainy-day lifesaver, it
makes fine doll dishes and other play
items.

DRY GOODS

To the usual sheets, blankets and
towels add two bright couch covers and
a cheerful homespun bedspread—or a
patchwork quilt. Most cottages have
one or two couches in the living room,
which make convenient guest beds but
are usually covered with ugly worn
tapestry or ragged cotton spreads. Be-
sides we find that something of our own

immediately makes the cottage seem
more like home.

Take along a pair of cushion covers
to match your couch throws—cushions
in rented cottages always seem to offer
a bizarre muddle of embroidery on vel-
vet or satin in complementary colors,
obviously all won on the midway.

Also very useful are a couple of
mattress covers, to put over the doubt-
ful or stained mattresses.

Add those ruffled white curtains that
hung in the guest bedroom at home
before you redecorate. They'll trans-
form your cottage bedroom in an in-
stant.

A bathmat comes in handy if there
is nothing cozier than linoleum on which
to step out of bed—and some cottages
actually have showers.

Homespun dresser scarves are won-
derful to replace the oilcloth or huck
towel ones which have been gathering
dust at the cottage since last fall.

Cork or oilcloth table mats or a
plastic tablecloth will preserve you from
the well-worn oilcloth on the cottage
table.

Last but not invaluably—a bagful of clean
rags for dusters and for scrubbing the
stove or the icebox.

MISCELLANEOUS

One small good mirror, to replace the
cracked or smoky ones that seem inevi-
table in rented cottages.

If your cottage has electricity, take
along a couple of hundred-watt light
bulbs, particularly if your family likes
to bury itself in books come evening.
An extension cord, two or three lamp
shades to tone down bare bulbs, even
a pin-up lamp will prove eye-savers.
Also take your own iron if you're staying
longer than a week.

A rubber spout attachment will make
any teapot pour properly. And take
your own coffee maker to be sure you
get coffee the way you like it.

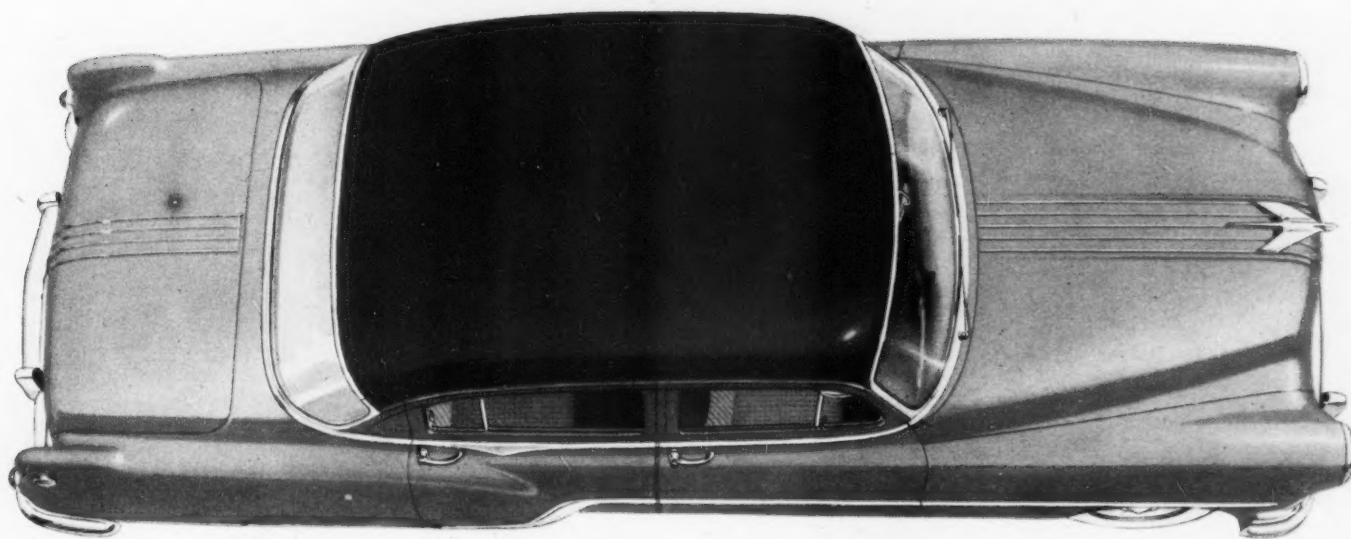
Because trays are seldom standard
cottage equipment put in one large one
and several lap trays—handy for lunch
on the porch or the beach.

A laundry bag will keep closets from
being cluttered when space is at a
premium, as it usually is.

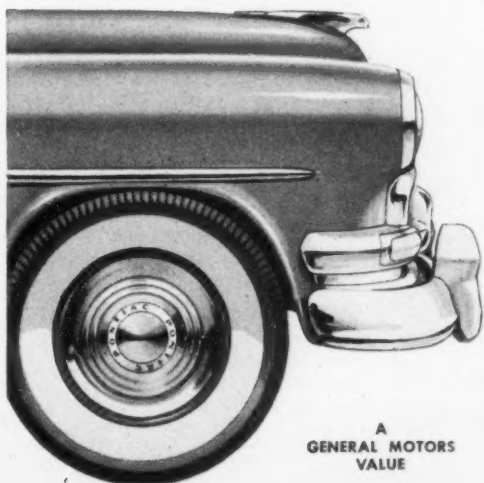
And—just in case—take your own
paring knife and can opener. +



*From
Any Point of View*



Dollar for Dollar You Can't Beat
Pontiac



A
GENERAL MOTORS
VALUE

Look to Pontiac for *everything* you want in a low-priced car. There's no need to tell you about its distinctive beauty. You can see for yourself that Pontiac is big and handsome, with interiors that compare with the finest in roominess and luxury. And you can see, at first glance, the sleek styles, harmonious colours and fine car features that make Pontiac so much more exclusive than others in the low-priced bracket.

But there are other reasons for the increasing popularity of Pontiac. For instance, its unique ability to combine this beauty with long-range dependability and economy. And the fact that Pontiac steers and handles like a dream, has high-compression engines that give flashing power under all conditions, has a longer, more trouble-free life.

Consider the great range of 31 models in 6 great series and the countless features. No matter how you look at it, if you want a car that is exactly right for you, see the 1954 Pontiac.



Memo from Rosemary



FOR THE NEW SUMMER NECKLINE

YOU'RE GOING TO NEED a strapless brassiere this summer whether or not you wear strapless dresses and if you'll turn to our fashion story on page 26 you'll see why. New necklines for day clothes are low, widely scooped and some, called the halfmoon, are as low and wide in the back as they are in front.

If you've never worn a strapless brassiere before, you're in luck, because you won't have any painful memories of the first strapless bras—heavily boned and wired affairs that wouldn't stay up or fit properly unless they were suffocatingly tight. Today, you'll find a strapless bra that was designed with *you* in mind—a bra that not only fits and gives firm uplift but is also comfortable to wear regardless of what figure type you are.

Here is a guide to just a few of the wonderful styles available now:



Extra soft cushioning . . .

Revolutionary new strapless with adjustable cups for custom fit. By Exquisite Form.



Minimizes fleshy midriff . . .

Cinch bra with wide elastic and flexible full-length boning for firm midriff control. By Lovable.



New backless strapless . . .

Clever construction allows for low-cut back plus maximum fit, comfort and uplift. By Lagnon.



Contour bra . . .

Cotton bandeau with self-conforming rubber foam cups and wide elastic sides. By Perma-Lift.

Uplift plus tummy control . . .
Longer-line lightweight garment in nylon marquisette with detachable garters. By Warner's.



Maximum separation . . .

Lightly padded bra in smooth satin with reinforced and shaped boning around cups. By Gothic.



Uplift plus padding . . .

Longer-line style wired under bust for support with half-pad in cup for added contour. By Gossard.



Enlarger style for small bust . . .

Cleverly constructed without wire frames or rubber padding. With shaped filler at points. By Nemo.



Backless style for heavy bust . . .

Embroidered cotton bra with body-contoured side sections and slimming midriff. By Flexees.

*It's
Blue Grass
Time!*



Blue Grass Flower Mist
plus gift of
Puff-Puff Dusting Powder

2.25

In summer, every woman longs for a scent of light lingering enchantment . . . Blue Grass, of course! Blue Grass Flower Mist is so cool, so misty light you can use it extravagantly. With it, Elizabeth Arden offers her travelling puff-puff container, filled with fragrant Blue Grass Dusting Powder . . . now, both in this remarkable special offer!

Other Blue Grass Preparations:

Perfume, 2.00 to 77.75 * Hand Lotion, 1.50 and 2.50 * Solid Cologne, 1.50 *
Dusting Powder, 2.20 * Puff-Puff Dusting Powder, 1.00 * Bath Salts, 6.00 *
Bath Oil (vials), 4.35; bottle, 6.00 * Bath Soap, 1.00, 3.00 * Bath Petals, 2.00 *
Velva Shampoo, 1.00, 1.65 *
Deodorant, cream 1.50 or liquid spray, 1.25



Elizabeth Arden
NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON • TORONTO



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

THERE ARE ALWAYS "obstinate" nooks and crannies around the house that defy cleaning . . . the ones a dust rag can't get into and where even the vacuum cleaner can't do a thorough job. But don't fret about them . . . just keep an old sock handy for those "tight places". Slip it over your hand like a glove . . . then you can reach in one or two fingers and wipe out the corners thoroughly and easily.

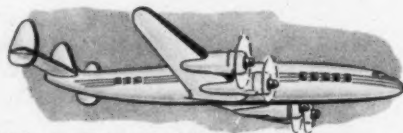
BEAUTIFUL HAIR ATTRACTS . . . so don't let dull, drab or graying hair rob you of attention. The smartest women I know use TINTZ CREME COLOR SHAMPOO to give their hair colourful, youthful, new beauty. In just "shampoo time" you can recolor streaked, drab, graying hair . . . and it will be so lustrously natural and subtle-looking all your friends will compliment you. And that's not all . . . because TINTZ is a creme shampoo hair coloring, it actually conditions the hair as it gives even, smooth, lasting colour! And it's absolutely safe . . . contains Lanolin and Vitamin A to assure lots of lustre and sheen . . . with no harsh ammonia to dry out your hair. You'll find a complimentary full colour shade selector chart in each package of TINTZ Creme Color Shampoo . . . and 14 exciting colours to choose from. So do try TINTZ today . . . and you'll look younger and more attractive tonight!



MY FASHION FIND of the month is the STELLA Slide Fastener . . . a new kind of zipper that's as glamorous as it is useful. It's the sensation of Europe's fashion salons and I can easily see why . . . for it's made of tiny beads of unbreakable, colourfast plastic which zip securely and fasten perfectly. But most exciting of all is the exquisite jewelled clip on the face of the plastic slider which opens and closes the fastener . . . your choice of many styles and colours to harmonize with the rainbow of colours in which STELLA is made. STELLA Slide Fasteners are guaranteed not to rust, tarnish, fade or break . . . and I've found they're simple to sew in and wink-quick to fasten. But why say more . . . in my opinion, the STELLA Slide Fastener is surely the loveliest and most useful accessory for dresses, blouses, pullovers and skirts! And I'm sure you'll agree . . . so visit your Favourite Store and get an assortment to dress up your wardrobe and the children's clothes.



WHAT'S YOUR IDEA of the perfect margarine . . . one that tastes delicious and spreads perfectly . . . creams like a dream and melts in a jiffy? Then KRAFT'S PARKAY is for you . . . because it has a luscious flavour all its own and spreads smoothly even when ice cold! Why, you can even take PARKAY straight from the refrigerator and spread it instantly . . . it won't tear the freshest slice of bread . . . and never crumbles or splinters. Still you can leave PARKAY out at room temperature . . . it won't "goo" down or separate. KRAFT'S PARKAY also creams faster and better than any margarine I ever used when used as a flavour shortening . . . and melts faster in the frying pan, too. But proof of a margarine is in the kitchen . . . so try PARKAY and see for yourself it's all I say . . . and more! And don't delay . . . for if you buy PARKAY right away you can get extra sheer 60-gauge Powers Model Nylons for only \$1 (about half-price). Full details on each package.



TAKE A TRIP TO EUROPE this Summer . . . on one of TRANS-CANADA Air Lines' magnificent Super Constellations! They're everyone's dream of a plane come true! They're really the finest, fastest and most luxurious ships a-soar! That's because these world-famous planes "boast" many exclusive TCA features . . . including seats, lounges and murals designed by world-famous designer Dreyfuss to provide the ultimate in modern travel luxury. And they're so big and roomy . . . a home-away-from-home to give you the "last word" in pleasure and comfort. As for speed, well, TCA Super Constellations fly at five miles a minute . . . which means you'll be overseas in a matter of hours. And all this plus the wonderful feeling of confidence that "flying TCA" gives you . . . along with their courteous, attentive service. There's a dual class service, too . . . first and tourist . . . both with complimentary meals. So plan to visit Europe soon . . . your TCA office or any Travel Agent will help you with your reservations.

PAMPER YOUR BABY while you pamper your purse . . . by stocking up on CURITY Diapers! They're the most wonderful way I can think of to outfit infants for Summer . . . and they're a real bargain, too. That's because they're so extra-thirsty and super-absorbent that just 2 dozen CURITY Diapers do the work of 3 dozen of other brands. And they "baby" your baby every minute . . . for they're made of a special soft gauze with a surgical weave and have no hems to chafe or irritate a baby's delicate skin. As for care and wear . . . well, CURITY Diapers are easy to wash, dry in a "wink" and last beyond your fondest dreams. I'm not the only one who's singing their praises, either . . . they're endorsed by mothers, medical authorities and hospitals everywhere. So let me send you this:



SPECIAL SAMPLE of a genuine CURITY Diaper . . . to see for yourself why they're better for baby and you! To get yours, just send 25c to CURITY Diapers, Box 123, Toronto 16. Sorry . . . only one to a family.

DELIGHT YOUR FAMILY with a delicious dessert every night . . . and don't worry about the work this involves. Instead, let ROYAL do the cooking for you . . . by serving ROYAL INSTANT Pudding! It's the quickest, easiest treat you ever made . . . for all you do is mix with cold milk, let set for a few minutes and it's ready. Just think of it . . . there's no sticky pot to wash, no standing over a hot stove, no chance of a failure. ROYAL INSTANT is perfect every time . . . with no film, no lumps and no starch taste! And what a delicious flavour . . . every spoonful is richer in flavour, creamier in texture than any pudding you ever dreamed could be because ROYAL INSTANT Pudding is Homogenized! You'll love it as is . . . or made into parfaits, sauces, pie-fillings, ice creams, and frostings . . . all without cooking! Stock up today with the exciting new pudding you don't have to cook . . . ROYAL INSTANT Pudding. Chocolate, Butterscotch, Vanilla.



IT'S SUMMER TIME and you should take it easy . . . so don't miss any of the work-saving wonders now at your service. And the one I'm thinking of right now is Johnson's Kitchen JUBILEE Wax . . . a magic blend of detergents and wax created by Johnson's for everything in the kitchen . . . except the floor! It whisks away dirt in seconds . . . protects with



wax for weeks! But all you do is wipe JUBILEE on with a damp cloth . . . fingerprints, dirt, and even greasy cooking films disappear! Then buff lightly with a clean cloth and behold! . . . you have a lustrous protective coat of wax! Johnson's JUBILEE is as smooth as hand lotion, too . . . can't possibly dull paint luster or scratch enamel . . . because it contains no harsh abrasives! Still it's very economical . . . you can clean your costliest kitchen equipment, cabinets, enameled walls and woodwork week after week . . . with a single pint of JUBILEE. Remember all this next time you shop . . . if you'd like to have more leisure!

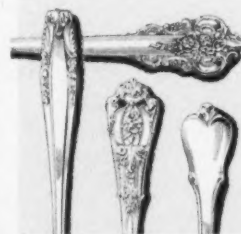
IDON'T KNOW WHY it is . . . but minor accidents seem to happen more often in summer than any other time. That's why it's wise to be prepared . . . by having CURAD Plastic Bandages on hand. They're actually the best way I know to answer first aid calls for cuts and scratches. Because they have a marvelous new "Stick-Quick" adhesive they grip the skin faster and closer and stay stuck longer. An exclusive new medication called Furacin-Tyrosin fights germs . . . doesn't simply cover them. They are waterproof, too . . . you can wash your CURAD as you wash your hands . . . it never becomes loose, never curls and never frays! What's more they stay cleaner . . . for their plastic surface resists dirt and grease. And listen to this . . . Bauer & Black now introduces another great product . . . CURAD Plastic Tape, the new plastic tape in the automatic dispenser. So when you shop for CURAD Plastic Bandages ask for CURAD Plastic Tape . . . both at your Drug Counter.



A GLORIOUS SUNTAN is a flattering summer "accessory" . . . and you can have one the first weekend without burning . . . if you use SKOL! It's one suntan lotion you can really depend on . . . for SKOL "shuttles out" the sun's skin-searing rays and "filters in" just enough of the ultra-violet rays to give you a glamorous, golden tan. SKOL isn't oily or sticky, either . . . doesn't pick up sand or attract insects. But if you have sun-sensitive skin that can't "take" the sun, I recommend SKOLEX . . . a new "invisible" cream which completely prevents sunburn as no suntan lotion or oil can! You can trust it implicitly, too . . . because SKOLEX was developed by dermatologists especially for people with a sun-allergy and contains science's most powerful sun screen. That's why it affords absolute protection against painful burning, rashes, blisters and even redness . . . yet is greaseless and leaves no visible trace. So remember SKOL for a lovely suntan . . . SKOLEX for sun protection!



MY IDEA OF THE PERFECT GIFT for occurring events like weddings, birthdays, graduations and anniversaries is WALLACE Sterling . . . because I feel that no matter what the occasion, a piece or two of a favourite WALLACE pattern is most appropriate and always welcome! Most girls I know have their hearts set on owning a sterling silver table service, too . . . and starting some one off with exquisite WALLACE Sterling not only thrills the recipient, but solves your gift to her for years and years to come. Which pattern do I like best? All of them . . . for WALLACE'S Rose Point, Grand Colonial, Stradivari and Grande Baroque have exclusive "Third Dimension Beauty" . . . the beauty from every angle that sets WALLACE Sterling apart from all others! So see these WALLACE patterns at your Favourite Jewellers now . . . and be ready for the next gift occasion!



*The women of this Atlantic
port find their lives
shaped by a sea that is both
foe and friend—taking
their men for its ships and
bringing courageous
new peoples, offering them
in summer a serene
and happy playground and
in war a flood of
prosperity and heartbreak*

THE WOMEN OF HALIFAX

By DORIS McCUBBIN

Photos by Paul Rockett

THERE'S ONLY one recipe for turning out a true Haligonian. First you dump a load of London Cockneys on the well-chilled shores of Nova Scotia. Thirty years later add several boatloads of United Empire Loyalists and gradually stir in British soldiers and sailors. Spice the mixture heavily with Scots from Cape Breton (caution: the ones from Scotland would do but probably wouldn't be Scottish enough). Let steep in a salty solution of the North Atlantic for more than two hundred years.

It's not surprising, then, if from this briny brew you should ladle out a Halifax housewife and find in many ways she has more in common with her cousins in Liverpool or Glasgow than her sisters in Montreal, Edmonton or Vancouver.

She will be British from the cut of her tweed suit to the loving care with which she warms the pot before making tea. She calls her public park a common and one of her main streets the Mall. In one out of fourteen cases her last name begins with "Mac." She still refers to Ontario as Upper Canada and speaks about it vaguely as if it were a thousand miles away—which it is. Like most Britons, she feels she enjoys a special privileged position with the royal family, and not just by the grace of geography. She has a good case, for Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, once lived in her city with his French mistress, the romantic young Julie St. Laurent.



Sailors' wives make up one tenth of the city's married women. After four long months away, PO Christensen gets a triple warm welcome from his wife, Libbie, and daughters, Lisa and Lianne. Lianne, aged sixteen months, as a true sailor's daughter, was christened in the bell of her daddy's ship, HMCS Magnificent. Libbie, like many navy wives, brings special talents to Halifax. She used to play leads in the Montreal Repertory Theatre. After her marriage when she and Paul moved to Saint John, she persuaded the local radio station manager to let her do a children's show. Now, she uses her acting ability on the CBC's Halifax Theatre Series, as well as singing in the Shearwater Players' Revue, a fast-paced musical staged by the navy to which the whole city enthusiastically turns out every year.

FOUR MORE PAGES OF PICTURE PROFILES



The most talked-about woman in the city is Abbie Lane, the only alderwoman on the council, and all the talk is about whether she'll be Halifax's first woman mayor in 1955. Abbie, who busies herself with everything from testing a new fire truck with Chief F. C. MacGillivray to boycotting restaurants that refuse to serve Negroes, also breezes through two radio shows every day over station CJCH, belongs to five clubs, is provincial president and national vice-president of the IODE and plays a canny game of poker. Mother of three, she began her public career on a dare from her husband that she couldn't take orders. When Princess Elizabeth visited Halifax Abbie mildly offered her opinion that the royal visitor didn't smile quite enough. She's been dodging a fine shower of brickbats from loyal Haligonians ever since.

The Flying Angel Mission on Barrington Street, run by Rev. Maxwell Andrews and a spry and selfless woman called Lily James, is a humble home away from home to five thousand sailors a year. Fifty cents a night pays for a bed and the use of the mission's shabby but comfortable old living room. If a man has been at the mission before, Miss Lily James will probably welcome him in his own language, whether it's Arabic or Portuguese, and even call him by name. She never forgets a face and often dumfounds her guests by remembering, months or years later, how many lumps of sugar they take. She's been bridesmaid at many a sailor's wedding and godmother at the christening of their children. Every day she makes and mitres the corners on eighteen beds and polishes all the floors in the old three-story house. "Tired?" she says briskly, "you're so busy doing it, you haven't time to be tired."

Politics rarely lures them but next year they may get a woman mayor

LIKE THE British housewife a Halifax woman has plenty of room for complaint in her ordinary living. Her housing conditions are among the worst in Canada. Her husband's average weekly wage is among the lowest. She pays more for canned goods (because of distance and freight rates—almost a swear word in the Maritimes) and more for such staples as bacon and coffee than women in Toronto or Winnipeg. Fog invades her life and soot her wash. The harsh, salt-laden winds flake paint off her house and even her nylons take longer to dry.

Like her British counterpart she does her fair share of grumbling but on the whole she's philosophical about her lot. Unlike her British sister, she's never tried to do much about it politically. Around 1870 she was legally entitled to vote if she owned property—an unheard-of privilege for women in those days. But Halifax women didn't exercise their franchise. Later the law was altered and they lost it. Although Nova Scotia became the sixth province to give women the unconditional right to vote, no woman has ever stood for federal or provincial election. This year for the first time in eighty-nine years a woman, Mrs. H. St. G. Woodill, is chairman of the school board. Only two women have ever made the city council and one of them, Abbie Lane, could become mayor next year. Since 1923 Halifax women have been eligible to sit on juries, but they are never asked. The official excuse is that there is no proper lavatory accommodation.

But in their own quiet way the women of Halifax have served their city well by pioneering new community endeavors. For seventeen years, until the new Memorial Library was built in 1950, the Junior League of Halifax supported the only children's library in the city at a cost of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Forty years ago when the Local Council of Women tried and failed to sell tight-fisted city fathers on the idea of playgrounds, the women hired a supervisor out of their own funds and operated the playgrounds themselves for eight years. At last the city fathers were convinced and the city took the project over.



There's no horseplay when Halifax's twenty-four scarlet-coated, white-helmeted Junior Bengal Lancers climb into their saddles, seize their aluminum lances and prance through their famous musical ride. The most accomplished horsewoman among the eighteen girls and six boys in the troop is blond, sixteen-year-old Mary Ann Marshall. The day she turned five Mary Ann, whose mother considered her too delicate to ride, calmly told Dick Zwicker, the manager of the lancers, that she could easily handle a horse. Then she clambered onto one and proved it. At eleven she put a black pony called Leland Melody through a solo performance in front of twenty-five thousand marveling people at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. At twelve she so impressed the world's greatest rider, Colonel Alois Podhajsky of Vienna, that he's been trying to persuade her parents to let her attend his famous Imperial Spanish Riding School ever since. Keeping top grades at Queen Elizabeth High School and winning music scholarships cut into her riding time, she admits. Even at that Mary Ann, who would much rather be presented with a new riding crop than a corsage, manages to devote at least twelve hours each week to her riding practice.



A favorite way to pass an evening in the Maritimes is to examine the family tree, which often has its roots in the Nova Scotia of two hundred years ago. Miss Susan Almon is one of the last remaining members of five generations of that family who have lived in Halifax. She now lives alone in one of the city's oldest houses on Hollis Street in what used to be the fashionable South End. Her ancestors came to Boston almost in the backwash of the Mayflower. When the colonies rebelled, the Almons moved to Halifax. During the Civil War Miss Almon's grandfather lent thousands of dollars to the South and received one hundred thousand dollars in worthless Confederate bonds which Miss Almon keeps in the drawer of a washstand. Recently she wrote to the U. S. Treasury Department and asked to be reimbursed. "But they didn't answer," she says with droll humor. She remembers Halifax's Golden Age, based on a profitable trade in rum and codfish and marked by gracious living. "Everyone had certain days for calling—ours was Thursday, and you put out a basket for cards if you weren't going to be home," she recalls. The old house is crowded with antiques and memories and sometimes she reads again letters to ancestors from such correspondents as the Duke of Wellington and George III.

Eighty-five teen-agers sing over Halifax air waves every Thursday night at eight o'clock under the baton of Irene McQuillan, director of music for the city schools. Her sponsored show, *Your Children Sing*, has one of the highest listener ratings in the Maritimes. Irene also makes a weekly school broadcast and does a mammoth coaching job on two thousand teen-agers to produce thirteen school operettas every winter. It all started when she was a math teacher in a crowded section of Halifax. A group of boys hung around the school after four, because the school was better heated than their homes. To keep them out of mischief Irene started singsongs. When the singsongs blossomed into a choir and the choir won at the festival, Irene traded her geometry compass in on a tuning fork. Although most of the songs she teaches are classical, this youthful director says her big weakness is hot jazz.



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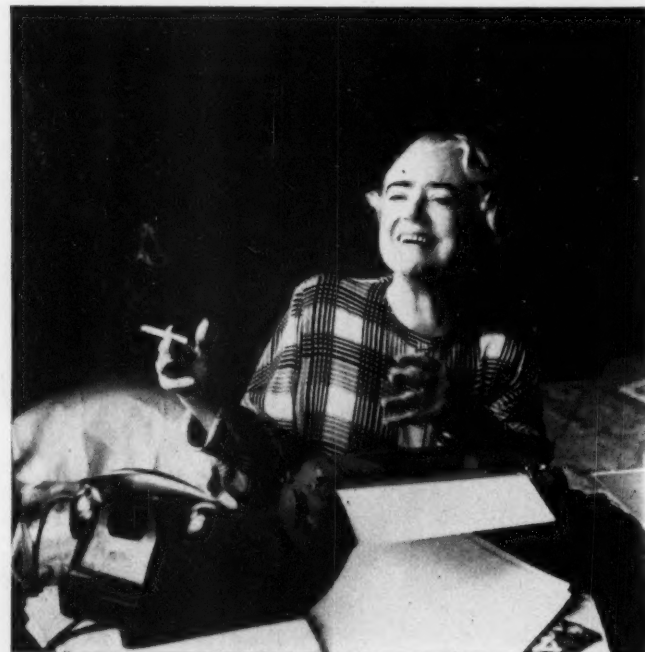
THE WOMEN OF HALIFAX *continued*

In hospital, on board a ship or in the immigration sheds, the first person to say hello to thousands of new Canadians is a talkative, open-hearted Halifax housewife called Sadie Fineberg. Sadie was on hand to cheer up this German mother who took sick at sea and had to spend some time in the port's hospital before she and her daughter could journey on to join her husband, a barber in Kitchener, Ont. Sadie, who speaks four languages besides English, has been on the wharf any time a boat docked for the past eighteen years, usually with a bulging pocket of tissue handkerchiefs "to wipe the kids' noses" and a loaf of garlic bread "in case they're hungry." In 1948, as a thank-you token for all her years of voluntary work, the city made her Halifax's official greeter and presented her with a special silver badge. Every year she gets hundreds of letters from all over Canada from people she's helped. "It's hard on the feet but I get a lot of laughs too," she reports. Recently a woman from behind the Iron Curtain got off the boat, saw the hat Sadie wears on rainy days and exclaimed, "Is that the style in Canada? I threw one like that away years ago."



The oldest families in Halifax are often Negro, for Negroes have been living in Halifax since 1790. The four thousand now listed in the last census represent one fifth of the total Negro population of Canada. Pearleen Oliver, the wife of Rev. William Oliver, minister of the Cornwallis Street Baptist Church, is one of the city's hardest-working citizens. Besides mothering five sons, she sits on the Maritimes' Girls' Work Board, is secretary of the recreation division of the Welfare Council of Halifax, finds time to speak to women's groups and make CBC broadcasts. She has also written a history of the colored Baptists of Nova Scotia, taught herself the piano and accordion because "there was no one to play for singings" and coached a church drama group that went on to win the city cup for the best play. Pearleen, one of a family of ten, put herself through high school by doing housework and married Bill Oliver when she graduated. For a honeymoon the young couple took the train to Bill's new parish and plunged right into a church picnic. Her boys all work in a garden at the family's summer cottage outside Halifax and the money Pearleen saves on vegetables will help put her bright young family through university.

The pluckiest woman in Halifax and one of the most colorful newspaperwomen in Canada is May O'Regan who has hit the headlines with dozens of scoops in her long career as a reporter on the Halifax Chronicle. In 1934 May beat out a battery of U. S. and Canadian reporters to wangle the only interview with British Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald when he visited Canada. To get an offbeat story on a circus, she once decked herself out in spangled satin and a white wig and rode an elephant in the parade. Colliding with a car, May became the only woman driver in Canada to have had an accident on an elephant. Altogether she has covered thirty-three murders, including the famous witchcraft murders in Lunenburg County which provided the happiest two weeks of her life—two murders, a suicide and a manhunt. Twenty years ago she risked her life by flying in the dead of winter to Ingonish in an old battered monoplane to get a story on a rescue boat. Once when a sex criminal was attacking girls on a lonely street in Halifax May, dressed in her best, acted as bait for the police. All the years she was churning out lineage on grand larceny, murder and rape she used to turn around and, without even adjusting the spacer on her typewriter, tap out a simple-hearted column for children packed with poetry and friendly advice, under the pseudonym of Cousin Peggy. Every summer she would take a thousand Cousin Peggy fans on a mammoth picnic. Today May is still turning in stories although she is confined to a wheelchair with arthritis. In fact, her contacts are still so good that a while ago she beat the regular police reporters to the city desk with a story on a bank robbery. "But," says May, "if there's one thing I can't stand it's sounding like one of those darn women nobly carrying on." She isn't either. May just can't stop.





Fishing for songs is the life work of Helen Creighton who explores Nova Scotia's coastline hunting up fishermen who remember the ballads of the district and will sing them into her tape recorder. In twenty-six years she has salvaged one thousand five hundred songs which would soon have been forgotten forever. Helen, whose ancestor, James Creighton, came over in the first boatload of settlers from England and farmed on Citadel Hill, first stumbled into song collecting when she asked an old fisherman to tell her a pirate legend and he sang her a song instead. She decided then that Nova Scotia's songs should be preserved and as no one was doing the job she took it on herself. For fourteen years she worked on without any financial aid, at first picking out the tunes on a cumbersome old melodeon. Since 1947 the National Museum of Canada has been backing her. She has published three books of folk songs and one on folklore. The ballads she rescued from oblivion are now sung all over Canada, the U. S. and Britain. Club work takes up any slack time in Helen's schedule. She was the first president of the Zonta Club in Halifax, a past president of the Women's Canadian Club and is now president of the Canadian Authors Association. Her greatest occupational hazard is fending off marriage proposals from some of her singers, one or two of whom have even offered to get a new set of teeth if she'll consent to wed.

*Life for Halifax women moves at a cheerful
placid pace that leaves time to
cherish the treasures brought by Loyalist
forebears, to sail the Arm on fine
days and go to see one of the city's new
ballet companies dance*

FROM THE early days, when Micmac Indians skulked around her back yard waiting to pounce on her and sell her scalp to the French, right up to the present, when she calmly lives with the knowledge that her city is a prime target for bombing in the event of another war, the woman of Halifax has long been in Canada's front line of defense.

In World War I her city was almost blasted off Nova Scotia's rocky shores when a munitions ship exploded, and she had to flee the city when another one threatened to do the same in World War II. From the founding of the city as a fortress in 1749 her prosperity has always pitched and tossed between short booms when the country was at war, and the town was jammed with sailors and soldiers and invaded by hordes of prostitutes and bootleggers, and long depressions between wars when Halifax languished while the rest of the country jogged merrily along in postwar prosperity.

Her biggest problem today is housing—a direct result of the fact that her city was planned two hundred years ago by military engineers. Halifax's business section is squeezed between the hill and the harbor with narrow, crowded streets and blocks of slums. Because the city is built on a peninsula the shortage of land is acute. She and her husband pay four thousand dollars for a good lot which could be had for half the price, say, in Saint John.

There are only about two hundred lots still available. When the Bayers Road NHA development was finished in 1953 there were six hundred applicants for one hundred and sixty-one units. The average rent of a two-bedroom apartment is from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Some homes in the older sections are without indoor toilets. Everyone hopes the new bridge to Dartmouth across the harbor where land is cheaper will be finished this year enabling people to build over there and commute.

Inside her square, stodgy-looking house a Halifax woman is likely to have some genuine antiques handed down from her grandmother such as most women in other parts of Canada would never see outside of a decorator's magazine. On the walls are murky paintings of her ancestors who were captains of sailing ships. In her cupboard may be a set of china brought over from England a hundred years ago. She might even possess a shaving mirror or a set of chairs that were brought from Boston after the American Revolution. Her home boasts more polished brass per cubic foot than homes anywhere else in the country.

Inside or outside her house she lives with history, an experience unfamiliar to most Canadian women. Her *Continued on page 104*

*Mac walked right into
her looking-glass world
with a grin... and an answer
to her anguished cry*

WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO ME ?

*Mac leaned over her earnestly. "But you're
in here fighting, girl. He's out
there waiting. That's the hardest part."*



Bink

By MARY FREELS ROSBOROUGH

SOMEONE was sighing in the room. Erin heard it dimly through her troubled dreams. Perhaps it was her mother—or Dave. That meant she was really ill. Dave! For an instant she thought of him with a remote tenderness, because he was like someone on the other side of a pane of glass.

She had been dreaming for a long time now, with day and night blending and people wafting in and out—strange people without faces, only eyes. But now the sunlight was bright on her closed eyelids. She could feel its warmth and color yet she dared not open her eyes, lest the torturing headache come back. She drifted a moment without pain, feeling cool and disembodied, unwilling to come back to living again.

There was something in the back of her mind that she couldn't remember—or wouldn't, because it was like a dream or a nightmare—a terrifying, blinding fear that she dared not take out and look at.

Someone touched her hair gently, said her name. "Erin, I want you to drink this . . . Come back, help us take care of you, Erin Winter!"

Erin forced her lids open into cautious slits. A nurse with bright eyes and no face bent over her. Then she was faintly amused that it was solved at last, the riddle of those strange faceless people that moved in her dream. They wore masks, that was all. How simple—doctors and nurses wearing masks. But, *why?* And her mind scurried away from the question.

"Who is that sighing?" she whispered. "My mother?"

The nurse's eyes flitted away from hers, then instantly came back and she said calmly, "No, it's a—friend. You've been ill. Now drink this for me."

Perversely Erin tightened her lips against the glass tube and tried to move. But she was helpless, the way she had been in the horrible dream from which she thought she'd just awakened. And then she knew, and unbearable anguish swept her. She saw the green metal walls arching over her and she heard the regular sighing breath of that thing which she had not dared remember.

She fought against it in an animal panic, her brain fiercely willing her arms and legs to move, but nothing belonged to her any longer, neither hands nor feet, only her madly beating trapped heart. She had an instant of wonder that it kept on beating when everything else had stopped, like a clock ticking away in an empty house.

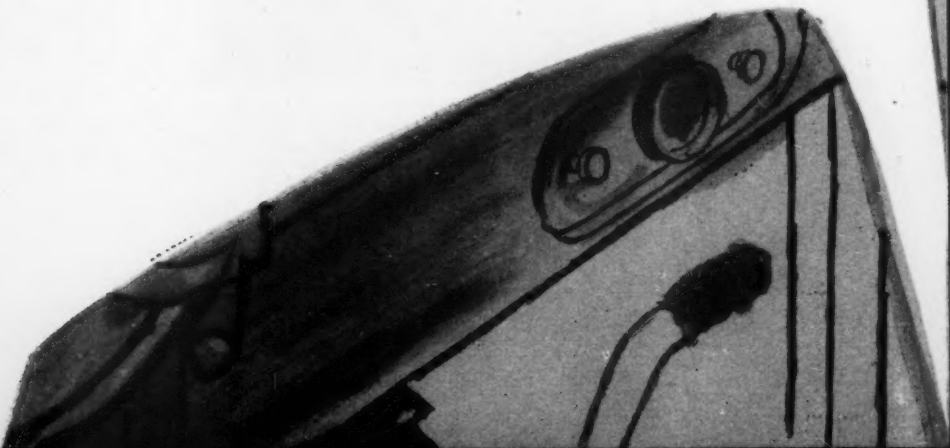
"Dave . . . Dave!" she moaned, her voice rising wildly, "where are you?"

Then his voice answered from somewhere behind her, "I'm here, darling. Don't be frightened!" His voice was husky as if he hadn't used it for a long time. "I'm right here."

"I can't find you," she gasped, "where are you? It's a horrible dream, isn't it? Dave, take me away from here!" She knew she was screaming now, and that both the nurse's and Dave's voice rushed toward her, trying to reach her.

"Erin—please, darling—they

Continued on page 62



A WIDOW WRITES

An open

YOU'RE STRONGER THAN HE IS BUT ARE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND

By ISABEL TURNBULL DINGMAN



FORGET ARITHMETIC. If your marriage won't work on a fifty-fifty basis be glad to give more than your share. Misery at home added to business tensions can shorten your husband's life.



HE NEEDS A BUILDUP when he comes home at the end of the day. He may be emotionally bruised and battered and you should let him know that here, at least, he is loved and appreciated.

IN BRILLIANT October sunshine an old couple came down the street toward me, stepping carefully, deliberately, like a slow-motion movie, the man clinging to his wife's arm. She seemed a little younger and stronger than he was, but still almost as frail as the dry autumn leaves at their feet. As I hurried past I felt sorry for such feeble creatures—and then I noticed the woman's face. It was radiant; she was looking at her husband as though he were the most precious thing on earth.

Tears blurred my eyes, but this time the pity was for myself. Though years ago I had expected to end my days as they were doing, my husband died at forty-two, and now I walk alone.

So do nearly half a million Canadian widows, but it doesn't help the loneliness to know that others are in the same boat. We can't help looking a little wistfully at married couples.

We also look with sharp eyes, seeing more than our friends and neighbors realize, and tending to be critical of wives lucky enough still to have their husbands. I suppose it is because we are emotionally unemployed, envying them their opportunities. Among widows I know the conclusion is that while many wives are wonderful, many others don't appreciate their husbands nearly enough. And we can't help thinking to ourselves that if married women like that knew what it was like to lose their husbands they'd treat them a whole lot differently.

Such women seem to make a career of criticizing their mates and feeling sorry for themselves, with no apparent reason. Giving the same kind of service in a paid job, they would be fired without a reference, but their husbands can't fire them. Instead, they put up with treatment which in some cases shortens their lives and in all cases makes life less worth living.

Take the woman who ruined a bridge party for everybody recently. She never had a beau until Clem came along when she was thirty, but always acts as if she did him a favor by marrying him, especially since she inherited some money. They arrived late with Ruth complaining that they had to wait while Clem wrote a letter to "that mother of his." She sneered at his bridge, said he had all the facts wrong when he tried to tell a story. All evening she kept referring to "my car," "my house," "my daughter." Clem's ears burned when she boasted about telling off the girl's teacher and how she told the young people's club the right way to run their affairs. By the time the party was over Clem looked crushed; I wasn't surprised to hear a few weeks later that he was in hospital with a heart condition. One office associate said, "The diagnosis ought to be 'malignant wife,' but unfortunately you can't operate for that."

Now, it certainly doesn't follow that every henpecked married man is going to have a heart attack—thank goodness. But the terrible thing about such unappreciative wives is that they can and sometimes do actually hasten their own widowhood because of the way they treat their husbands.

Doctors agree that emotional strain is often the cause of heart trouble, and four times as many married men as married women die of coronary disease every year in Canada. Office politics, cutthroat business competition

Letter to wives

THE LONELINESS THAT MAY COME IF YOU INSIST ON HAVING YOUR WAY?

and financial disappointments create much of this strain, but the wife must blame herself when there is additional strain at home.

Last fall psychiatrist Grant C. Beacock of Hamilton General Hospital told the Ontario Medical Association, "A nagging wife, a harping mother-in-law, or a thoughtless son" can be the real cause of heart trouble. And Dr. J. P. S. Cathcart of Ottawa Civic Hospital told the Canadian Medical Association in Winnipeg that in his opinion nearly one hundred percent of coronary thrombosis cases are caused by deep emotional stress or anxiety states.

Obviously, a happy home is one of the best aids to long life, though it isn't always a guarantee. When I went to see a young woman whose husband had died of a coronary at thirty-three, she said the cause was probably extreme pressure and worry at the office. "But he used to say it was heaven to come home," she told me, "where there was peace and quiet and someone who believed in him. It's a great comfort to remember that; I couldn't bear it if I thought I had added to his troubles."

If your husband died tomorrow, could you say the same? Or is he like some men I have seen going home at the end of the day looking as though they were facing a firing squad?

They get little peace or appreciation at home. Their wives either treat them as of no importance, or constantly find fault. Perhaps they are such devoted mothers that the men feel neglected. Perhaps money is the trouble—some wives moan about how much more their friends and neighbors have to spend, implying their husbands are failures; some worry the money-earner by being extravagant. Other problem wives are jealous of their husbands' relations, or resent their hobbies and outside interests. For a variety of reasons, home becomes a battlefield, either all the time or too much of the time.

Is this the case in your house? And if so, what are you doing about it?

Almost any time there is trouble in a marriage there is fault on both sides. Both husband and wife should be concerned with finding the cause of the trouble and removing it, for marriage ought always to be a fifty-fifty proposition, as it is in thousands of cases. However, right now I'm not talking to husbands but to wives. And for the good of your family and for your own personal good I say, when things aren't going well, forget arithmetic. Do anything you can to achieve peace in your home, even if you have to assume the long end of a sixty-forty split—yes, or seventy-thirty. If you're ever so unfortunate as to be left a widow you'll find yourself carrying one hundred percent of the family load, and it's too late then to squabble about doing more than your share.

You needn't feel noble about doing more than your share, for, whether you admit it or not, your work isn't as hard as your husband's—and you are physically stronger than he is, able to stand more stress. The myth that women are the "weaker sex" has been thoroughly exploded. Last fall Dr. W. F. Leaman of Philadelphia told the Oklahoma Clinical Society that women are smarter than men, can lose more

Continued on page 34



DON'T DRAG HIM to social affairs he doesn't enjoy. Husbands like to relax at home and when they're talked into going out they add a grudge to the fatigue they've brought home from work.



ENCOURAGE HIS HOBBIES and be thankful he has something to interest him. The money and time he spends pay off in better health now and he won't be "bored to death" when he retires.

Love is the

BECAUSE ALEC HAD WAITED SO LONG TO BE FREE,

AND BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM SO MUCH,

HATTIE ALMOST FAILED TO REALIZE THAT FREEDOM LIES IN THE HEART

By CHARLES BRUCE

Illustrated by J. Frederick Smith

HATTIE O'BRIEN stopped a moment to glance out the kitchen window. Alec Tracey was lifting flies to young Pete in the lot behind the house.

Pete whirled and ran, his back to the arching ball, and turned to take it almost against the lane fence. For a twelve-year-old he was all right. He moved as Red had moved, quick and sure. With something close to swagger and the form to back it up.

Alec took the ball on the bounce, hitched, and lofted it again, to the far corner. His face wore the same look of casual absorption as when his pencil moved down the edge of a piece of "must" copy just before press time. Nothing about him of the good sport, playing at playing. This was something he enjoyed.

They were good, both of them. Even ten-year-old Dilly was perched on the alley fence to watch.

Hat spoke to herself, severely: Wipe off that grin, O'Brien. It had always been that way, even fifteen and sixteen years ago, when Hat Miller and Red O'Brien and Alec Tracey were the youngest and liveliest reporting staff in the history of the Globe. Something in Alec that made you lighthearted. With big Red it had been all speed and laughter. With Alec, a friendly take-your-time.

Briefly she found herself back in that fabulous time when everything was new. One special minute of it, herself freezing at the typewriter, trying to get started on a special women's angle the night the city first elected

a woman mayor. Words that wouldn't come, and the bulldog deadline minutes away.

Across the years she could see Alec, throwing a take from his mill, strolling over to drop a hand on her shoulder and survey the scene. Compilers at the phones, Red biting his nails and whacking a typewriter, a ward-heeler palming off a statement on Rothwell Parker, and Harry Wilson swearing for copy in the newsroom door. She could hear Alec's quiet absent-minded words, "What a hell of a furore over Little Nell," and see him walking back to his desk, and remember how the words had come to her.

Even when she and Red stood up before the minister she'd been glad Alec was there, looking after the ring and the ten-dollar bill.

A lump of regret moved in her throat, now. Not for big Red, who was happy wherever he was, tapping out window bulletins likely for Saint Peter to hang on the gate. No, it was just the memory of old times and the present thought of Alec, and the knowledge that in fairness she couldn't marry him.

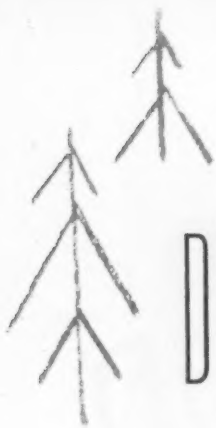
She shook it off and went outside. Alec picked up his jacket and beckoned Pete in from the outfield, "She's ready. We've got work to do. I'll be out tomorrow." He turned to speak to Hat and stood there, thoughtful. She looked a question at him. "Waiting," he said. "Just waiting." He tucked her

Continued on page 48

Surest Gamble

Long ago Red told her, "Alec? He's got one ambition. Foreign corresponding. He'll never fall for a girl."





DON'T SHOOT...

IT'S THE HIKING HOUSEWIFE

When the blues threatened to become black this Vancouver woman threw down her dishcloth and went walking with her friend Duffy. It worked, too, even though people laughed and once she was mistaken for a bear

By JOAN GREENWOOD

I LIKE TO WALK. I like putting one foot in front of the other all day long and my dog, George Duffy, likes it too. Together we have traveled over many hundreds of miles of British Columbia's byways, carrying packs on our backs, going from here to there at our own slow pace, cooking on campfires, sleeping out under the stars and having a wonderful time.

From Duffy's point of view our hikes are perfect holidays from our suburban living here in North Vancouver. For me they are more important. Although I have been shot at for a bear in the woods, chased off a railway trestle by a locomotive and looked at with raised eyebrows by more conventional travelers who sleep in beds, not in bushes, my walking trips are my private route to self-respect. They are one woman's answer to the "back number blues," those frustrations and depressions that too easily overwhelm middle-aged housewives like myself.

When these blues get us, women feel trapped. There we are, the Forgotten Ones, in our house slippers and plastic aprons, watching our husbands and our children and all the rest of the world forge smartly ahead to all kinds of satisfactions and success. But all that is expected of us is to build a good apple pie or to hang out the whitest line of wash and it's not enough.

Of course very few of us take it sitting down. We fight back. Some of us return to work or join community efforts. Summer schools and night classes are full of us as we struggle to put ourselves back on our own personal map. I know about it because I've fought the fight myself. The trouble was that none of these pursuits seemed of any lasting good to me that year when I was forty-one and felt fifty—the year my daughter was stillborn and I was left empty-handed and sad at heart.

I felt an utter failure. Other women will know what I mean. Motherhood is at the same time our biggest and our most basic achievement, to fail at it is both a simple and a complex sorrow and, in spite of the fact that my husband and my teen-age son continued to treat me as an equal, I worked up an inferiority feeling that was second to none. I became a kind of human worm burrowing brainlessly into the dull but unimpeachable rut of household chores and I can remember, once, getting up off my knees as I waxed the sitting-room floor and running across the room to switch off the radio because a wise voice was warning

all listeners, including me, not to let self-pity spoil their lives. I was afraid of being dug out and of being forced to think.

One morning I was standing at the sink, drearily rinsing and rerinsing the dishcloth. Suddenly my brain clicked into gear and I realized that what I wanted was a holiday, an escape. But my husband was busy. Then I would go alone.

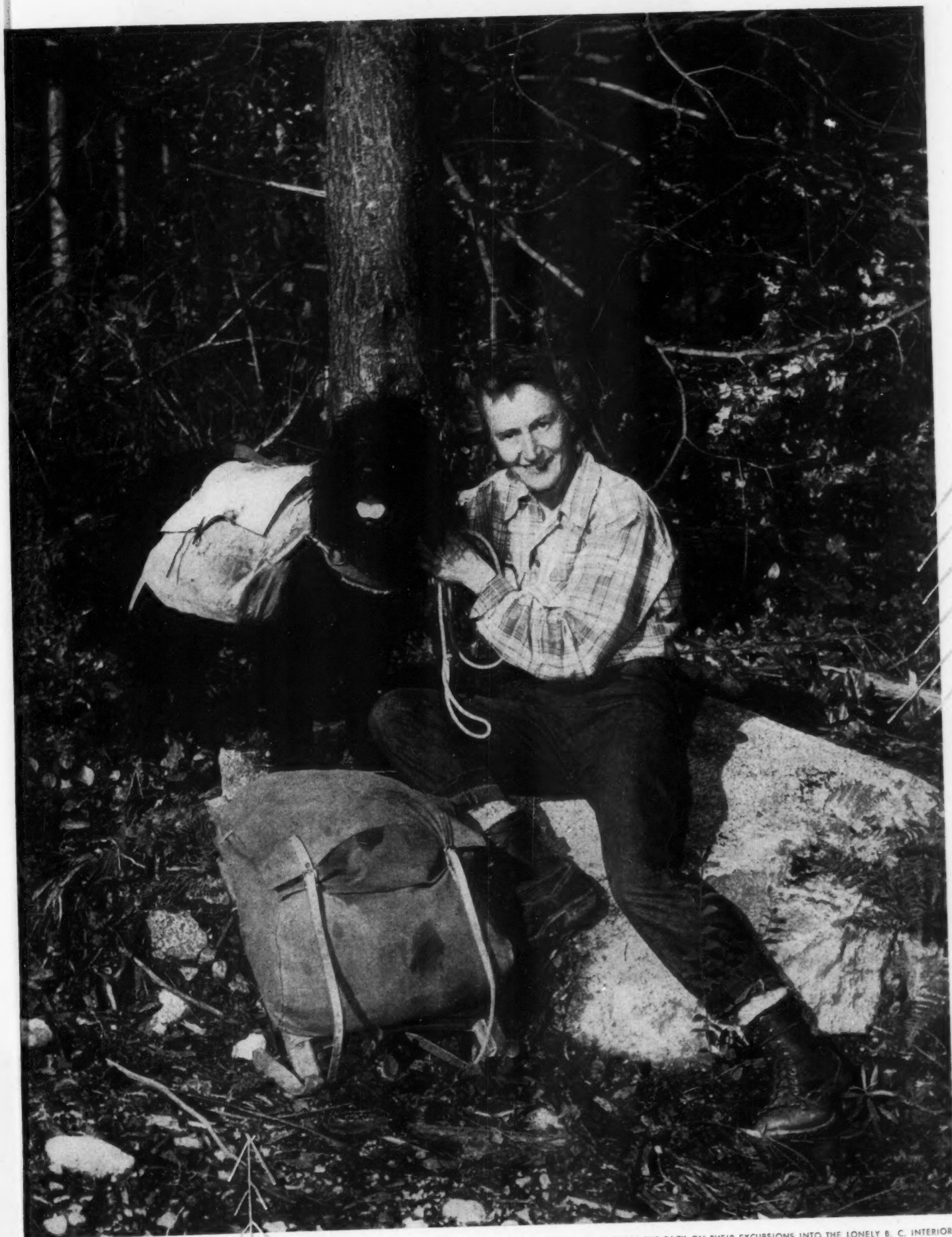
If I had been a member of a family who were accustomed to taking their annual vacation in a resort or even in an established summer-cottage colony I suppose I might have prosaically phoned for accommodation or mailed off a postcard to the local handy man to light a few fires in advance of my arrival, then packed a suitcase and had quite a satisfactory time along more or less conventional lines.

But ever since the days when my husband earned his living in the bush as a surveyor—or perhaps I should say, in spite of those days—he has had an enthusiasm for camping that has infected us all. To the Greenwoods vacation time means a campfire and a tent, plus a car to carry the tent and the tenters to some favorite spot. But in my case the car was not available because my husband needed it daily for his work in town.

Very well, I decided. I would go on foot. I had always been a bit queer about walking anyway. Perhaps it was my English blood expressing itself but, whatever the reason, where others might take an afternoon's rest by raising their feet and lowering their eyelids I am more apt to put on my shoes and go for a couple of hours' hike. When I am thoughtful, tired, dissatisfied or just plain restless, I walk. The only novelty about this holiday plan to loosen me from my rut would be the complete aloneness of the nights as well as the days. It was an attempt to do something I had never done before. To prove that I could camp and cook as well as walk alone.

I tossed the dishcloth into the soap rack and reached for a note pad and pencil. "Pack List" I wrote at the top of the first page and subheaded it: Clothes, Equipment, Food. I altered the last to read Food (me), and added Food (dog). I had remembered my yearling crossbred setter pup, a wild Irish stew of a character who could never be left at large in the neighborhood. I would have to take him, too.

Filling in the list was fun. I left *Continued on page 59*



GEORGE DUFFY, JOAN'S SETTER, HELPS CARRY THE PACK ON THEIR EXCURSIONS INTO THE LONELY B. C. INTERIOR.



SWING OUT IN

FOR DAY-INTO-EVENING DATES that might start at the fun fair: a trio of full-skirted princess dresses by Klever Klad. This year full skirts have their own petticoats

EVER SINCE cotton came out of the kitchen to become a high-fashion fabric we've been able to buy such never-before wonders as cotton lace suits, cotton brocade evening gowns and angoralike cotton coats. And that's not all. By interweaving cotton fibres with other yarns, textile researchers have turned out cottons with the look and feel of fine wools, pure silks and the sheerest sheers.

The career girl, for instance, can buy cotton tweed suits that match the elegance of pedigreed varieties, thread for thread, at only a fraction of the cost. The sports set will love the new Italian cottons in worsted, shantung and slub weaves that look like silk or linen and are even easier to launder. And for that indispensable sheath dress there are wonderful washable cotton jerseys barely distinguishable from pure wool. For cocktails and more formal occasions couturiers are designing in the new satiny cottons, splashed with lovely silk print patterns, and cotton surrahs in exotic prints or solid

or are lined in Pellon. Foreground: Polished cotton zebra print. Middle: A combed cotton serge with dramatic panel. Background: Gay spatter print in a silk-like cotton.

colors. Other designers, with a taste for the unique, are styling late-day and sports separates in such lowly cloths as jute, hemp and burlap, richly colored and lavishly adorned with fake jewels. Few of these can be laundered and must be dry-cleaned, but they certainly add spice to any wardrobe.

The new wonder cottons have made fans all over the world and you'll be one yourself when you discover how they can save you money on your clothing budget. Not only are they wearable twelve months of the year but most—the cotton surrahs, brocades, tweeds and jerseys—are hand-washable. Others, like those interwoven with nonwashable synthetic or woolen yarns, won't survive soap and water, and unless the garment you buy is labeled "washable" it should be dry-cleaned.

While you're out shopping for your own year-round cotton wardrobe don't forget the season's smartest accessories for cottons—fluffy fox muffs and tiny fur jackets. ♦



Cottons get a high-flying fashion treatment this year and waltz right out of the kitchen onto the dance floor.

Looking like silk or chiffon or wool—sometimes even like cotton—they're for all-day wear the year round

By ROSEMARY BOXER, *Fashion & Beauty Editor*

FUN TO WEAR TO THE MIDWAY: At left: Sam Sherkin's Swiss embroidered cotton with scooped, linen-trimmed neckline. At right: Gingham banded in val-type lace. Allen Manufacturing.

Gloves by Kayser, Jewelry by Coro

cottons

CAREFREE COTTONS walk right through the pool (it's empty!). Top: Horrockses' silk-finish cotton broadcloth in miniature print. Centre: Dior copy in a wool-like cotton-nylon blend. Fullness is arched over hipline. By J. H. Warsh. Bottom: Lore Maria Wiener's all-purpose coat in water-repellent gabardine.

MEET HIM AT THE PARK in a "Baby Doll" by Joseph Inc. Made in a silk-finish cotton with its very full skirt completely lined with Pellon.

*More cotton fashions
on the next page*





SWING OUT IN

cottons continued

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING. Far left: The torso look in a polished printed cotton with a voluminous skirt. By Ricky Formals. Left: Sateen embroidered broadcloth with slim cuffed bodice, full skirt. By Lady Mode.



PRINTED ORGANDY party dress with diminutive waistline and camisole top trimmed with tiered val-type lace. Full, full skirt over many petticoats. By Ricky Formals.

Accents are lavish as cottons bloom in embroidery and lace and bright polished prints. Trimmings are anything from straw to velvet, with a fluffy fox muff a final glamour note



COTTON LOOKS LIKE TAFFETA in this Glickman gown that's kept aloft with a single rolled velvet shoulder strap. Skirt is full over its own flounced petticoats.



STRAW EMBROIDERY trims this draped bodice dress in a new type Swiss cotton made from Egyptian yarns by Sam Sherkin. Full skirt held out over stiffened petticoats.

*To learn how to
care for your new cottons*

turn to page 78

Thrilling Event!

The day that Baby "graduates" to those good Campbell's Soups

You're learning to handle that spoon so nicely, Baby! Looks as if you and a good big bowl of soup are going to get along well together *always!*

Mother was so smart! When Doctor said you were ready for "growing up" food, she started you right off on Campbell's Soups. For she knew they are delicious and nourishing . . . that they

are made from fine ingredients . . . that they are pure and easily digested.

Yes, Campbell's Soups are mighty good for Baby . . . and for Mother, too! *Just try them and see!*

FOR BABY WE SUGGEST THESE:

Tomato	Chicken with Rice
Vegetable	Chicken Noodle
Vegetable Beef	Cream of Celery
Vegetarian Vegetable	Beef
Beef Noodle	Green Pea
Cream of Asparagus	Scotch Broth

Campbell's Soups taste so good, you know they are made from carefully selected vegetables, fine meat stocks, tender meats and chicken. . . . Adding an equal quantity of milk is the ideal way to prepare these soups for Baby.

Campbell's
SOUPS



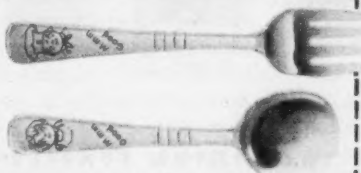
CAMPBELL'S SOUPS ARE EATEN BY 4 OUT
OF 10 YOUNGSTERS WHEN A YEAR OLD
. . . BY 7 OUT OF 10 TWO-YEAR-OLDS



**SPECIAL
OFFER**

New Design BABY SPOON AND FORK SET

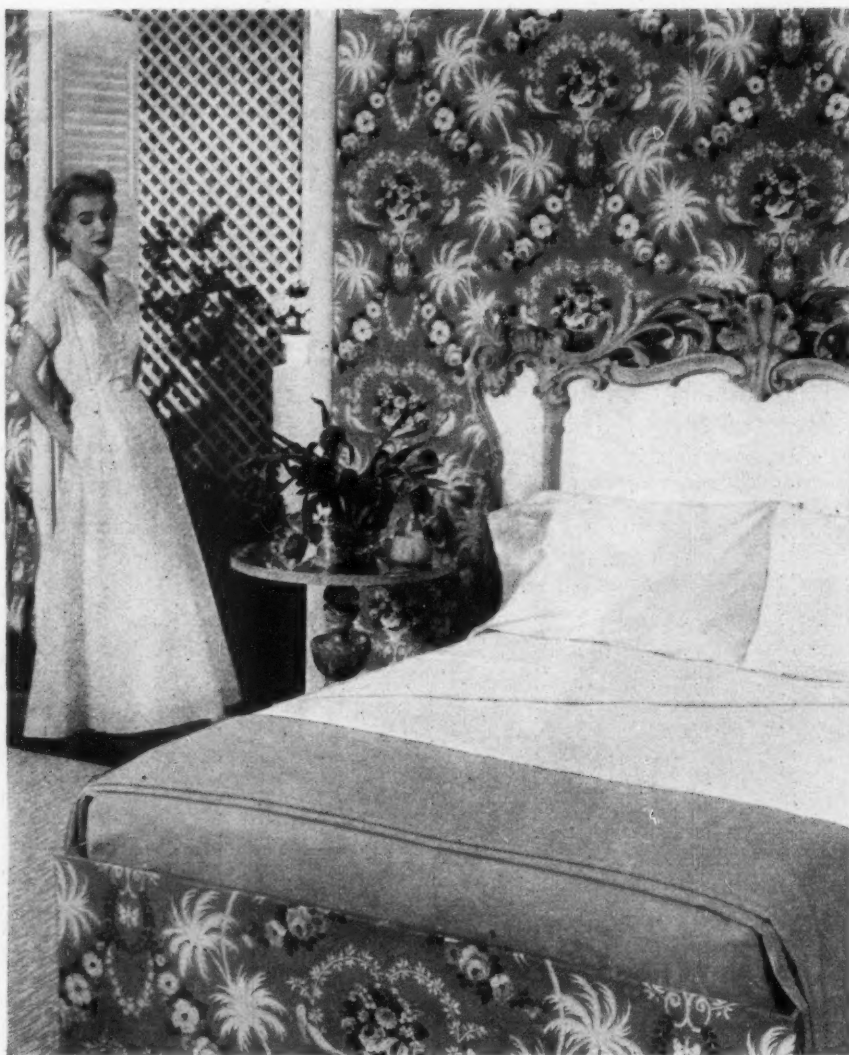
Distinctive William A. Rogers quality silver plate by Oneida Ltd., Silversmiths, value \$1.75. Shapes approved by pediatricians. Cute Campbell Kids on handles. This pair sent post-paid for 2 Campbell's Soup labels and 50c (cash—no stamps). Get them for *your* baby! This offer expires December 31, 1954.



MAIL TO CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD BOX 153, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Please send me _____ Baby Spoon and Fork Sets. I enclose
50c cash and 2 Campbell's Soup labels for each set.
(Please PRINT your name and address)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV. _____

NEW! CAMPBELL'S ONION SOUP . . . TRY IT TODAY



No. 5 *How Canada lives better...*
with *Tex-Made*

"Your bedroom
can be a branch
of your garden!"



says *Joan Blanchard*
Tex-Made Home Stylist

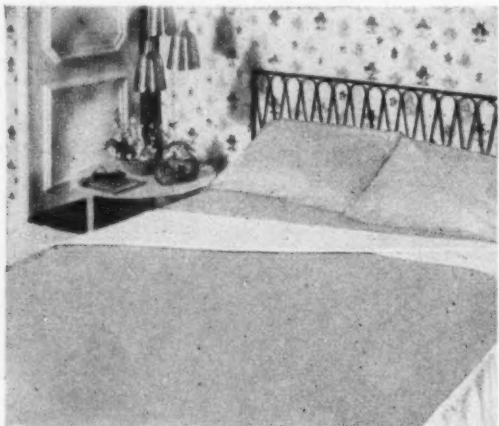
"Take your colours from the flowers closest to your heart," advises Joan Blanchard, "and make your bedroom forever Spring. Choose from the many heavenly colours of Tex-Made Petal-Tone Sheets and Downy-Tone Blankets.

"See them at your favorite store . . . especially the very last word in lovely luxury—Tex-Made's new Petal-Tone Combed Percales! Then let your excited imagination take wings!"

"Pairing your Tex-Made whites with Petal-Tones is like bouqueting violets or jonquils with lilies of the valley. Tex-Made colours are indestructibly fast — both in Tex-Made service quality and now in the finest of all, Tex-Made Combed Percales."

For complete washability and long, long wear, Canada has made Tex-Made first choice in sheets and blankets. Traditionally, trousseaus start with a Tex-Made Ibex blanket. Tex-Made Warmsheets have kept a whole generation of little Canadians cozy-warm.

"Match or contrast with Downy-Tone blankets. Their lighthearted beauty endures for years. They laugh off wear and washing. No blanket in the world is so warm and yet so light—and so thrilling to own! So economically priced, too—like all Tex-Made values!"



So buy wisely—buy Tex-Made.
Made right here in Canada



Tex-made
TM. REGD.

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED 1950 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal

YOUNG PARENTS

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

POLIO



● *You've probably had it*

and don't know it

● *Healthy people can spread it*

● *Epidemics can't be predicted*

● *Gamma globulin gives*

only limited protection

By ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D. *Director, Child Health Clinic*

POLIOMYELITIS is caused by an extremely small virus, so small in fact that it can only be seen by the most powerful electron microscope. By the time they are adults, the great majority of people have already had this disease. How can we make this rather extraordinary statement? It is based on the finding of antibodies against the polio virus in the blood of most adults.

Very few of these people will remember ever having had any sickness that they could connect with polio. Actually most individuals who become infected with the virus aren't ill at all as a result, but nevertheless they can pass on the disease to others. This makes it very difficult to control its spread. Some people with polio develop only fever, headache, listlessness, lack of appetite, nausea, vomiting, sore throat and possibly other general symptoms for a few days. Such a transient illness wouldn't be thought of as polio, unless other cases of the typical disease are present in the locality.

Of course these same symptoms may be due to other causes besides polio, but if they appear in the polio season or where polio is prevalent you should put the patient to bed and keep him very quiet even though it throws your whole household schedule out of gear. Physical exertion, especially if strenuous, increases the chances of paralysis coming on. Naturally you should consult your physician as well. If stiffness of the back or soreness of the neck, back, limbs or other parts of the body develops the trouble is almost sure to be polio. Trying to fight the disease by keeping on going is about the worst thing

you can do because that makes the onset of paralysis more likely. Some people never develop any paralysis, even though a sample of their spinal fluid shows the changes typical of the disease and the virus is present in their feces. Others develop paralysis from which they recover completely. Still others are left with varying degrees of paralysis, despite the best of aftercare. However, skilful surgeons by transplanting muscles, immobilizing joints and devising braces can enable most of these people to become self-supporting. A few patients die of polio if it has affected the breathing or swallowing muscles.

For the first few months of his life a baby has a supply of antibodies against polio that he has received from his mother, if she is immune to this disease. Many years ago, before we realized the importance of keeping babies' food clean and when our sanitary arrangements were primitive, babies probably became infected with polio from their feedings or surroundings very soon, while they still had the antibodies their mother had passed on to them to protect them from the disease. This infection, which caused no symptoms, presumably stimulated them to produce their own protective antibodies against the disease. With our increasing standards of cleanliness, which are abundantly worth while for many other reasons, more and more of our children are growing up into young adults who are not immune to polio and this probably explains why more people in this age group and even those older now develop the disease.

The time that elapses between

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page
acquiring the polio infection and the appearance of the disease is usually about ten days, although it can be much shorter (three days) or much longer (thirty days). The virus enters the body through the nose or mouth—more likely the latter. It has been found in the throat early in the disease. The virus probably multiplies in the walls of the intestinal tract and then makes its way into the blood. Probably it is via the blood that it reaches the spinal cord and

brain. When paralysis of a muscle does occur, it is due to the injury or the death of many of the nerve cells in the spinal cord that control the activity of that particular muscle. If the patient recovers from the paralysis, that means that enough of these nerve cells have recovered to allow the muscle to work again. No drugs, such as antibiotics or sulphas, have been found that will cure polio. Sedatives are often valuable and some physicians also believe that relaxants are of help.

As we mentioned before, the polio virus is present in the intestinal contents (that is, in the bowel movements or feces) of the patient and it has been found to remain there for one month after the disease in fifty percent of the cases and for two months in twenty-five percent of them. In some patients it was present for as long as three months. When a case appears in a family usually all the members of the family have the virus in their feces, even though they have not been sick in any

way. During an epidemic a great many people will be "carrying" the virus in their intestinal tracts. So during the polio season, and especially when there are cases in your vicinity, you should do everything you can to prevent any contamination of food, drink, hands, etc., with feces. We all pride ourselves on our cleanliness, and we are clean, but during the polio season we should be cleaner still.

Ordinary cleanliness is apparently not good enough to prevent the spread of this disease. Thorough scrubbing of the hands by everyone in the family after using the toilet, before eating or handling food and on coming into the house should be insisted on. Thorough washing and peeling of all raw fruit and vegetables or, even better, cooking them is another necessary precaution. Factory-canned citrus juices would be a safe way to get your vitamin C if you pour it directly into the glasses. Providing plenty of boiling water for your dishwashing and buying only bakery-wrapped bread are other safeguards. If there is any possibility of fecal contamination of your drinking or even your washing water it should be boiled or carefully home-chlorinated. In our cities our water supplies are safe.

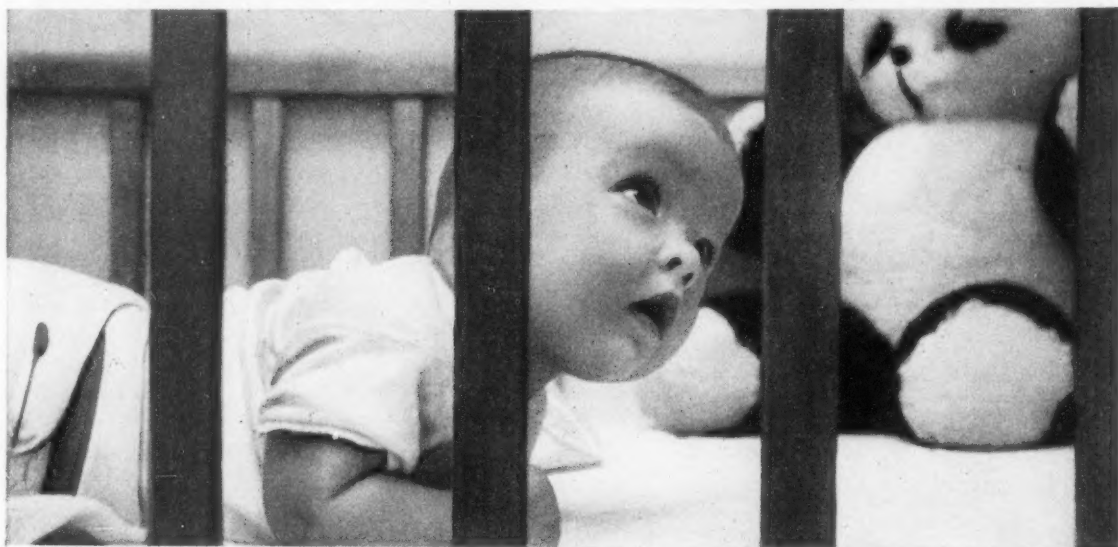
As the virus has been found on flies in epidemic areas you must make your home flyproof and kill the odd specimen that eludes your barriers. Of course your outhouse, if you are in the country, must not allow the flies to have access to the excreta. Bathing in lakes, rivers, ponds, or swimming pools that may be contaminated by sewage is unwise and that would include most if not all of them. Unnecessary traveling through polio-epidemic areas is looking for trouble. Not only may you drink some polio-infected water or eat some infected food, but fatigue from long drives or other strenuous occupations may make you and your companions more susceptible to the paralytic form of the disease. Besides you may unknowingly and without harm to yourself carry polio to some other community.

Operations in the mouth and throat, such as the removal of tonsils, adenoids or teeth, are not performed unless absolutely necessary during a polio epidemic because there is evidence that these procedures may favor the development of the most severe form of the disease. In some countries, although not here, immunizing injections have been suspected of predisposing the child to paralysis of the arm or leg in which the injection was given. As this may be a possibility these injections are often not given during the polio season, unless of course they are urgently needed to protect the child.

What about Gamma Globulin?

As we have said the blood of most adults contains immune substances, or antibodies, against all the three common types of polio virus. These antibodies are in the gamma globulin part of the blood. The gamma globulin can be removed from the blood by a fairly expensive, complicated process. One blood donation by an adult provides only enough gamma globulin to protect one medium-sized child temporarily against poliomyelitis. Bigger children need even more.

In 1951 and 1952 gamma globulin was given to about 27,500 American children from one to eleven years of age who were living in three areas where polio epi-



Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY

MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF FIVE



Mrs. Dan Gerber

Even the tiniest babies, bless their "rugged individual" hearts, like to assert themselves from time to time. So the sensible parent will remember that baby is not a little machine, to be cared for with absolute precision, but a human being, entitled to a few human quirks. In the matter of feeding and sleeping, schedules are fine but workable only if they're flexible. If your well-regulated baby occasionally becomes an upstart... relax... give in... let him have his way once in a while. By not forcing, chances are baby will come back to schedule of his own accord.

Strengthening subject. Almost before you can believe it, baby will be ready for more than an all-milk diet. Like meat, for strength-giving protein. When your doctor specifies this all-important food, you'll find Gerber's Strained Meats just the thing for baby. Low in fat and fiber con-

tent, they're easy as milk to digest — provide the complete protein so necessary for building muscles and keeping up resistance to infection. Made of selected Armour cuts, with savory, true-meat flavors, they're specially pureed to a super-smooth texture.



Summer travel tip. Zippered plastic vegetable bags make swell carry-alls for baby's hot weather gallivanting needs.

In the bag. Tuck a small jar, filled with moist cheesecloth squares, into baby's travel kit. Comes in handy when soiled hands and a hot face need freshening.

At home or away — baby needs a full share of loving care in every way. That's why care is the keynote at Gerber's, where experts devote all their energies to making especially good baby foods.



Summertime or any time, Gerber's Strained Egg Yolks are always in season for wee ones. A creamy, custard-like texture and delicious, fresh-egg flavor make them especially pleasing to delicate palates. Ever so nourishing, too, because they're rich in blood-building iron, Vitamin A and a good source of the protein growing bodies need. Wonderful when served "as is" just from the spoon. Equally delightful when mixed with milk, cereal or other solid foods. An important point to remember: Gerber's Egg Yolks are heat-sterilized for baby's protection.

Sun fun. Why not let those soakers do double duty? They make cute, practical trunks for your sun-bathing beauty.

Switching the subject. Little teeth showing? Time to switch from strained to chopped foods. Gerber's Junior Foods help baby make the change with a minimum of trouble, a maximum of pleasure. The evenly-minced bits are ever so easy for tots with a few teeth to manage. And they have the true flavor and tempting color baby's been used to in Gerber's Strained Foods. Makes for real appetite zeal.



Babies are our business...
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Nivea is exceptionally bland, rich and velvety. It soothes quickly, replacing the natural oils that washing and chafing take from the skin. A wise nurse or mother is never without Nivea Creme and Nivea Skin Oil. And, of course, products sufficiently good for baby's skin will equally benefit your own.



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It's EVENFLO!



Bolivian Baby Likes Evenflo

Besides in the USA, mothers feed their babies with popular Evenflo Nurseries in Iceland, Canada, Mexico, and in many countries in S. America, Africa, Europe and the Near East. Like Mrs. Lydia de Kuruz of Bolivia, whose daughter Jacqueline is shown above, these mothers in other lands know all about Evenflo's handy "nipple up," "nipple down" arrangement, as well as its efficient Twin Air Valve Nipple that provides precision feeding and helps babies finish their bottles better. Get Evenflo for your baby!

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America's Most Popular Nurser

demics were raging. As this was the first large-scale test of the effectiveness of this substance, an equal number of children were given an injection of the same amount of sterilized gelatine which of course would have no effect. Then all the children were observed to see if fewer cases of polio with paralysis appeared in those who had received the gamma globulin. During the first week after the inoculation there was no real difference between the two groups. From the second to the fifth week, however, the "gamma globulin" children did do better—six of them developed paralysis as contrasted with thirty-eight of those given gelatine. After the fifth week there was practically no difference between the two groups. In other words the gamma globulin only protected the youngsters for four or five weeks and the 27,500 doses actually prevented only about thirty cases of paralytic polio. The total cost of preventing these thirty cases was tremendous.

Another possible method of using gamma globulin would be to give it to the rest of a household as soon as a paralytic case occurs among them. The trouble here is that most family cases appear within one week after the first patient is affected and within the first week, as we have shown, the gamma globulin is not effective in preventing the disease.

Vaccine From Polio Virus

Use of gamma globulin in outbreaks in institutions and other closed communities would seem very logical, as it would for expectant mothers who seem especially susceptible to polio. Gamma globulin could be very helpful for protecting nurses, physicians, research workers and others who are exposed frequently and closely to polio virus. It is now being produced in Canada on a small scale but enough of it will never be available for general use.

Thanks to recent scientific advances, polio virus can now be grown in quantity in special fluids containing kidney tissue. The virus is then separated from the kidney tissue and killed with formalin. A vaccine composed of dead polio virus has already been used to immunize a group of one thousand children. The children responded by producing good levels of antibodies against the polio viruses. It is hoped that this will save them from developing the paralytic form of the disease and that the subsequent doses of polio virus that they happen to acquire will serve to raise their immunity still higher. If such vaccinations prove to be beneficial you can be sure that the vaccine will be produced on a large scale as soon as that is possible.

The big test will come this summer when up to a million U. S. youngsters will be given injections of the new vaccine, originally developed by Dr. J. E. Salk of the University of Pittsburgh. Of special interest, most of the polio virus used in making the vaccine is being produced in the Connaught Laboratories of the University of Toronto.

Although occasional cases of polio appear all the year round, it occurs for the most part in periodic epidemics in the summer and fall. These epidemics have been so variable both as to the year and the locality in which they have broken out that no reliable predictions about them can be made. Besides, at the present time such predictions would probably do more harm than good. +

No more tears from
"soap in the eyes"



New Johnson's Baby Shampoo

Won't burn or irritate eyes like other soaps and shampoos
Gets hair gloriously clean in the pleasantest way ever

The purest,
safest shampoo
you can use—

Another dependable
Johnson's Baby Product

Johnson & Johnson
LIMITED MONTREAL



AN OPEN LETTER TO WIVES

Continued from page 21

blood, stand more shock and strain, and outlive men by six or seven years. Recently Dr. Ashley Montagu, an English anthropologist, published *The Natural Superiority of Women* to show that women are constitutionally stronger

than men. All this means that women can take it better than men, and the final proof is that there are four hundred and fifty thousand widows in Canada but only one hundred and eighty-three thousand widowers.

And it's just as true that men's jobs are tougher than women's.—You may be tempted to deny this if you spend your days riding herd on small children—but even so, your husband probably endures more nervous tension than you do. Think of all the laborsaving devices

you have to help you breeze through your housework; modern science has done a lot for women, while making a man's world more complex and terrifying than ever before. Executives today often work against a background of international tensions as well as national and local political pressures of which their wives have little inkling. They cope with labor disputes and supply problems and frequently spend their "off work" hours traveling by train or plane to other pressing appointments.

On the other hand the man with a minor job may be bored with routine chores offering no challenge—and there can be damaging stress in boredom as well as overexertion.

So realize that your husband may be emotionally bruised and battered when he comes home at night. Don't greet him with sad tales of your own hard day, or jump on him about something he has done or not done. Find some way of giving him a buildup, making him feel that here at least somebody loves him and thinks he is wonderful.

No Refund on Marriage

This won't be easy if you are disappointed in your marriage. But be honest—did he deceive you about his prospects, or did you just assume he would be able to keep you in mink coats and front seats at the theatre? After a diet of movies and romantic fiction, many Canadian girls expect too much of marriage and expect the wrong things. They don't think of marriage as a job, which it is. A big job—the most important job a woman can take on, but still a job.

Your marriage is a job you chose. You didn't have to get married, or pick this particular man. Now you should try just as hard to make good as you would in any other career. When you used to work in an office didn't you have to humor your employer and other members of the staff? Remember how you used to bite back your most cutting comments—and pride yourself as you did it that you'd learned a lot about getting along with people? Yet lots of wives think it humiliating to use any tact or diplomacy in dealing with their husbands.

I'm not talking about men who prove to be alcoholics, philanderers, criminals, or other problem people. They are another story. Sometimes their wives, after trying hard to cure the trouble, are justified in walking out on them. But if your situation is not hopeless, and you decide to stay, be a good sport about it. You did choose your husband and you knew it was a no exchange, no refund deal.

Maybe he isn't all you expected—and maybe he is sometimes disappointed in you. However, he must have good points, too, or you wouldn't have married him. Concentrate on these, instead of his failings, making the best of him as he is. Some day, if you are left a widow, you'll feel you would give anything in the world to see him tracking mud over the rug again, and would gladly let him putter in his workshop instead of taking you to a concert.

Don't be like my friend Martha, who sees red because she is house-proud and John isn't. Though she never brought up the subject during their engagement, she thought everybody was as keen about owning a house as she was. When after years of trying she talked him into buying a house, he wouldn't lift a finger toward fixing it up. He couldn't handle tools and didn't want to learn. Martha thinks this most unfair. She does all her own housework, knits and sews for three children, paints and gardens. Once in a while she nags John into doing a job like putting up a clothesline, but afterward they go around for days with long faces, not speaking. She hates doing everything herself, and hates spending money on workmen.

Of course John is being unfair, but



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"ONLY A FRESH CIGARETTE CAN BE TRULY MILD"—Since 1887, Canada's First Cigarette

CORK or PLAIN

Martha can't win if she nags him into an early grave, or carries out her threat of leaving him. I reminded her of the old couplet:

Here lies the body Peter Gray,
Who died defending his right of way.

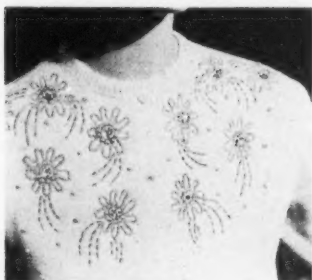
Peter was just as dead as if he had been wrong, and Martha will be better off if she gives up the struggle and pays attention to John's good points, which are many. Maybe, when the subject is no longer an issue, he will take hammer in hand. You never know, about marital quarrels, when the apparent issue is the real one. John may simply be trying to prove that Martha can't boss him.

At least, she didn't marry John knowing his drawbacks and planning to change him. Many women do that, just as they plan alterations when buying a dress which almost suits them. But you can't let out a pleat here or take a tuck there in human beings. As a rule men resent suggestions that they be different, with resulting tension.

He May Be Insecure

Above all, don't take the stand that your husband is just being ornery when he persists in conduct you don't like. Perhaps he can't help himself. Try to understand why he is touchy, bossy, moody, stingy with money, fond of showing off, and so on. Usually he is insecure, because of something in his background, or his situation at work, and is trying to compensate. He will still be trying, but if you can understand his real problems instead of just resenting his attitude, you won't be so unhappy, and you may be able to find a way to help him.

Another easy way to add to the strain



GLITTER FOR GLAMOUR

Add sparkle to your sweaters, blouses, scarves and stoles, with this lovely bead embroidery. Particularly attractive on summer white. We supply sufficient bead-craft materials (pearls, rhinestones, etc.) for one sweater with full-size pattern and easy-to-follow instructions for beadwork, plus knitting instructions for pullover and cardigan. Complete kit is \$2.25. Order No. C143.

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Terry says: "I wish every girl knew about the wonders of Lux. A Lux facial takes only a minute a day and keeps my skin so fresh and smooth."

Yes, Lux care works quickly . . . you'll notice a lovely difference with the very first cake of Lux. Start today . . . make the Lux-lovely look of Hollywood's glamorous stars yours!



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Hollywood Stars prefer
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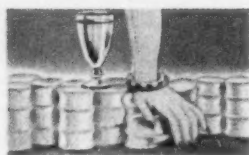
Beautyrest

Gentle-Firm or Extra-Firm

THE WORLD'S MOST RESTFUL
AND MOST WANTED MATTRESS



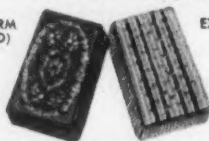
See how the ordinary inner spring "hammocks" under weight. Compare Beautyrest's independent coil springing, giving complete relaxation.



837 individually pocketed springs in Beautyrest act independently, can't pull each other down. Give firm, buoyant support to every body curve.

* Your choice of TWO Beautyrest Models—

GENTLE-FIRM
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EXTRA FIRM

Both available with matching box springs

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Air vents allow free circulation of air inside the Beautyrest Mattress to keep it fresh. Taped handles are for added convenience in handling.



Precision "Jiffy-Join" tufting prevents side-sway and sag, and keeps everything in position. This insures uniformity and cannot be felt by the sleeper.

your husband may be under is by trying to drag him to social affairs which he doesn't enjoy. If so, be careful, or you may not have a husband much longer. Last summer a Winnipeg employer told me he knew women who were literally killing their husbands by insisting on a giddy social whirl.

"These women have no children or their children are pretty well off their hands," he said. "They haven't much to do, and are full of beans when their husbands come home at night, dog-tired. The women want to go places and, if the men refuse, there is a pitched battle which doesn't do anybody's nerves any good. When the husbands are talked into going out they feel sore all evening and come home full of grudges as well as fatigue. I'm sorry but not surprised when I hear of them having heart attacks."

If you want your husband to live a long time don't coax him out against

man and find out what makes him happy. If he likes a lively scrap once in a while, give it to him. He married you because of what he thought you were, and you needn't be afraid of being yourself, if you mean your best self.

He also married you because he thought you thought he was wonderful, and he expects you to keep up that line all your life. So for his sake, as well as your own, do what you can to make him feel important.

Near where I get my bus in the

mornings, a young mother and two children stand in a corner of their sunroom, waving good-by to a young man driving off to work. Though I don't know them, they look so happy and fond of each other it gives me a good start on the day, and I'm sure the charming little ceremony is a wonderful lift to the man. That couple look like good prospects for a golden-wedding celebration.

How about you? Every week newspapers carry golden-wedding pictures;

diamond weddings are common, and you read of the occasional seventy-fifth anniversary. Today in Canada there are more than a hundred and fifty thousand couples over seventy, so you have an excellent chance of being like the old lady I saw in October, if you eliminate tension on the home front.

You may never need to walk alone. But even if some day that fate is yours, you will walk alone more happily if your memories are not tinged with regrets. +

☆ ☆ ☆

PERPETUAL MOTION

By Frances Frost

A boy's brown legs were never made
For simple walking. Out of shade
And sleep, he hurtles into sun.
He needs to leap, he needs to run.

Racing at play, racing at chores,
His swift feet fly indoors, outdoors.
He cannot walk, he cannot sit
Unwiggling. Tearing into it,

He finds the day too brief for all
He wants to do. His mother's call
At evening finds him running still
Over the hilltop, down the hill.

Through his supper, up the stairs,
Through undressing, through his
prayers.

With a drowsy "soul-to-keep,"
He grins and rushes into sleep.

☆ ☆ ☆

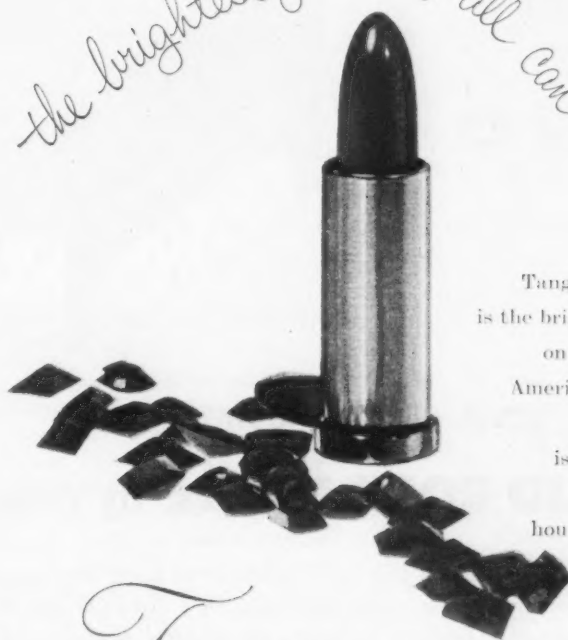
his will, but do encourage him to enjoy himself in his own way, and promote hobbies. The expression "bored to death" contains a basic truth. Boredom is actually a form of stress, responsible for many deaths and heart attacks. So many jobs are dull, the five-day week makes leisure almost a problem, and men with no hobbies find time on their hands. It is worse when they retire; many deaths from coronary thrombosis occur among men who recently stopped work.

People say, "What a pity, when he was all set to enjoy life." They don't realize that he wasn't enjoying life, as his only interest had been his work. So don't beef if your husband spends time and money on expensive dahlia bulbs, power saws, stamp collections, fishing, golf, political clubs, and so on. Be thankful he cares about something. At the same time try to whip up an interest in his hobbies yourself, and promote some that you can share.

I hope all this doesn't sound as though I thought you should be a meek little yes-woman without an idea of your own. Far from it—and besides, most men would be bored with such a marshmallow diet. Occasional friendly argument is like the mustard and vinegar in salad. Just make it your business to study your



the brightest jewel of all can be your lips...



Tangee's newest lipstick shade—BRIGHT 'N CLEAR is the brightest, clearest, most dazzling red on record. It is exactly the color and lipstick America's leading beauty authorities say smart women should wear. And—exciting miracle!—here is an indelible-type lipstick that actually stays BRIGHT 'N CLEAR for hours and hours. It will not dry your lips... will not go dull and lifeless even after blotting. So start your BRIGHT 'N CLEAR future today!

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a new shade...a true shade...a just-right-for-you shade!

REVOLUTION IN FURNITURE FINISHES

CHEMISTS DEVELOP VILA-SEAL*

— amazingly durable synthetic finish

*T.M. Reg. Can.

As you would expect, new furniture finishes are not developed overnight. "Vila-Seal" is the result of years of laboratory research work by the Paint and Varnish Division of Canadian Industries Limited, carried out in conjunction with the Vilas factory.

New formulae and countless experiments were conducted in both C.I.L.'s modern Development Laboratory and our plant before "Vila-Seal" was finally perfected. The new regular "Vila-Seal" finish uses alkyl stain, sealer and finish coats... each baked on under rigidly controlled temperature and humidity conditions.

Here are some of the tests... and the results... to which "Vila-Seal", a new concept in synthetic furniture finishing has been subjected. We think you'll agree that the laboratory findings justify our statement that the "Vila-Seal" finish is completely resistant to almost every type of household hazard.

Boiling Water Test

A kettle and a Silex Coffee maker, both containing boiling water, were allowed to stand on "Vila-Seal" finish without causing damage. Furthermore, boiling water poured on the finish caused neither softening nor discoloration.



Alcohol Test

Beer, wine and liquor rings, from glasses containing these liquids, and which mar ordinary lacquered furniture, had no effect when allowed to remain on "Vila-Seal".



Nail Polish and Perfume Test

Nail polish and perfume were spilled on a "Vila-Seal" finish. Even though some of the polish dried on the surface and was then removed with nail polish remover, the "Vila-Seal" finish remained intact and free from damage.



Abrasion Test

A 1 lb. scrubbing brush, soaked in soap and water, was rubbed over a "Vila-Seal" finished surface 100,000 times without causing any wear or damage to the finish.



Light Fastness Test

"Vila-Seal" finished panels, with half their area covered in aluminum foil were exposed to natural light continuously for many months. When the foil was removed, the color of the finish was exactly the same on both the exposed and unexposed areas.



Sour Milk Test

Sour milk containing a percentage of lactic acid was allowed to remain on "Vila-Seal" overnight with no damage to the finish on removal.

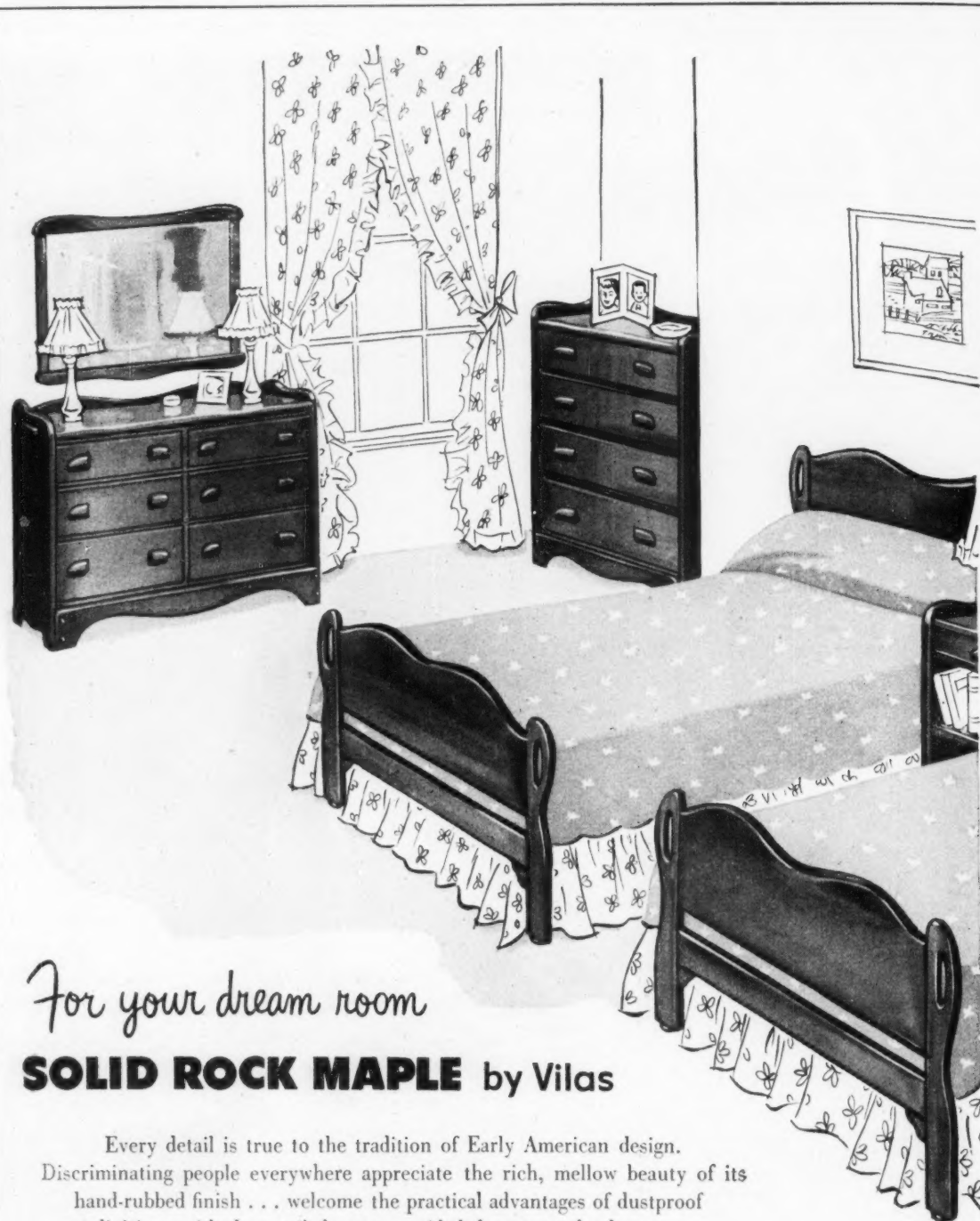


"Vila-Seal"

outstanding new finish
costs no more

Introduction of this amazingly durable finish is in line with the company's policy of utilizing every modern method to supply Canadians with top furniture values. Today,

when you buy Vilas Furniture, you can look forward to the same quality materials, beautiful styling, fine workmanship and best of all... the same low price tag. The distinctive warm tone of the Vilas finish remains the same, too! This new "Vila-Seal" finish simply provides you with an even greater reason to select Vilas for finest furniture value.



For your dream room

SOLID ROCK MAPLE by Vilas

Every detail is true to the tradition of Early American design. Discriminating people everywhere appreciate the rich, mellow beauty of its hand-rubbed finish... welcome the practical advantages of dustproof divisions with dove tailed, centre-guided drawers and other construction features you would expect to find only in higher priced furniture.



T.M. Reg.

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Open stock - buy what you can now... add more later.

FURNITURE

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Sea food fits naturally into the informality of modern meals. Here we show chilled salmon on a pottery fish platter, chowder in an earthenware

dish, lobster on a wrought-iron server, a metal casserole of Shrimp Creole and a small lake trout baked right on a stainless-steel platter.

SEA FOOD FOR SUMMER

These Canadian dishes are rich in protein, swimming in flavor — just right to serve with the season's vegetables

By M. FRANCES HUCKS, Chatelaine Institute

SEA FOOD FITS right into the happy pattern of carefree cooking and the informal service suggested by the modern table settings shown on the following pages. There are so many ways to prepare sea food, such interesting ways to present it. And sea food is in abundance for the Canadian homemaker and in such variety, too. From the oceans around us, our teeming lakes and our rivers comes to market a stream of this delicious food.

Plan now to make a Maritime shore dinner, have an oyster supper, a clam bake or fish fry. There is sea food for every taste.

To serve with fish. Let the family fisherman supply the fish or buy it at the docks or the local fish market. Keep packages of frozen sea foods in the freezing unit and a selection of canned fish on the shelf all year round. Serve fish with fresh garden foods, the green peas and tomatoes which adorn our baked fish platter, the leafy lettuce and crisp cucumber which frame the chilled boiled salmon. New asparagus, green cabbage, the rich emerald of fresh spinach and young beet tops have the flavor and color that "go with" fish.

Fish is a party dish. A buffet supper on a warm day features chilled salmon or a molded salad of tuna, crab, sardines or almost any other fish. When it's cool outside, a hot dish like the Shrimp Creole (above) is kept appetizingly warm over

the little spirit lamp or candle warmer that's part of many new cooking-serving dishes. With a chafing dish, a luscious Newburg is concocted right at the table, and with an electric fryer you can turn out crisp, hot fish balls to order. Around the outdoor grill, sizzle a kipper or a Winnipeg goldeye.

How to cook it. Fish fits into every course—except dessert—and it's good food, rich in the protein that everyone is talking about so much these diet-conscious days. Dressed with a spicy sauce it's a good appetizer. Many varieties make hearty chowders, soups and casserole combinations for lunch or supper main dishes. Fish for dinner may be baked, steamed, poached, fried or grilled. Fish is delicious as a main-course salad and excellent in sandwiches.

Cues for the cook. Fish is best when cooked quickly at high temperatures. Good cooking methods keep "fishy" odors to a minimum; to eliminate them entirely, cook fish in aluminum foil. This simplifies dishwashing too as does a foil liner in the baking pan or broiler. Before washing in hot suds, give fish dishes a preliminary bath in vinegar water—about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar to a quart of water. If the odor clings to your hands, rub them with salt and rinse in warm water.

FOR MORE SEA-FOOD RECIPES SEE PAGE 46

Look What's Happening to Living



GET SET FOR DINING THE

TODAY WHEN domestic help is nonexistent and both partners of a marriage may work outside the home, living must be tailored to fit. Ostentation is out and clean functional simplicity is in. Home is not just a place to hang your hat; it's where you live and the things in your home live with you. It's where the whole family gathers for a tasty, informal meal which mother can get ready with a minimum of effort. She has discovered that easy-to-prepare food and easy-to-care-for table settings enable her to enjoy her family and guests instead of being hot and harried from a long bout with the kitchen stove.

The day of the "at home" is over—this is the day of the friendly "drop in." Many a modern homemaker has made quick and easy entertaining her how-to-do-it hobby. Like the early suffragettes, she is leading the march out of the kitchen into the living room and having fun at her own parties.

The new trend in table settings uses buffet settings for big parties; television trays for smaller suppers; kitchen nooks for everyday meals; breakfast bars for quick snacks. Formal dinners are almost passé.

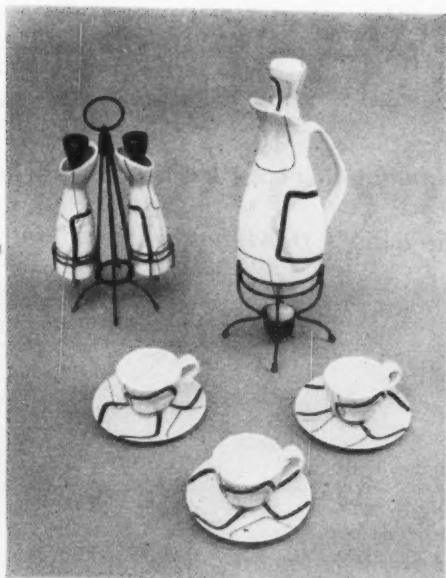
Accessories play a large part in making meals more fun. You

can sit at the table and talk with guests while a casserole keeps warm. Wrought-iron stands with candle-warmers, copper or brass chafing dishes, ovenproof platters and casseroles, coffee carafes and samovars—all can be used as serving pieces and create an atmosphere of effortless hospitality.

Stack-up trays, nested tables or even small trays which clamp on the arm of a chair are perfect for TV or buffet treats. Big enameled aluminum salad bowls and hors d'oeuvres trays are feather-light and simplify serving. One of the smartest energy-saving accessories is a three-tiered teacart with the top shelf a removable tray. Moving on silent rubber casters, this cart serves as butler and maid in the modern home. Use it for bringing snacks to the living room or dinner to the table and save endless steps.

Today's dishes—china, earthenware, plastic—are keyed to match the trend in easier living. They are gay, simple and, above all, practical. Women buying china shop with an eye to practicality and ask, "Will it wear? Will the decoration and glaze stay bright? Can I replace any pieces or complete my set later?"

The difference between fine china and earthenware is sometimes hard to distinguish. Each has its own appeal and one does



Smart set stimulates coffee conversation. Carafe, cups, cruet, typify unusual shapes in ovenproof earthenware.

Good-by fuss and bother—today's table settings mean more fun, less work. Cooking moves to the table itself, with warmers and chafing dishes, while buffet settings make entertaining easy

By MARIE HOLMES and JEAN BYERS
Chatelaine Institute

MODERN WAY

not substitute for the other though they can be interchanged.

China is made with a china-clay and bone-ash base (English) or a clay and feldspar base (European and American). Both types are strong, translucent, nonporous and highly glazed. Bone china may be whiter and somewhat stronger, while feldspar china is more translucent and sells for about one third the cost of bone china. China is fired at a very high temperature and only heat-resistant colors can be used. This accounts for the more delicate shades found on china.

Earthenware and oven stoneware are heavier, opaque and porous. A lower firing temperature permits the use of a wide range of colors. This, plus lower cost and more modern shapes, is making it increasingly popular with the younger set. Some women are using it exclusively while others buy fine china for special occasions and earthenware for carefree eating entertainment, hence the vogue for mix-and-match patterns.

The old adage, there's nothing new under the sun, is proved by our modern dishes. The latest designs are copies of the best of the classic periods. The rimless coupe shape (like a wide shallow saucer) first turned up in

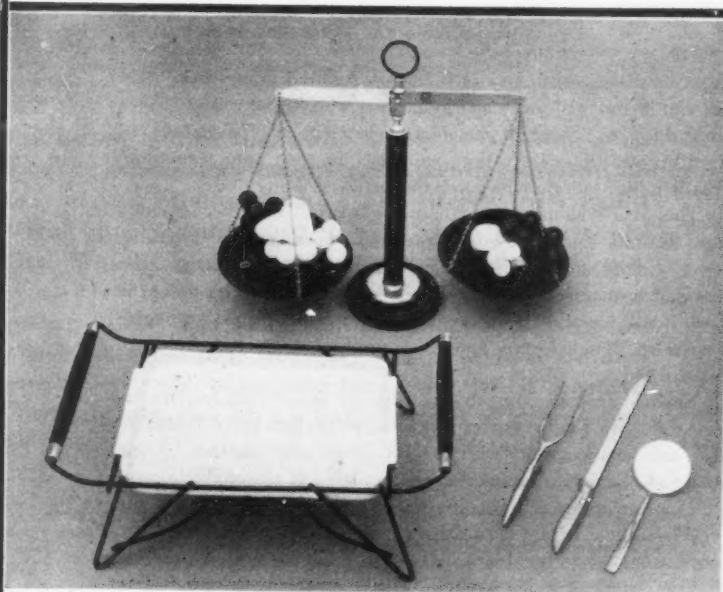
Continued on next page



Samevar in gleaming brass and iron keeps hot drinks hot. Select your favorite color in plastic cups that take rough-and-tumble treatment.



Casserole cookery means easy meals. Candle-warmer stands, gay colored metal pots, rich ovenproof stoneware look right on the table or buffet.



Tip the scales in your favor with buffet ornament in black and white. Meat platter for cold or hot food and stainless-steel servers for easy carving make parties fun.



Teacarts and trays are better than butlers for silent service. Swedish dishes, enameled aluminum, jewel-toned glasses, low salad bowls reflect today's trends.

Egyptian dishes, while our ultramodern squared shapes were tried out and abandoned years ago by potters who found round shapes more durable. Some of our newest patterns are "old stuff" to the Chinese. The next time you start to rave over something "really new," you may be going modern with Ming.

This year's shapes in earthenware are full of fun and fancy free. Round, square, oblong, rhomboid, rim or coupe—anything goes. Colors are bright and gay although muted shades with rust and bronze tones are currently popular. Where a design is used, it will probably be abstract or stylized, and placed near or at the centre. Banded wares and elaborate border patterns are less in demand today.

English earthenware, though slightly more conservative, is less expensive than American. Canadian potters know Canadian taste and have come up with one hit design after another. Some handmade Canadian earthenware is available at reasonable prices.

New melamine plastic dinnerware in pure colors is gay for breakfast, for everyday eating, for rumpus-room entertaining. The sensible answer to breakage, it is durable and easy to care for.

Fine china is going modern in a restrained manner. Two main shapes are being featured, the traditional rim and the round, rimless coupe. Most in demand are traditional shapes with modern designs and modern shapes with a traditional motif—suitable for either a period or modern setting.

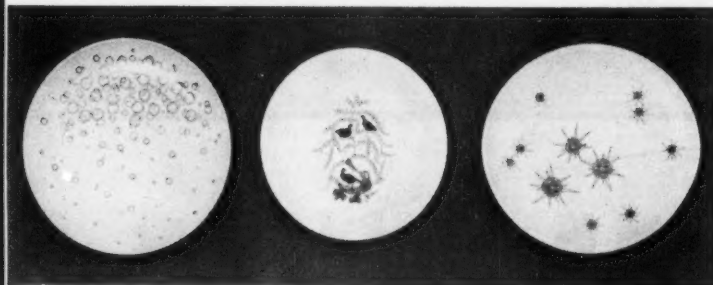
To match all these ideas in china, new designs in flatware are being introduced. The most notable influence is from Scandinavia. Our modern adaptations of the clean, functional,

Enjoy your own parties with energy-saving table accessories. Trays on wheels bring food to the table piping hot. Dishes are practical, made to fit today's trend toward warm informal living

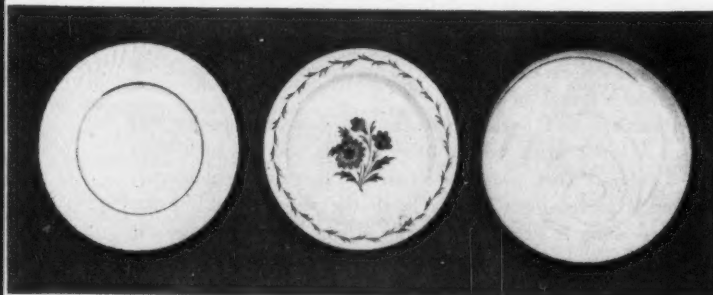
lovely-to-look-at lines of Scandinavian design are really copies of their traditional patterns, developed over the years. Contemporary design, whether from Scandinavia, Europe or North America, is characterized by simplification, by fine structural form, and the elimination of all but functional details.

The three favorite materials for flatware are sterling silver, silverplate, and stainless steel. Each has its own place in today's home. Personal choice and circumstance decide which appears on your table.

A heavy quality sterling gives service for generations and looks better with constant use. Silverplate, more within the average budget, also lasts for years and gives excellent service for the money. But it is stainless steel that has won the hearts of the younger crowd, even though it is only slightly less expensive than silverplate. But it does not tarnish, scratch or wear, never needs attention and always looks beautiful. *Continued on page 44*



New as tomorrow: these plates make an attractive background for good food. Feldspar china, bone china, plain or ovenproof earthenware come in a wide price range and many patterns. Above: Champagne, Partridge-in-a-Pear-Tree, Starburst.



The shape's the thing: traditional rim, modified traditional, or rimless coupe to please every taste. Color is muted, design is individual, from modern abstract to time-tested natural. Above: Mayfair, Purple Aster and Golden Spiral designs.

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* T. M. Reg'd.

Continued from page 42

For both sterling and plate a mirror finish is preferred but most women like their stainless in a "butler" or soft gleaming satin finish.

Sterling silver has an age-old appeal and is popular in the more conventional patterns like Louis or Old English. The heavy Scandinavian patterns in silver are catching on but it may be a few years yet before they match the demand for the established patterns. Sterling flatware is chosen for a lifetime so women consider a lifetime when buying it.

Plate patterns change more frequently and follow the trends more closely because of their lower cost. Squared or rounded, this year's shapes are graceful and modern.

Sterling is usually bought by the piece or place setting, while plate and stainless steel are bought by the set or place setting. An average place setting consists of six pieces: a dessert knife, dessert fork, cream soup spoon, teaspoon, salad fork and butter knife. Many people prefer a dessertspoon to a cream soup, as it can serve both purposes. One manufacturer of stainless steel has sensibly combined the two in a soup-dessert spoon. The dinner knife and fork are rarely used now except for very formal entertaining.

Because flatware is rarely bought in complete sets, make sure that the pattern you buy is open stock that will not be discontinued. Some stores guarantee to carry a particular pattern in sterling for a certain period but in general there is no guarantee with plate. The silverplate manufacturers offer many and varied patterns each

year and discontinue those which are not popular. So, if you are buying silverplate flatware be safe and try to complete your set within four or five years.

Hollowware (everything you eat from) in sterling and silverplate is still popular for gifts but the more practical stainless-steel service pieces or the gay and useful accessories which come from stove to table are increasingly in demand. Hollowware patterns are following the trend toward simplicity and the simple gadroon pattern far outsells the heavy more elaborate designs because it is easier to clean. Some lovely new shapes are available such as modified coupe-shaped trays and compote dishes set on short feet instead of pedestal bases.

Every woman loves to see beautiful glass and crystal sparkling on her table and today's homemaker is no exception. She still loves the traditional European full lead crystal of her grandmother's time which, with its squared cut, looks perfect with the modern china and flatware she has chosen. New designs in crystal are plainer but echo the Gothic and Georgian patterns. A Dutch crystal is particularly lovely this year.

In glassware the trend is more striking. Swedish, Danish and Norwegian glass have the delicacy of hand-blown ware in the smooth lines of tomorrow. What's more, the price is right—about a third of lead crystal.

Tying in with the idea of using what you buy, new hand-cut glass-crystal (formerly called semi-crystal, this type contains either a smaller percentage of lead or has a full lead crystal base and glass bowl) is appearing at a much lower



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price than lead crystal. Thus a practical type of glassware is available to those who prefer the traditional patterns. Kent is one of the more popular designs, many of which are flexible enough for any formula.

Canadian, American and English glass appear in many simple but appealing styles. Hand-cut and etched patterns are popular especially in small abstract designs. This latter idea is carried out by one firm to match a certain design in china.

Glass and crystal in many cases are so alike that the average person cannot tell the difference. Close comparison shows the crystal to have more sparkling clarity because of the lead in it. A goblet or tumbler gives off a bell-like tone when tapped lightly with a pencil. But a well-made glass can be almost as beautiful as crystal.

Color has caught on in glassware too. Tall cool tumblers and pilseners come in many shades and several European companies are making colorful glasses in everything from tumblers to stemware. "Smoke" is a favorite shade right now though sets with each glass a different tint are also popular. Ever run into the problem "Whose drink is whose?" Try these glasses for an answer, unless you're color-blind.

Remember, the best way to keep your china, crystal and flatware looking new-bright is to give them proper care. Silver needs polishing, at least occasionally, but china, glassware and stainless steel look beautiful just with a hot sudsy bath. Wash each piece separately to avoid scratches and breakage, dry it carefully, and use it with pride. If you don't need all your pieces all the time,

rotate their usage so they will wear evenly.

Though new table tops are heat-, stain- and chip-resistant, table linens are still necessities in most homes. Women say they want them because "they reduce accidents to china and glass, give more scope for color change, and provide a warm soft look that sets off the table setting."

Texture rather than color is the important note in table linens. One bamboo-textured cloth comes in either rayon or linen, with oval napkins. Another is textured like straw matting with actual straw place mats and runners available to match. Coarse basket weaves, tweeds, herringbones, twills—all types of texture are good.

Place mats in split bamboo, sturdy nylon rope, gay handwoven cotton make the luncheon or breakfast table pretty in a practical way.

Plastic is big news too with textured place mats and transparent or printed overcloths. The advantage of cleaning by just a swish of a damp cloth is appreciated by many modern homemakers.

Canadians on the whole have a distinctive taste in table setting—conservative modern, neither too extreme nor too stuffy. They want their table settings to be practical, easy, simple, and good-looking. They want them warm and happy, not clinical. They want them easy to live with. The young woman of today wants to use, not just look at, her possessions. And all over the country she is doing just that. Why not enjoy those seventy-one thousand, one hundred and seventy-five meals you'll eat in a lifetime? +

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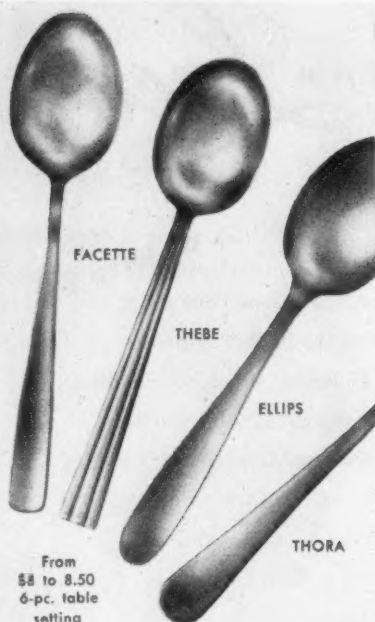
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SEA FOOD FOR SUMMER

Continued from page 39

BUFFET SALMON PLATTER

Select a three- or four-pound piece of salmon, clean and wrap in double thickness of cheesecloth. In a large kettle put sufficient water to cover the fish and add to the water:

2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice	4 or 5 chopped celery stalks with leaves
4 or 5 slices of onion	3 or 4 sprigs of parsley
Small piece of bay leaf	2 teaspoons salt

Bring to a boil and put in the fish. Cover, reduce heat and simmer until fish is tender and easily flaked with a fork (10 to 12 minutes per pound, depending on thickness of fish). Drain, reserving the stock, and allow to cool before unwrapping. Remove cheesecloth and skin salmon. Chill thoroughly and serve with or without a glaze.

To make a glaze: Strain the stock and measure 1 cupful. Soften $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon of gelatine in a little of the cold stock, then place over hot water until dissolved. Add remainder of cupful of stock and allow to chill until it just begins to set. Brush generously over surface of salmon and return to refrigerator until served. Serves 8 to 10.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

QUICK SALMON CASSEROLE

If there is any of the buffet salmon left, try this easy supper dish.

1 cup (or more) flaked salmon	1 cup cooked green peas or beans
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups coarsely crushed potato chips or salted crackers	1 can condensed celery soup
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk or water

Combine the salmon, one cup of crushed potato chips or crackers and the vegetables in a lightly greased baking dish. Dilute soup with milk or water and pour over mixture in baking dish. Top with remaining crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until hot and nicely browned (about 20 minutes). Serves 4 or 5.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SHRIMP CREOLE

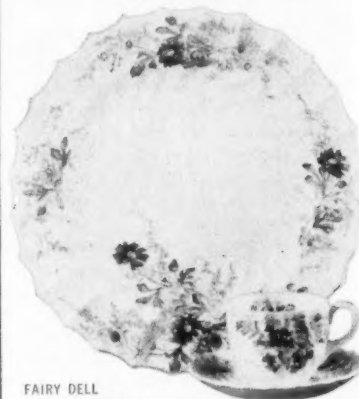
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	1 tablespoon vinegar
2 medium onions, sliced	1 teaspoon sugar
4 or 5 medium celery stalks, chopped	1 to 2 tablespoons chili powder (optional)
1 tablespoon flour	1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked or canned shrimps
1 teaspoon salt	Hot boiled rice (about 3 cups)
1 cup water	
2 cups canned or stewed tomatoes	

Add onions and celery to butter in a flame-proof serving dish. Cook until lightly browned. Stir in flour and salt and gradually add water, stirring constantly until thick. Cook over low heat for 10 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add tomatoes, vinegar, sugar, chili powder if used and the shrimps from which the black veins have been removed. Cook either over direct heat or in a moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes or until mixture is thoroughly heated. Serve with a border of hot boiled rice. Serves 4 or 5.

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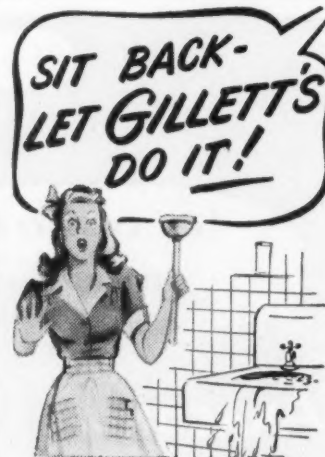
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FISH CHOWDER

2 slices bacon or small piece salt pork
1 medium onion, chopped
1 cup celery, diced
2 cups raw potatoes, diced
1 cup water
1 pound cod or haddock, boned and cubed
OR
1 cup chopped clams
2 cups milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Chop bacon or pork and put in saucepan with chopped onion and celery. Cook until very lightly browned. Add potatoes and water, cover and boil for 5 minutes. Add fish and continue cooking until fish is tender (10 to 15 minutes). Add milk, heat but do not boil, season to taste with salt and pepper and serve with a lump of butter and a dash of paprika. Serves 4 or 5.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

FISH BALLS

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 tablespoons flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
Pepper
1 cup milk
2 cups cooked, flaked fish (salmon, cod, etc.)
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 egg
2 tablespoons water
Sifted dry bread crumbs

Melt butter, blend in flour, salt and pepper and stir over low heat until smooth. Add milk and stir until thick. Combine the flaked fish with lemon juice and parsley and add to white sauce. Mix well and chill. Form into balls or rolls, roll in crumbs, then dip in egg which has been beaten slightly with water. Roll again in crumbs and fry in deep fat (375 to 400 deg. F.) for 5 minutes or until nicely browned. Serves 5 or 6.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

BAKED LAKE TROUT PLATTER

Select a fresh fish of desired size (a 3-pound fish will serve 4). It may be baked with or without the head and tail. Clean and wash thoroughly inside and out and sprinkle with salt. Place on a lightly oiled oven-proof serving platter and brush with French dressing. Bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 deg. F.) until easily flaked and still moist (allow about 10 minutes per pound).

Remove from oven and arrange a border of Duchess potatoes around the edge of the platter (beat 2 egg yolks and 2 tablespoons butter into 2 cups seasoned mashed potatoes, adding enough milk to make the mixture smooth). Brush the surface with melted butter or cream and brown lightly under the broiler. Fill the spaces on the platter with hot green peas. Garnish with lemon or tomato.

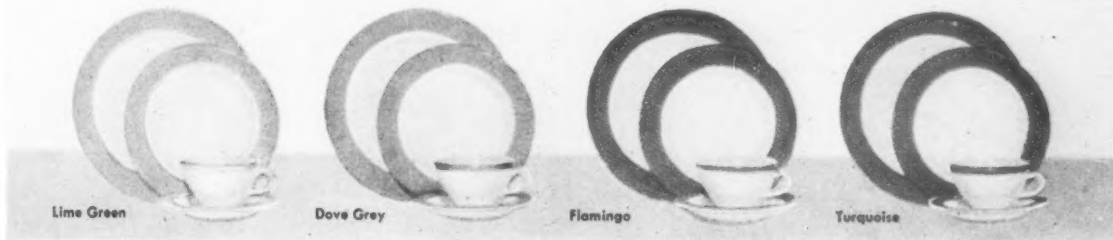
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BOILED LIVE LOBSTER

Pick up lobster by grasping firmly across middle of back keeping the large claws away from you. Plunge headfirst into rapidly boiling, salted water. Let water return to boiling before plunging another lobster in. Cover and boil rapidly for 20 to 30 minutes depending on size of lobster. Remove with tongs, crack claws with nut cracker, split body lengthwise and remove dark vein, the stomach (a small sac just below the head) and the lungs (a greyish-white mass along sides of the body). Serve with melted butter, garnish with cress and lemon wedges. +

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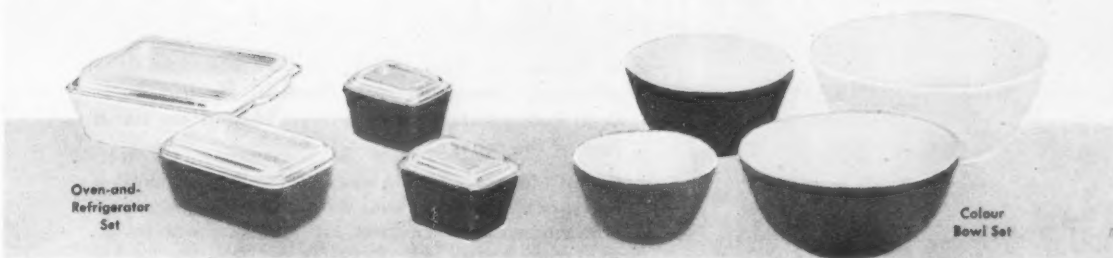
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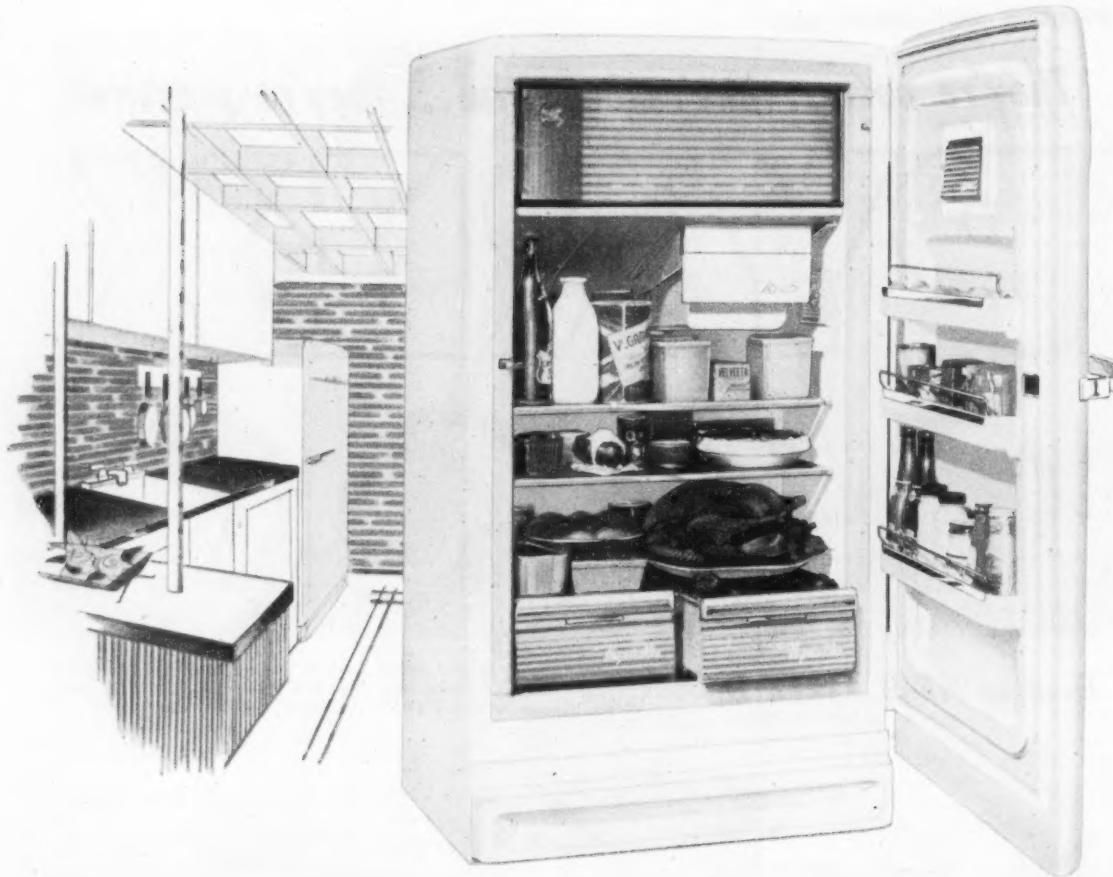
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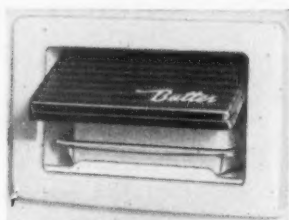
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Roto-Cold
REFRIGERATOR



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

LOVE IS THE SUREST GAMBLE

Continued from page 22

hand under his elbow and headed for the car at the curb.

He spoke casually as they drove down Park Street. "You been giving any thought to it?"

Hattie's heart thumped once. You could say no. Keep it light. She said, "Oh, quite. But I'm afraid it's—your suggestion is without merit."

Alec braked at a red light. "Damn it. I've tried love, and compatibility, and the fact that I don't beat kids, and the good points of having a man around the house. And I'm getting nowhere. Suggest an argument, Hat."

She said, "Oh, Alec, you goat," and scrubbed her face once on his near shoulder. "You're exactly the same—"

She caught herself, and her thoughts ran on ahead, hurrying to escape temptation, reaching for something that would shatter the mood. You could say: You know I want to, Alec, but I'm tired of fireworks, and what you need is a blaze. You could make that accurate corny statement and know that Alec would ditch his dreams and take you in his arms and keep you there, safe and quiet, where you wanted to be, in Oakdene. And know in your heart you had betrayed him.

She said rapidly, "I'm past the age of folly," and added, "when are you going to make the break, Alec?"

"The break?"

"You know. New York. London. Paris. Which one is it, anyway?"

Alec turned down Chestnut toward the Globe. He spoke with no particular inflection. "Before long, I s'pose. New York, I guess. What d'you think?"

Her heart sang with the relief of knowing him committed, even while it slowed in the letdown of temptation at an end. She said, "Oh, it's obvious, isn't it? New York, to start with."

Exactly the same, she'd thought. A swell guy who'd spent half a lifetime looking after other people, waiting for his chance. That was why you couldn't saddle him with responsibilities, with a woman who wanted the peace of little places, a woman in whom the venturesome flame was low . . .

Exactly the same. The one slight speck in the sunlight of fifteen years ago had been the thought of Alec. Red had fixed that, talking in labels as that big lovable guy always did. "Him? Tracey? Don't flatter yourself, darlin'. I know that fella inside out. He's got just one ambition. Wait till he gets his school debts paid and his family set. Foreign corresponding. South American revolutions. Anything. Forget it. He'll never fall for a girl till he's seen the world. He's not me, Hat, just a flashy legman. The guy's good."

The debts were paid and the family fixed, but it had taken a long time. The younger brothers had finished college and married and fathered kids and gone to war, with Alec in the background waiting his chance.

"Free, Hat." That was what he had said to her when she had returned to Oakdene and the Globe three months ago, her own roving finished. "Free. For the first time in my life I can do what I like. I can take a chance!"

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Free, white and thirty-eight. There was one thing in life Hat was sure of. Alec was a person you couldn't burden with marriage, no matter what his sense of duty told him.

Hat went through the newsroom door and was caught again by the feel of it, the sense of belonging. Green and white light. The sweetish smell of ink. The click of linotypes, faintly heard through wooden walls. It had never left her. Even in the years when she and Red had boomed the country—Halifax, Boston, Detroit, Vancouver—whenever a vacation had brought them back to Oakdene she had come into this room with a sense of coming home.

She walked toward the frosted glass door lettered, WOMEN'S EDITOR. In the old days she'd been happy with a battered typewriter and a scarred desk. But there was dignity now and a feeling of position in the department the Globe had established for her on her return.

At first she'd hardly believed it. "But why, Alec? The Globe was never a sheet to do more than it had to—the ownership, I mean. Why this, for me?"

Alec had laughed. "The Globe's still no gift horse. It'll get its money's worth. Quit worrying."

She had quit worrying. A war correspondent's widow, an international reporter in her own right, but—they wouldn't believe it, but she knew the truth—a small-town girl at heart.

Jim Scanlon eased himself out of the slot and came toward her. "Hello, Mrs. O'Brien. Alec with you?"

She said, "Yes. He'll be up in a minute," startled to realize their companionship was so obviously taken for granted.

As he came through from the men's lockers, Scanlon hovered to meet him. "Come over and squat, Jim," Alec said, flicking a glance at the clock, reaching for the copy in Scanlon's hand.

"It's just this," Scanlon said. "Mayor Carr says he'll quit if council don't act on hydro; and the Mounties found a hundred kegs of rum out the Scotsburn Road."

"Wondering what to lead with? That's a lot of smuggled rum. How was it cached?"

"Buried in a beanfield. The beanpoles were the markers."

Alec threw back his head and laughed. "Put Carr under a two-column head, below the fold."

Hattie grinned. In their cub days when Rothwell Parker was city editor, Parker would have picked the council story. It was nice to see the way the staff turned to Alec and to know the paper hadn't settled into a rut.

The sense of home, of people known and liked, working together. It was a shock next day to find something suddenly awry. The climate of the newsroom puzzled her. Even during the depression, with its pay cuts, and later on when the owners were listening to chain-store publishers, the Globe had always been a cheerful place. Now it was heavy all at once with irritation and annoyance. Rothwell Parker, scrawling editorials in longhand behind his open door, didn't look up with his absent-minded smile. Scanlon barked at the copy boys. Even Alec was a little out of sorts.

Continued on page 54

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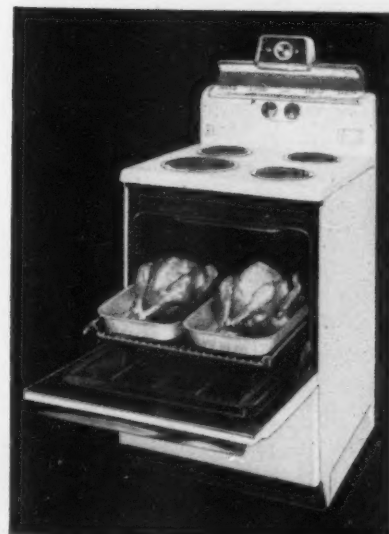
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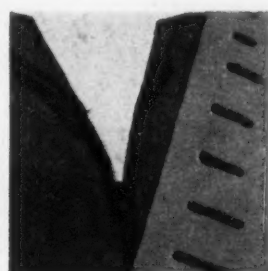
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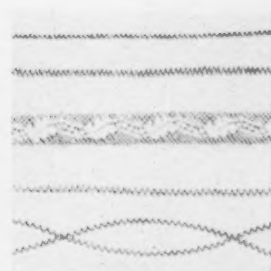
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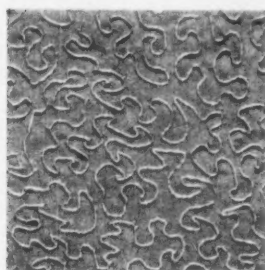
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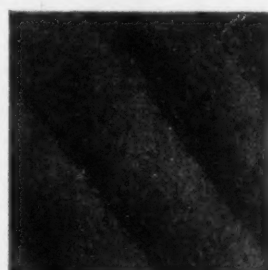
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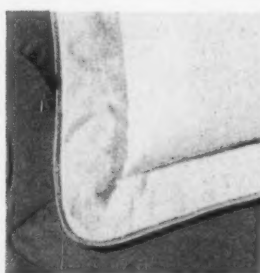
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LOVE IS THE SUREST GAMBLE

Continued from page 49

She put it to him over coffee. He shook his head. "All imagination, Hat. You're working too hard. You can't work afternoons and nights and seven days a week. You'd think we ran a sweatshop. Take it easy."

Maybe that was it. But she didn't think so, and she told herself she wouldn't stay at home.

She knew Parker had something on his mind when he called her. "Harriet." He took off his black-ribboned glasses and looked away and put them on again. "Harriet, I don't know . . . You may not have any idea at all about this. But you're one of the . . . uh . . . older members of the staff." He'd forgotten she'd been away for nearly fifteen years, Hattie thought. "You're close to Alec."

He smiled and lapsed into fatherly intimacy. "You know, back in—when was it, Twenty-nine, Thirty?—there was some speculation whether you were going to be Mrs. O'Brien or Mrs. Tracey." A hint of annoyance in his voice, remembering. "I lost five dollars to Harry Wilson."

Hattie said, "It was Thirty-two."

"Well, no matter. Only there's something some of us are worrying about. This idea Alec's got, in the last day or two—New York. He's—well, he won't give us any idea what's wrong, why he wants to leave the paper."

He looked directly at her, with more shrewdness now than diffidence. "I thought maybe you could suggest a line to take, something to go on. Something that—well, might be effective in changing his mind."

For sixteen years, whether in Oakdene or away, Hattie had thought of Rothwell Parker as The Boss. She had to work up a little indignation before she could say what she had to say.

"Why, Mr. Parker, I'd think it would be obvious. Surely you—you must know Alec's been waiting for years for—well, a chance to act for himself. It's the only thing that makes sense. He's too big for Oakdene." She said it defiantly. "The last thing in the world I'd do would be try to change him."

Parker said, "Act for himself? My dear child—" and dropped his hands. Downstairs the presses were going into their droning rumble. He listened for a moment and turned away. "I didn't realize—you wouldn't know."

Hattie and the children were finishing Saturday lunch when Alec's car stopped outside. Dilly ran for the door to throw her arms around his middle. An absurd question flashed in Hattie's mind, "Who is it loves this guy, anyway? You or me?" Pete's "Hi, Alec," was properly restrained. His face was the giveaway.

Alec hoisted Dilly to a seat on the piano, dropped to the stool, and thumped out the eight notes from Middle C, up the scale and back. He swung around. "How'rya, Hat? Coming up the road with us? Got to invite you, I s'pose, being as you're making the sandwiches."

Pete clattered up the cellar stairs with a baking-powder tin full of damp moss and worms. Worms already dug. The fact that she had been the victim of

*O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars*

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conspiracy didn't worry Hattie. With these three around it was best just to let yourself go.

They drove out the main highway, north from the lakeshore, but soon angled off on a dirt road leading west into farm country she had never seen before. She was conscious of a small elusive puzzlement that the fun in something new should have returned to her in a place so close to all that was old and familiar.

Alec's voice, talking. "Good, isn't it? There's always something fresh in this country, if you take the side roads. I know this one. Been over it a dozen times. But there are plenty of places, even in this country, I haven't been yet. Not to really know them. Driving through, you're there and gone. You have to stop and look, and talk, to get to know a place. And when you do that you're always puzzled next time out whether to go back and have the fun of meeting a friend—even if it's only a piece of woods or a hill you like the shape

The girl turned to the car with a look of enquiry that changed to a smile. "Mr. Tracey! Jack, here's Mr. Tracey." Alec said, "Hello, Mrs. Wright. Hi, Jack. Why movies? Civilization got you?"

"Kids can't play ball after dark," the mine manager said. "A mining centre can't live on Globe comics alone. Fella backs his truck up against the front door. Crowd comes in the back door. Why don't you stay for the show?" He winked at Hattie and the kids. "You and the family."

Hattie blushed. Alec said blandly, "I'm taking the family fishing. See you again."

Down the valley the stream widened, curling in dark pools, hugging the low steep hills. Alec stopped where the bank flattened out into a comfortable interval. While he tramped off along its course with Pete and Dilly, Hattie lay on a blanket in the lee of the car, watching towering blue-white clouds pile up in the west and the play of distant wind shadows on fields of ripening oats, checkering the hills.

She woke to find Alec beside her, arms around his knees, looking tender and chewing a straw.

Hattie started up, her eyes searching instinctively for Pete and Dilly. Alec waved upstream. "I'm leaving them to it. Kids like to do things on their own, after they're shown."

"Any luck?"

"Pete got a couple of small ones," Alec said. He went on, irrelevantly, "Odd how busy you can get, even in a small city. I never got around to—well, this kind of thing. Not since I was a kid on the farm, anyway. Funny how it comes back to you. There was a brook, home, that ran along the foot of a hill like this one, with a level stretch on the near side. About twice a summer Pop would take a day off and we'd cut a couple of alder rods and work upstream. Sometimes we'd get a couple, sometimes not." He laughed, remembering. "That's what used to get me through haying time, thinking of a day on the brook with a can of worms."

Hattie said, "It's good to have days like that to remember. But I'd think what you'd get a kick out of now would be the chance to get away from the things that have tied you down."

He turned his head to look at her. "You're a great needler, Hat. Well, a month from today I'll be in New York."

She thought about that, and the depression she had felt in the newsroom assailed her again. It bothered her all through the children's chattering return, the stowing of rods and gear in the trunk. She had to remind herself that this was pure personal selfishness, and tried to brush it from her thoughts.

A brief rain squall darkened the fields and ruffled the road's dust as they started home. Hattie's physical contentment was such that she felt an unreasonable resentment at the uneasiness in her mind, the unrest she couldn't label and deal with. This thing about Alec and Oakdene and New York—and perhaps about herself. Something elusive, like the wrong note in a melody.

At the crack of close thunder she came back to the simple present. Alec swung the car into the long straight stretch past Harper's Mines. Pete said, "Gosh, look at the sky." Clouds were piled across the southwest. Over her shoulder she saw a javelin of lightning,

JUNE ON CHIN COULEE

By H. L. Hewlett

A drift of crimson on a barren hill
A strand of copper wound around a
plain —

Cacti and little swift silt-laden
river —

And when the noon heat passes,
lazy vain

In plumed war bonnets and blue
earth paint there stands

Old Chief — The Turtle . . and
old haughty Crow

Brooding above the long Siksika
lands.

of—or try another route for the feel of something new."

Hattie didn't bother to answer. Alec talked when he felt like it and you didn't have to feed him cues. Silence could be more companionable than small talk.

"This place, for instance," he continued. They were running down the slope of a valley. Off to the left down a side road fifty wooden houses clustered on a low knoll around a building that looked like a square lighthouse. "Harper's Mines. A shafthouse, a church and a school. Maybe three hundred people. A hole in the ground and a streak of paydirt. Somebody's always trying something new. The fun of it is, they might just hit something. Sometimes happens."

From the back seat, Pete said, "Hey! Alec! Can we go in there? Look at the mine?"

Alec laughed and swung the car down the cutoff. "The pit'll be closed this afternoon. We'll have a look at the place."

One main street and a couple of offshoots. New wooden buildings, the smell of tar paper and fresh shingles. The sound of bat against ball and yelling boy-voices in a field.

A young man and woman were tacking a sign MOVIES TONIGHT on the schoolhouse door.



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flashing crookedly against the blue-and-purple background.

"First of the fall storms," Alec said. He kept his eyes on the road, driving carefully as a heavier squall flailed over them.

Hattie gripped the seat cushion. "Alec, stop."

He pulled over to the shoulder, glanced at her and then at the sky. The head of a blue elephant was emerging from the cloud mass, its dun-colored trunk stretched down to the wooded slope a mile south. He cut the motor and the distant roaring grew.

Even Alec was excited, but he spoke calmly, "A twister. They don't hit once in five years in this country. Not coming this way, though. It's parallel with us. It'll break up and blow itself out."

Hattie's eyes followed the reptilian cloud in disbelief. A quarter mile from the edge of Harper's Mines a barn roof, tiny in the distance, snapped up like

a lid ripped from a box. The walls followed, splintering away from rock foundations, raining to earth in the cloud's track.

Alec said, "It's going through the place, I'm afraid. I'd best get down there." He opened the car door.

Afterward, Hat was to marvel at her own deliberation as she drove with the children to a farmhouse telephone beyond the break in the line, to carry out his orders: "Get hold of Parker or Scanlon. Tell them to call Carr and get the ambulances and a fire crew out. And all the Globe crew they can scare up. Tell 'em to get Harry Wilson down to work. We'll roll an extra. But the first thing's a crew to help out here."

A half hour later she picked her way through the wreck of a dirt street widened by the collapse of every building on either side of it. Half the place was flat, its people grouped around the one brick structure, the schoolhouse, con-

verted now into an emergency hospital.

A runnel of blood from a nail-snag looped like a tiny red highway in the dust of Alec's face. He turned from the provincial policeman and the mine manager and spoke to her. "Thought I told you to go home. Did you get Scanlon? Where are the kids?"

"I got the boss. The kids are all right—back at the farm I phoned from. I had to come back."

He said, "Yes. I s'pose you did. It's pretty tough, Hat. A lot of these people are hurt . . . Where are those doctors?"

The sirens answered him. He turned again. "Get back to town and help the boss get out a paper," he said to her.

By eleven Rothwell Parker looked a little tired, but he was flushed and boyish too. In the pressroom they were fitting the stereotypes to the cylinders. Hattie left her office to walk over and

chat with the boss, sitting at Alec's desk by the empty rim.

"Harriet, I don't know why we do it. No point in an extra these days. The radio reaches them all. We'll place seven or eight hundred maybe with the theatre crowd. That's all." He laughed and shook his head. "That's Alec. Get out an extra just for the sake of rolling it. Newspaper work." He flexed his fingers, peering down at them. "I hadn't written a heading in years."

The companionship of work at an end flowed through them both. Parker was in a remembering mood. "Alec's swan song, I guess, and very like him. Very much like him. He was always a man to do more than necessary. Something beyond the usual. If there was satisfaction in it." Irritability touched him. "I still can't figure it . . . New York."

"The chance," Hattie said gently. "The venture."

"Venture, hell." Parker went on. "Venture? That's children's talk. Four months ago Alec came in on the longest chance you ever heard of—talked us into it. Scanlon, me, a half dozen others. You didn't know, did you, the Globe was losing money and up for sale? Who else, d'you think, could've raised enough on his name and ours to take control and keep it going?"

There was more. Once the gates of secrecy were open, Parker kept nothing back. "Nobody knew it outside the few of us. Too ticklish, with the creditors ready to pounce if it got out how thin the margin was . . ."

The voice went on. They were over the hump, just barely, Parker said. Any day now there'd be an announcement. But with Alec gone . . . he went on talking, but her mind was caught in a wave of vanishing bewilderment. The newsroom's depression at the thought of Alec's going. Even, perhaps, the way things had been made easy for her, herself. She felt suddenly like a small girl realizing for the first time that the grownups she lived with had troubles and problems and pursuits of which she knew nothing.

Back in her own office, a copy boy laid the Globe on her desk, still damp from the presses. The straight factual lead story carried Scanlon's by-line. Her own topped the descriptive feature stuff she had thrown together from her own observation and facts phoned in.

Alec's name didn't appear. The only sign of him was the double-column announcement that the Globe would sponsor a public fund to rebuild the homes of Harper's Mines. The physical fact of the paper there on her desk gave her the feeling that part of him was present, in the office. About one percent of him, perhaps.

The drone of the presses died. The clatter of circulation trucks faded. Parker said, "We'll close down, except for a standby. I'll drive you home, Harriet."

She shook her head. "No, I'll stay awhile." The sense of something unfinished was strong in her, the sense of a false sequence, in which she glimpsed the falsity only today.

Her mind went over it, trying to smooth out the kinks in the pattern. It wouldn't smooth. There on the screen of her mind was Alec's easygoing concern for the region he lived in, his competence. More than anything, perhaps, the fact that in this crisis, unimportant and local in comparison with the cold war and the atom bomb, but

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still a thing of death and pain and loss and humanity, the paper and the story had been secondary. Oh, they'd got the story. But first in Alec's mind had been the doctors and the fire trucks, the search for the missing, the food supply. She could see now that all this fitted and filled out the conception she had always had of him. In her talk of New York and venture and a chance at last, she had forgotten something.

She whispered to herself, "You forgot something, O'Brien. You forgot a man like that doesn't wait for sixteen years to find adventure. He finds it with the people he's grown up with—not alone."

The swinging door swished. Alec said, "Stop talking to yourself, O'Brien."

He was worn right down to the ground. His grin hung on his face by a raveled thread. Her heart tipped sideways, because he was mostly a stranger.

In the car her mind came back to it. What she wanted to say was, "Alec, you're wrong. And I've been wrong. This is where it is. You can't leave Oakdene. You can't leave Scanlon and Parker and the rest of them. You can't leave the Globe."

She couldn't. A fear had touched her. She was afraid to say, "Alec, stay," and to hear his, "Okay, if you say so." She couldn't face the thought of an Alec who would accept her guidance, an Alec who was less than himself.

He said nothing, driving up Chestnut through the late traffic, or all the way out to the house, under the elms and maples of Park. But, halted at the gate, he leaned back and made no move to snap the car door open.

Hattie waited. If he spoke of coming back for her—back from New York—no. No, no, no.

Alec sat forward and thumped the wheel softly with his hands. "Hat—" She said nothing.

"Hat, I've got to tell you now. Won't sleep unless I do. This New York business. It's no good, you know."

He halted, and talked on, slowly. "I s'pose I thought you'd consider marriage—if I got things fixed so we could take the jump together. Anyway, I couldn't stand being near you—without you. I was wrong. There'd be nothing for us, based on a thing like that. If it's love it's love, here or anywhere else. And if I can't have you, I'll face that here. I can't leave Oakdene. Got to go on with the chance, the people I'm tied to, Oakdene and the Globe—a gamble on a shoestring."

Even now the old Alec came through, the gentle mockery, to ease the moment. He said with a hint of laughter, "I'll just have to stand it, having you around."

Hattie supposed that sometime it might be worth while to explain. But not now. She said, "A shoestring. Do you think you could use a pair, Alec? Short ones?"

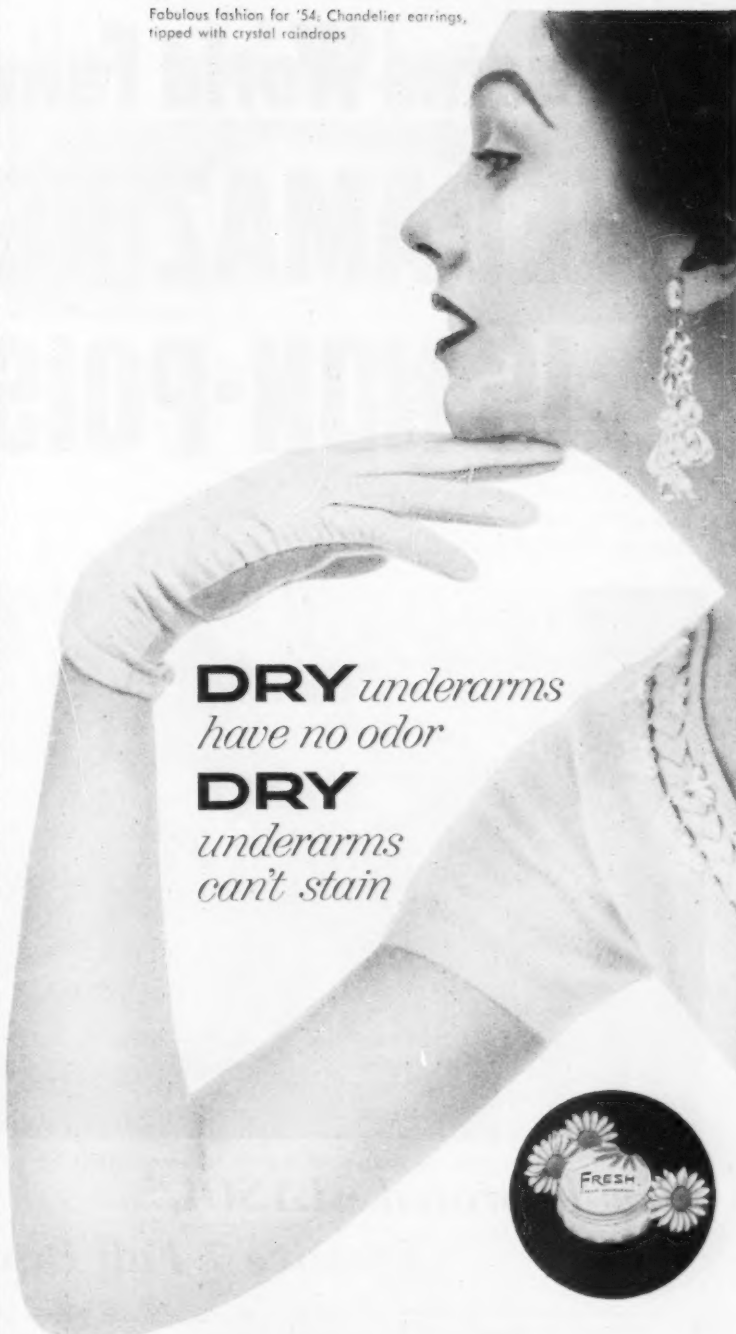
He was curiously still. Hattie twisted in the seat and raised her face and reached up and around with her right hand to pull his head down. She could still think clearly enough to recognize what was happening. To be startled and at last convinced by the flooding warmth of flame.

"Good night, I was dumb!" Alec said. "No idea. I thought what you wanted was the sure thing, the big time. Something I can't give you."

"Did you?" Hattie said. "Can't you?"

He returned to the matter in hand. ♣

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DON'T SHOOT . . . IT'S THE HIKING HOUSEWIFE

Continued from page 24

nothing out from pancake flour to prunes. When my husband read it through he whistled but said nothing. Perhaps he recognized the welcome sight of a worm about to turn.

The next step—getting everything snugly into a pack sack—wasn't so easy. In fact, it wasn't even possible. But I lashed my groundsheet on the outside and hung my extra pair of canvas shoes on top. Then I propped the packboard against a chair and sat down on the floor with my back to it and thrust my arms under the straps. I half rolled, half crawled onto hands and knees and staggered to my feet. To my surprise my legs did not actually buckle under the weight and I straightened up slowly telling myself that loading was obviously the most difficult part. I was proud of my gigantic strength.

Once again my husband, lolling back comfortably in his chair, kept his own counsel although I know now that to an experienced packer I must have been either a tragic or a comical sight. One thing, however, was quite clear. He had no desire at all to join me on my trip and neither then, nor on any of my later expeditions, has there been any suggestion that he might like to make it a *pas de deux*.

Walking, except for a definite purpose such as to reach an interesting rock outcrop or a delectable fishing pool, is not his dish. But he's an independent kind of man himself and allows others the same leeway he gives himself. Instead of worrying about the "characters" I might meet he pays me the compliment of assuming I can handle most situations by myself.

But he was very much interested in my chosen route which began with fifty-odd miles in an interurban electric tram and then followed an old logging trail to a fishing lake we had never seen because the only way in was by air or on foot.

My plans allowed for two nights out on the trail and either one or two camped beside the lake, and my only gross miscalculation was the size of my pack. By the middle of the first day as I slogged along with sweat stinging my eyes and my shoulders feeling as if they had been pinioned with red-hot bars I had learned more about packing than I would have from reams of husbandly advice. I am far prouder now of how little I need than of how much I can carry. I even snip tooth-paste tubes down to mere stubs and take dehydrated soups out of their metallic envelopes to save weight. And I wouldn't carry prunes for anybody. Just think of the stones!

Although it is seven years since that first trip to Chilliwack Lake, and I have been on many hikes in between, every detail of that first expedition is clear in my mind. I can see the clump of willows where George Duffy buried, and lost, two of the massive dog biscuits I had so wearily carried for him and I can see the grassy hollow where I lay in my sleeping bag, un-tented and alone, watching the stars. If they twinkled a bit at my absurdity they did it in the

friendliest way. I felt adventurous and capable and exciting, a personality in my own right. I had blistered my heels but I had—well, yes—I had saved my soul. No longer a dreary has-been, I had conquered the back number blues!

I'll admit that when I got home among familiar surroundings the old worm in me tried to make a comeback and kept hinting that what I had done was not really so very much. But it couldn't stop my enjoyment when women shuddered a little and said, "My! How brave you must be!" And even men were interested. They shook their heads over my fifteen-to-twenty miles a day with a pack. "Couldn't do it myself," they'd say. But I knew I could, and the climax came when I was invited to appear as a paid guest on a sportsmen's radio program. The cringing worm retreated. The inferiority complex fizzled away. Such an intoxicatingly exciting thing as I had done must be done again!

I began to pore over maps of British Columbia searching for trails and for very secondary roads and this was made easier for me because I am more or less familiar with many parts of what we call "the interior," having driven through them with my husband. Like many women I often carry the map when the boss is at the wheel and with this new interest I became as swivel-headed as a spectator at a tennis match, peering out the windows and comparing this valley with that one marked on the map and dreaming of what lay at the end of that wagon road that wound, double-rutted, over the shoulder of the jack-pine hill.

There have always been places tempting me off the beaten track. At last I had found a way to see them and after I had solved part of the problem of lightening my load by stitching up a pair of custom-made saddle bags for Duffy, I was ready for anything. The only compromise I make to complete independence is in the name of common sense. I tell my husband roughly where I am going and approximately when I will come home. After all, I might break an ankle. And in the name of common sense, too, I do not set off across country through untraveled hills. That's a job for two people, or at least an expert in the bush. I also respect the very real danger represented by grizzly bears and I once

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changed my plans completely when a trapper in the North Thompson Valley wrote to tell me that the grizzlies had not gone back in to the hills as usual and that a dog was worse than useless, in fact a positive danger, against the big bears.

I do not take Duffy with me for protection, as it happens. With the exception of our first hike, when I took him simply because I could not leave him at home, I have walked with Duffy for his company's sake. Without the sight of him trotting proudly ahead under his bulging pack saddles, without the pleasure of caring for him, too, when I make my own meals, my hikes would not be the same. But alas, this perfect companion has one failing that has threatened to short-circuit more than one of our trips and ruin my hard-won self-respect. The fact is that George Duffy, my walking partner, is an incorrigible hitchhiker.

Once he wagged down a jeep and then got so excited that he fell out of it backward and lay ridiculously on the road with his legs waving like a turtle's.

Once he wagged a ride for us in the back of a pick-up truck which was unfortunately hauling pig swill too. I perched on the thin edge of the tailgate for two bumpy miles with garbage sloshing behind my back and wished wholeheartedly that Duffy had less charm.

A Wrong Place to Camp

The reason I accept the hitches at all is because it's bad enough being thought peculiar for going on foot in the first place without being rated downright crazy for refusing a kindly lift.

The most remarkable, I suppose, of all Duffy's hitches nearly got us flown out from a lonely fishing lake. As it was, a pontoon sprung a leak and when I tried to explain to the pilot that it

really didn't matter, that I honestly preferred to hike out, he shook his head sadly. "But where will you sleep tonight?" he asked. "Under a tree?"

That's what people always ask and, as a matter of fact, I often do just that. Making an overnight camp for one person can be very simple unless it's raining. Then you need a certain amount of skill. A dogged Pollyanna cheerfulness helps too. But in B. C., in the summer, all I usually have to worry about is finding six feet of level ground far enough from the nearest thoroughfare to avoid sightseers. Even so, I have made mistakes.

I remember one camp in a spruce thicket where I was settling comfortably into my sleeping bag when Duffy froze to alert. I peered through the bushes beside him and sure enough in the dusky distance I heard voices, heard boots on gravel, saw movement. Slowly and with considerable embarrassment it

dawned on me that the tiny trail I had followed from the road also led to an unsuspected railway siding and that I had settled down for the night within a small whoop and a holler of an entire work train. I pulled on shirt and denims, repacked and got out and, as I made my getaway, I couldn't help remembering a persistent little French-Canadian who had once followed half a pace behind me for nearly a quarter of a mile of lonely road assuring me that he would "mak' ve'y good company at night." His suggestion seemed funny afterward but at the time I walked with my longest and strongest steps.

Another time I was in real danger. Everything happened so suddenly. One minute I was leaning back against a tree trunk sheltering from the rain. The next minute—*wbam!*—a rifle shot cracked through the branches behind my back. *Wbam-bam-bam!* Duffy's retrieving instincts took him off through the undergrowth like a streak of lightning and I leaped to my feet in time to see a long-geared man go careening past, still shooting and shouting at the top of his voice.

I scuttled for the road. True, it was a little-used lane but at least it was an open space and sudden death seemed less likely there than under the trees.

I stood very still. Gradually my heart steadied and my breath came back, and then I thought of my pack, lying where I had slung it to the ground. Without it I was homeless, I couldn't eat or sleep or pay my way. Almost on tip-toe I edged back into the bush, saw Duffy and grabbed him. Together we were at least two against a gun. But as I held him he snarled and I looked up—not three yards away a pale face and a steel rifle barrel showed through the branches.

I don't know now whether I was more scared or angry or a perfect mixture of both but I do know I had to have the thing out and, holding Duffy tight, I told the nonplused gunner exactly what I thought of him as loud and as clear as I could.

It took us some time to come to an understanding but when the dumfounded stump rancher got over his shock at flushing a furious housewife from the bushes instead of a season's supply of steaks and bear's grease he mumbled his excuses and we all felt better. All except Duffy, that is. His hackles were still up when we went on our way.

My Beautiful Axe Blaze

Apart from those two near misses Duffy and I have always enjoyed our meetings with people on the road. Of course a human companion would do away with anxiety completely and I have been asked more than once, "Can I come with you next time?" But it is the aloneness that makes my trips such a special accomplishment, that beats the back number blues. And traveling alone at foot pace is a subtle pleasure full of unexpected memories. Once the most memorable part of a whole week's hike was the sight of my own axe mark on a tree.

I wasn't actually lost. At least, I knew where I stood but I also knew it wasn't where I should be according to map and plan. There was only one thing to do—go back. It was four-thirty in the afternoon and a two-hour trek



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DON'T SHOOT . . . IT'S THE HIKING HOUSEWIFE

Continued from page 60

out to the nearest recognizable spot, a deserted Indian hay camp.

Now Duffy is usually pretty good at backtracking and makes a reliable guide but by the time we reached a swampy flat, crisscrossed with windfalls, he was

tired and kept looking to me for directions. I was tired, too, and I had cracked my shins so often on fallen timber that the bruises reminded me continually how serious a sprained ankle or a twisted knee could be in this desolate bowl. I peered through the evening shadows. Which way? And there it was—the most beautiful sight in the world—one of my own blazes made as a precaution when I crossed this same tangle on my way in, now shining whitely showing the way out.

Lost? No. But there can be times like this on almost any hike. Old trails dwindle to nothingness. Roads peter out. Only railways, it seems, are constant and with Duffy beside me I have followed the steel through mile upon mile of magnificent and lonely country.

It took a high trestle bridge in the Coquihalla Pass to almost cure me of this habit. I don't like trestles myself and Duffy hates them, hates the gaps between the ties, hates the glimpses of rock slides or mountain torrents so far

below, and crosses them belly down, going like a snail. I on the other hand cross as quickly as I can, keeping my eyes on the toes of my boots to prevent tripping and hearing an approaching train in every rumble of the stream beneath.

But on this particular trestle the familiar rumble seemed to grow unexplainably louder and more threatening. I looked anxiously ahead and saw the tracks were clear. I glanced over my shoulder and—yipe!—a king-size locomotive belching steam and smoke was thundering toward me round a curve.

There was no devil strip on that trestle. No time to turn back to the safety of the tiny water-barrel platform that jutted out over the chasm, no time for dignity and bravery, no time to think. I yelled to Duffy to follow and I RAN.

What a way for a housewife to get rid of an inferiority complex! What a way to build up an ego! But it's wonderful and it works. And as long as George Duffy and I can still put our six best feet forward I hope we will make many more pack trips together, a couple of pals who like to walk. +

WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO ME?

Continued from page 19

won't let me come in yet."

"You'll make yourself worse, Mrs. Winter—try to be quiet, please!" Then the nurse added in a low voice, "Perhaps you'd better go, Mr. Winter. You're upsetting her."

But Erin heard and in terror screamed again, "If you send him away I'll make myself worse. I'll die! Oh, Dave, don't leave me to die here by myself." Then her breath left her and she choked, gasping. She knew she had made herself worse, as the fiery tide of fever crept up over her again.

Dimly she heard Dave's voice assuring her that he was right outside the window on the balcony . . . that nobody in the world could make him leave.

The nurse's hand touched her cheek with infinite gentleness. Suddenly Erin was sobbing. She wanted to reach up and hold fast to that hand, but she couldn't move. With all her might she willed the hand to stay, stroking her cheek. It was the warm tangible touch of a world she had lost.

"He isn't going to leave you, nor am I," the nurse was saying in her firm voice. "I'm quite sure nobody could shoo him off that balcony. You see, you're in the Isolation Ward. That's why he can't come in. But I'm going to wheel you around so you can look in that mirror and see him." With a slight lurch the ponderous respirator was in motion. Through the small tilted mirror above her head Erin saw a wall slide by, a window. Then there was a shadow braced against the window frame by both arms, making a black cross against the brightness.

The window was down from the top and Dave leaned against the screen. She sensed the control in his tensed shoulders like a coiled spring, but his voice was utterly quiet and tender as he spoke. She only half heard him because every-

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COAST TO COAST THROUGHOUT CANADA

thing was getting dim again, but she could see the white blur of his face and, quite clearly, that little tuft of brown hair on the crown of his head that she always tried to smooth down... Yes, it was Dave. He was really there—trying with his voice and his love to cross the space between them, to pierce the terrible distances of fever and terror and sick dreams. "You're going to get well, darling, because I love you... and you love me..." The voice was far away but the words were warm and wonderful. "Oh, Erin, we're going to do all the things we planned, someday—together."

As she sank into the silence and the stupor again, one word sank with her—together. Glowing, lovely word to take into a black pit of loneliness.

After a while day began to come more often than night as the fever ebbed. But the dreams kept on being queer. Once at four o'clock in the morning the moonlight confused her, and she thought she saw her mother on the balcony, her head against the window frame. A tall shadow paced back and forth behind her... It was a dream, of course.

Then there was that man with the monkey wrench, forever on his knees beside the respirator. Often she opened her eyes to find him there, and she thought he was a dream too, until once he looked around, his head on a level with hers, and said cheerfully, "Hello, sister. Don't mind me. I'm just Mac, checking on this barrel of yours." He had a shock of sandy hair and his blue eyes twinkled at her over his mask. He rose to his feet, a big-shouldered, kindly

man, covered from head to foot with the familiar white garb of the isolation ward. But somehow he was completely normal, in spite of it, like someone just dressed up as a Hallowe'en spook.

"Is—is it—going to break down?" she asked fearfully.

"Not a chance, girl! Merely routine, checking the pressure gauges. Don't you worry. I've got a crew of men on duty, day and night, just to take care of you."

A crew of men, she thought... all these nurses and doctors... all this skill and care, and for what? To prolong the agony... because her heart was so terribly young and strong, it wouldn't die!

She said bitterly, "Why should I live forever in a prison? You'd do me a favor to call off your crew—and let me die."

"In one of my respirators?" he snorted, outraged, "what are you trying to do? Get me fired right out of this place?"

The nurse came between them just then, smoothing the pillow, and Erin couldn't see the big man any longer. "Where is he?" she demanded, "don't let him go away."

Instantly the nurse glided away and Mac was back in her range of vision. However, he moved so he could look down into her eyes which gave him an added importance after the vague, partial glimpses she had had of people. She was to discover that Mac never bothered with mirrors. His was the direct approach. Now they gazed at each other soberly.

At last Erin murmured, "All right. You won't get fired—today—because of me."

He nodded casually. "You put me

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in mind of my little girl, Susy. She's seven. Same color hair . . . pretty red-gold curls. Course you're older. About fifteen, I'd guess."

"I'm twenty!" She was affronted. ". . . And I'm married."

"Oh! Excuse me! I should have called you Mrs. Sister!" He made her an awkward bow. This elaborate apology seemed suddenly funny, but she found that she'd forgotten how to smile.

"So you're married to that lad, always out there on the balcony. H-m-m. Tough—for him."

Erin had closed her eyes in exhaustion, but now sudden anger gave her a final spurt of energy and she cried out rebelliously, "What about me?"

"You don't think you're the only one taking a beating from this thing, do you, sister?" Mac leaned over her earnestly, his clear blue eyes boring down into hers. "Why, you're in here fighting, girl! He's out there, waiting. That's the hardest part."

She was silent because she wasn't fighting, and didn't want to fight. Her body was gone. The body she had scarcely noticed before, when she swam and danced and golfed. It had done her bidding without thought. Now it

was broken into little dead pieces and no one could ever put it together again. Slow tears slid from under her lashes.

Mac didn't seem to notice. He hummed a little as he tightened a bolt with his wrench. Then he took a tissue from a box on the table and deftly wiped her tears away.

She listened to the sound of his brisk footsteps, marching across the room. They were so normal after the noiseless gliding of nurses and technicians. Through her mirror she saw him whisk off mask and white robe, hanging them on the hook by the door like any carpenter or painter hanging up cap or work apron. "Okay, nurse," he sang out, "all present and accounted for!" And he was gone.

The next time she awoke the first thing she thought of was telling Dave about the rugged character named Mac. Sunlight was bright on the wall so it must be morning again. There was no sound but the rhythmic sigh of the respirator and the nurse moving about. "Here's your get-well medicine," she said holding up the familiar hypodermic. She opened a porthole in the side of the metal lung. Then the needle prick stung.

"It's not fair," Erin gasped. "Why do I have pain when I'm so dead?"

"You're not, my dear." The nurse paused as if searching for safe words to say. "Your nerves are sick, that's all. You must fight back."

This incessant talk of fighting exhausted Erin. Constant pain, the sick misery waking or sleeping, had produced a curious blankness in her mind and will power. She could not lift a finger, either physically or mentally, to help herself live. She closed her eyes, drifting back into a dreamy state where by thinking hard, by remembering, she could project herself back into another, happier world.

And now she was remembering the smell of paste, the ache in her arms and shoulders that day she tried to help Dave paper the guest room in their new house. What centuries ago it seemed! The wallpaper was a French Provincial print, a country scene with barns, zigzag fences and fat little trees, in one of which was a tiny redbird, singing his heart out. Dave was irritated when she matched a strip of paper crookedly, because she couldn't bear to cut off the singing bird's head. They almost had their first quarrel over it. She had worked on stub-

bornly, getting sicker, slapping on paste, climbing the ladder, her neck and shoulders aching from the unaccustomed work. She must have the flu, Dave had said, feeling her hot head—but of course, it hadn't been the flu.

Suddenly she was wide awake. "Dave!" she breathed, panic sweeping her.

Instantly his reassuring answer came, "I'm right here, waiting for you."

And she was back in the bitter present. She couldn't find him at first in the small area of her vision, and in sudden despair she thought: This is all I have left—only what I can see through a looking glass. It wasn't a real world at all, with anything she could touch or grasp—only a reflection of living.

The nurse tilted the mirror and Dave's face was there at the window. He looked thin in the merciless light, but his eyes were the same deep steady grey, meeting and holding hers tenderly.

"You're better, Erin. Your fever is down! Don't look away, darling . . . Think hard about getting well, Erin. Fight back."

The old song and dance about fighting, she thought drearily. She gazed back at him. Then she whis-



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pered, "Hello..." and saw his eyes light up. For the first time she admitted the truth of Mac's words. It was harder for the one who waited.

She lay conserving her shallow breath. There was so much to say. "Dave... there's a person here... called Mac—"

"McLeod? I know, I've talked to him, Erin. He's wonderful."

She felt warm and pleased that he understood. But she kept on worrying about the wallpaper. Was it still hanging in loose strips? "Dave, did you ever finish the wallpaper?"

He blinked a moment as if he thought her mind was wandering. Then he answered easily, "Sure, I got a man to finish it. And I wouldn't let him pull off the crooked piece we fought over. I like that cocky little bird."

"We can push the bureau over in front of it," she murmured. How wonderful this was. Dave had the same normalcy Mac had. She hugged it to her, the fact that she had two real everyday people in this nightmare with her.

She whispered, "Mac says he's sorrier for you, Dave—than for me."

"Why, the nerve of him!" he exclaimed, and this surprised her so that she gave a little chuckle.

"Isn't it the truth! I felt like conking him—with his own wrench."

"Darling," Dave said, "you sound like yourself again." He looked so grateful for her momentary gaiety that she had a twinge of guilt. He'd been so crushed and beaten. She realized now, lovingly, how rumpled his hair was, how mussed his shirt and suit in the pitiless sunlight of the balcony. And aching she wanted to be back home, taking care of him.

At that moment Mac came in the door and grinned at her. Evidently he had heard them talking. "I'll tell the therapist to work on your deltoid muscles, Mrs. Sister, and the first time you can lift your arm I'll furnish the wrench and my thick head for you to conk!"

Erin's lips twitched. "You do give me—an incentive!"

"I may withdraw my offer tomorrow," he warned, "so hurry up!"

She gave such a sigh at this that he gazed soberly down at her. "The fever's down, you know. The pain will stop soon, then you can really get to work."

So he knew about the pain... She suddenly wanted to ask questions. "Why is there such sickening pain, Mac?"

He said the hush-hush word calmly and distinctly, "Polio's just a disease of the nerves, sister. The pain comes from muscular spasms. Everybody's muscles are simply honeycombed with nerves, and yours are protesting the contractions."

He was the first person who had told her anything, but he didn't go on. Instead he said, "They sure gave you a haircut, didn't they?" And his hand tweaked a strand of the close-cropped red-gold hair, which had lain in bright curls on the pillow the first time he saw her.

"Too bad they didn't... make a good job of it... and cut my head off, too!"

"Maybe that head has something valuable in it," he said. "Anyway, God left you here for some good reason, Erin Winter."

"I know—to be a pincushion!"

"Why, that's right," Mac said unfeelingly, "maybe you'll help doctors find out new things to help other people."

Then he stepped back, took a pompous stance and said sonorously: "Now, your attention, ladies and gentlemen, and I will continue my lecture on the myriad wonders of this iron horse that Mrs. Winter is riding today." He made her a bow then went on to describe the respirator as if it were a perfectly normal piece of furniture.

He showed her the hand crank at the base of the lung, producing a mirror which he tilted at right angles to hers. She was startled to see a new face that

wore no mask. She gazed blankly at the brown eyes, delicate features... then realized they were her own, worn and sad and pale, even to the lips parched with fever. The only color lay in the vital curling hair. But she still had an identity, she thought in surprise, in spite of it all.

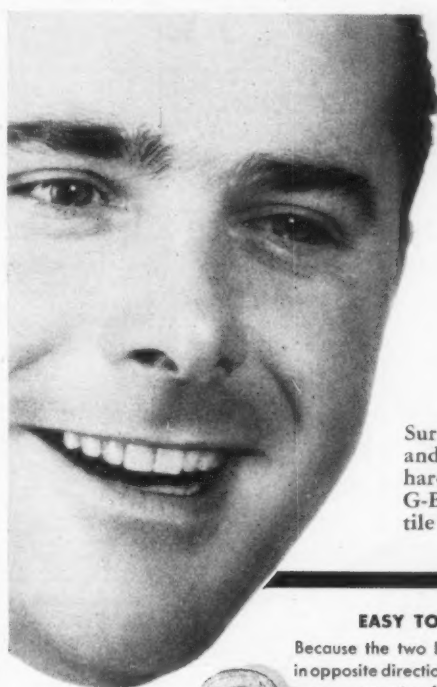
She pulled her mind back to what Mac was saying. "I wonder what would happen," she confessed, "if the electricity—went off?"

"Nothing," Mac said positively, "we

just switch to the hospital's own generators. You haven't a thing to worry about. And we follow all weather reports. Any news of an electrical disturbance in this area and my crew warms up the auxiliary generating plant and stands by. During the storm season a full crew is on duty, day and night."




"That hand crank—" she murmured—"did you ever use it?" She was tired now and Mac's face began to blur a little.

"Sure," he said promptly, "years ago



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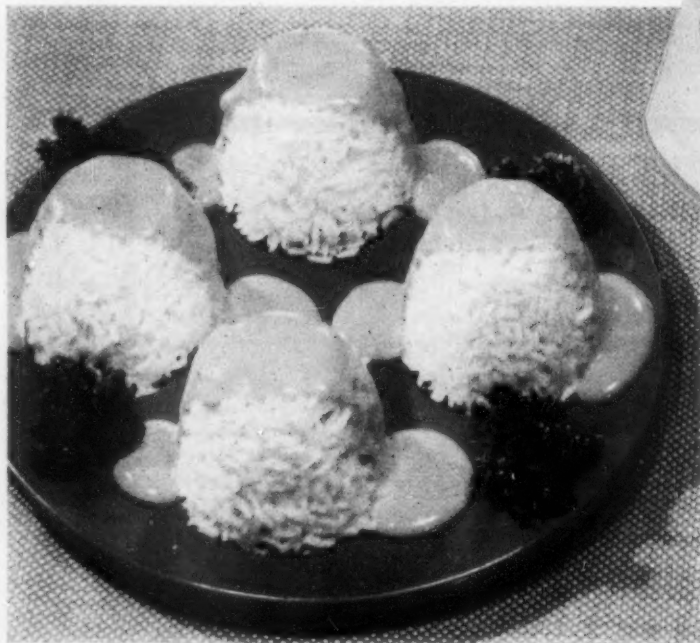
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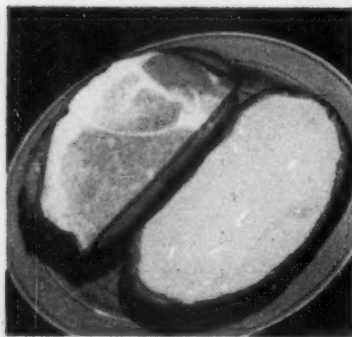
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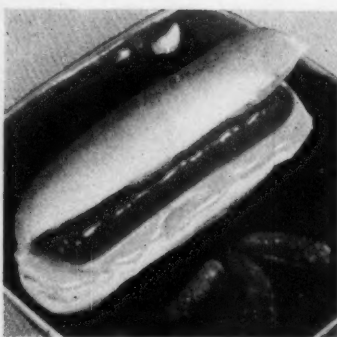
Rice Timbales.

Pack hot cooked rice into greased custard cups. Unmold on a platter, and serve with hot Cheez Whiz. Garnish with parsley.



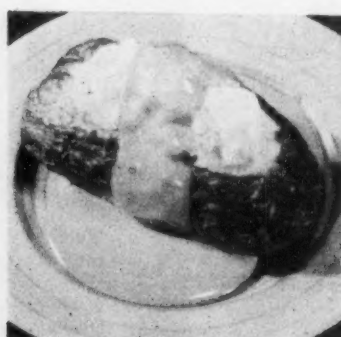
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before hospitals had their own generating plants, I cranked a respirator once for seven hours, during a storm." His voice dwindled cautiously for she had fallen asleep. He nodded triumphantly to the nurse, having made his objective—a lesson in confidence—and went softly away.

After that her days began to have a pattern—a painful pattern beginning with the morning her doctor and nurse started to unclamp the metal top that arched above her. They told her she was to be taken out and put in a portable lung for six minutes.

But this new idea terrified her and she went into a frenzy, calling wildly for Dave... for Mac. Immediately all work stopped until Mac arrived, almost at once.

He came in grumbling. "They'll start calling me Florence Nightingale, if this gets out!" Then he added quietly, "No reason to blow your stack, sister. This is routine." And he explained exactly what was to be done and why. He unfastened the clamps himself, sliding the carrier with her on it, out of the lung. Then he deftly opened the tight plastic collar around her neck, releasing her completely. He lifted the rounded plastic portable lung. "Like a costume out of Space Cadet, isn't it?" he joked as he placed it over her chest.

But its suction was so terrific she felt as if her lungs were being sucked right out of her body. Her eyes clung piteously to Mac's. "It's... tearing me... to pieces, Mac!"

Carefully, he adjusted the motor and the pressure lessened. "It's because you're not used to it." He patted her inert hand. "But you're a real trouper. My own Susy couldn't take this better." His eyes shone proudly down at her. "When you work up to twenty minutes, you won't notice any discomfort. You'll be graduating into the main hospital, any day now."

Which she did, a week later. Like a ponderous ship on a strange sea, she was moved from Isolation out across a paved courtyard through blinding sunlight, into the main building.

Later Dave told her how carefully Mac had charted her journey. With a huge roll of electric cord connected in her new room, he retraced the distance back to Isolation, plugging the cord into an empty lung. Then he staged a dress rehearsal, trundling the lung all the way back to make sure there'd be no blown fuses or power failure while she was in it.

Now everything was clear and lucid; the cobwebs were gone from her brain. There were snowy curtains at the windows, flowers on the sill, just like at home. Then Dave was bending over her, his cheek next to hers.

"Erin, we're together again! No mirrors any longer!" Superbly he ignored the great steel respirator that held her body a prisoner. She forgot it too with his lips warm against her cheek.

"It's really true. I'm out of that place! Oh, Dave—take me home!"

"Not so fast!" He laughed but his voice was unsteady. "We've turned the corner but we've still got to fight our way down the street."

Fight—when she was bound hand and foot? "Why should this happen to us?" she cried, "other people don't have to fight for their happiness. They

Continued on page 68

Chatelaine Meals of the Month

June

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 1	Apple Juice with Lemon Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Onion Soup Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches Butter Tarts Milk Tea	Braised Short Ribs of Beef Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Fresh Pineapple Cupcakes	SUN 20	Ready-to-eat Cereal with Fresh Berries Omelet with Chives Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cold Cuts Tossed Salad Cherry Tarts Whipped Cream Milk Rolls Tea	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Vanilla Ice Cream Strawberry Sauce
WED 2	Half Grapefruit Ready-to-eat Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Asparagus with Cheese on Toast Pineapple and Orange Cup Crisp Wafers Milk Tea	Pork Chops Parsley Potatoes Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	MON 21	Blended Fruit Juices Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Chicken à la King Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea	Fish Balls* Egg Sauce Scalloped Tomatoes Peas Creamy Rice Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
THU 3	Tomato Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Deviled Egg Salad Whole-wheat Rolls Fresh Stewed Rhubarb Milk Tea	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Sliced Beets Blanching with Berries Coffee Tea	TUE 22	Orange Juice Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Celery Soup Tomato and Cucumber Salad Chocolate Cupcakes Milk Tea	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Vanilla Blancmange with Rhubarb Coffee Tea
FRI 4	Stewed Rhubarb Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Fruit Salad Raisin Bread Milk Tea	Baked Lake Trout* Duchess Potatoes Lemon Snow Cherry Cobbler Coffee Tea	WED 23	Tomato Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Canned Luncheon Meat French-fried Potatoes Sugared Cherries Cakes (from Tuesday) Milk Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlet Buttered Noodles Beef Greens Fruits in Lime Jelly Custard Sauce
SAT 5	Ready-to-eat Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Pancakes and Syrup with Bacon Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Scalloped Onions Sherbet Coffee Cookies Tea	THU 24	Stewed Rhubarb Pancakes Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Egg Salad Sandwiches Celery Raw Carrot Muffins (from Wednesday) Cream Cheese Honey Tea	Steak and Kidney Pie Sliced Beets Creamed Leeks Floating Island Coffee Tea
SUN 6	Orange Sections Whole-grain Cereal Sausages Grilled Tomatoes Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Tomatoes Chocolate Layer Cake Fruit Punch	Roast Shoulder of Lamb Fresh Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Spinach Strawberries and Cream Coffee Tea	FRI 25	Oranges Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Fish Chowder* Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Chilled Melon Milk Tea	Cheese Soufflé Paprika Potatoes Green Peas Gingerbread Iced Sauce Coffee Tea
MON 7	Blended Fruit Juices Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Club Sandwiches Pickles Canned Fruit Cake (from Sunday) Milk Tea	Green Pea Soup Cold Roast Lamb Potato Cakes Asparagus Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea	SAT 26	Pineapple Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Hamburgers on Buns Pickle Relish Canned Peas Gingerbread (from Friday) Milk Tea	Dressed Spicifits Potato Puff Asparagus Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 8	Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Curried Rice with Leftover Lamb Radishes Green Onions Sliced Oranges and Bananas Milk Tea	Sausage and Lima Bean Casserole Buttered Carrots and Celery Caramel Nut Rennet Custard Coffee Tea	SUN 27	Half Grapefruit Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Liver, Rice and Tomato Casserole Fresh Fruit Bowl Fancy Cakes Milk Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Jellied Veal Loaf Potato Salad Cucumbers Chocolate Wafer Roll Coffee Tea
WED 9	Orange Halves Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Shredded Cabbage, Carrot and Nut Salad Hot Biscuits Honey Tea	Pan-fried Liver Creamed New Potatoes Beet Greens Chilled Watermelon Coffee Tea	MON 28	Grape Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Veal Loaf Sandwiches Green Onions Baked Cup Custards Lemonade	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Spinach Strawberries and Cream Cakes Coffee Tea
THU 10	Grapefruit Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toasted Biscuits Coffee Jam Cocoa	Scalloped Corn with Green Pepper Brown Bread and Butter Plums Milk Cookies Tea	Baked Ham Slices Mashed Potatoes Peas Fruits in Lime Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	TUE 29	Chilled Melon Whole-grain Cereal Date Muffins Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Asparagus Omelet Buttered Toast Ice Cream Milk Cookies Tea	Baked Ham Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce
FRI 11	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Fruit Salad with Cottage Cheese Johnny Cake Milk Syrup Tea	Savory Omelet Green Beans Buttered Onions Ice Cream Coffee Cookies Tea	WED 30	Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Jellied Fish Mold Whole-wheat Rolls Berries Iced Cake (leftover pudding) Milk Tea	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Ham Creamed Potatoes, Carrots Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 12	Prune Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Peanut Butter Sandwiches Jam Turnovers Milk Tea	Minced Veal Patties Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea				
SUN 13	Half Grapefruit Buttermilk Waffles Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Buffet Salmon Platter* Potato Chips Hot Rolls Angel Cake Fresh Pineapple Coffee	Broiled Beefsteak Pan-browned Potatoes Asparagus Coconut Custard Pie Coffee Tea				
MON 14	Orange Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Sliced Bologna Green Salad Angel Cake Chocolate Sauce Milk Tea	Quick Salmon Casserole* Baked Tomatoes Spinach Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea				
TUE 15	Tomato Juice Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Hot Buttered Asparagus Cheese Biscuits Canned Fruit Milk Cookies Tea	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Wax Beans Peach Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea				
WED 16	Fresh Pineapple Oatmeal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches Pickles Chilled Melon Milk Tea	Bacon and Eggs Fried Potatoes New Cabbage Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea				
THU 17	Apple Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Vegetable Salad Cream Puffs Milk Tea	Baked Hash Scalloped Potatoes Pineapple Iced Cake Coffee Tea				
FRI 18	Orange Juice Fresh Scones Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Fresh Spinach Berries Cake (from Thursday) Milk Tea	Shrimp Creole* Lettuce French Dressing Lemon Pie Coffee Tea				
SAT 19	Half Grapefruit Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Peppers Raspberry Jelly Whip Drop Cakes Milk Tea	Barbecued Wieners Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee Tea				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

PICNIC FIG COOKIES

- 1 cup all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1/2 cup peanut butter
1/4 cup evaporated milk

Sift flour, measure. Resift with sugar and salt. Cream shortening and peanut butter. Work quickly but thoroughly into flour with fingers or dough blender. Add milk all at once, stir quickly with a fork. Roll out on floured board to 1/8-inch

thickness. Cut into squares or circles. Place spoonful of fig filling on one half of cookie, fold over other half pressing edges firmly. Bake on ungreased sheet at 425 deg. F. about 10 minutes.

FIG FILLING

- 3 dried figs
1/4 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 1/2 tablespoons fig syrup
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon butter

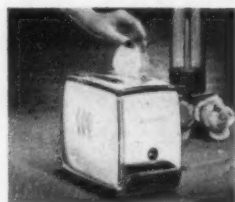
Place figs in saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to boil, simmer 20 minutes. Drain, reserving syrup. Cool figs and chop into very small pieces. Return to saucepan with sugar, corn-

starch and fig syrup. Stir constantly over low heat until filling thickens. Add lemon juice, lemon rind and butter. Remove from heat and allow to cool before using. Makes about 2 dozen cookies.

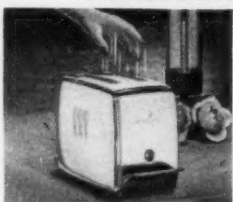
*Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

Takes the bread right out of your fingers!

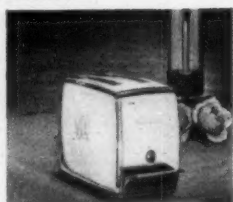
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1 Power-Action automatically...



2 lowers bread for you...



3 starts it toasting...



4 serves it up
—all by itself!

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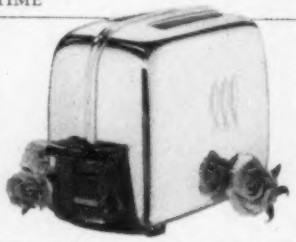
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Continued from page 66

don't even know—or appreciate—what they've got!"

Dave was silent. He slid an arm under her head, trying by his touch to surmount the terrible barrier between their bruised and lonely spirits.

But Mac coming in just then saved them with his blunt humor, "Wait, and I'll turn on more current so you can really kiss her." They laughed over this absurdity and Mac pretended to watch the pressure gauge, as Dave's lips touched hers for the first time in many bitter weeks.

Now her empty world slowly filled. There was cheerful bustling life in the corridors outside. With the masks finally gone, it was fun matching familiar eyes and voices to the faces she'd never seen.

The feeling of being in a vacuum, the cold silence of Isolation was over. Her

mother or Dave was always close. Therapy treatments began, a queer rocking-bed appeared and she learned to stay out longer in the hated portable.

But the dark was still endless. Sleeplessly listening to the monotonous sigh of the respirator she wondered rebelliously why this should have happened to her. What had she done wrong in her short normal happy life to deserve this? Dully she remembered Mac saying that doctors might learn new things through her illness, to help others. But there was cold comfort in being an instrument for good, when your lips were parched for warm human kisses, your arms powerless to hold your love.

Mac was in and out, refreshingly normal in khaki work clothes, his twinkling eyes ever watchful. He stopped before her television set one morning as she fumed, "That woman has baked a cake every morning this week! I know each

Recipe with a Story

SWEET WILD STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS

Mrs. Virginia Dussault-Petosa, Guigues, Que.

SWEET WILD STRAWBERRY dumplings have remained in my family a special treat as long as I can remember.

With the recipe left by my courageous mother I am pleased to revive with you the sweet memories of youthful days which still emerge, as a magic vision, from the steamed and effervescent kettle every time I cook these dumplings.

Colonization in northern Quebec, where my father was working in a lumber camp, was at the first stage toward 1895. We were indeed happy in our little log cabin with a big fire in winter time and freedom among the birds and the trees in the summer. And what fun to run down the trail as far as the river, chasing the wild rabbits and the frightened partridges. I also remember the splendid time we enjoyed so much, going in the bushes with mother to pick wild strawberries. It was a delicious nature's gift in those days when fruits, even the dried fruits, were so rare and so hard to get and sugar was a luxury.

One year on Christmas Day we had some raisin pies for dessert. What a benediction! Of course, the next day we asked for more; but the small ration my mother had saved was exhausted and to cheer up our broken hearts she promised to make for us Sweet Wild Strawberry Dumplings as soon as the next summer season came.

How we waited, through that long and dreary winter for the coming of the spring. At last the green grass and the leaves were peeping out again. Barefoot, we inspected the lanes, the fields, the woods, for wild strawberry flowers. A little time yet and my eldest brother Frank told us one bright morning, "Come with me and don't say anything."

An hour later we came back home with a dish full of appetizing wild strawberries, shouting to mother, outbursting with joy and merriment! We put into her hands the contribution of the promising sun. She smiled at us, but wiped a fugitive tear with the corner of her apron.

How could children understand? We all watched when she put the big kettle on the stove, but none of us even noticed the lack of sugar in the Sweet Wild Strawberry Dumplings which tasted so nice, so sweet and so delicious!

God had renewed for a helpless mother and faithful little children a miracle similar to the loaves' multiplication.

SWEET WILD STRAWBERRY DUMPLINGS

Bring strawberries to boil with sugar to taste, adding some water to increase the juice.

Dumplings:

5 cups flour	2 tablespoons butter or lard
1½ teaspoons baking powder	2 cups milk
½ teaspoon salt	

Add baking powder, salt, to flour. Cut in butter. Add milk to form soft dough. Roll dough to ½ inch thick. Cut into 2-inch squares. Drop squares into boiling fruit, cover and cook 10-15 minutes. Serve hot.

s ep. That's the first thing I'll do when I get home—"

"I'm strictly an angel-food man, myself," Mac said with a keen glance at her, for it was her first mention of ever getting well or going home. "Better work that deltoid, sister!"

"It's your cake," she promised almost gaily, "that is, if you'll bring your Susy to see me. Please Mac! You've talked so much about her."

"No dice! They don't allow young'uns in here."

"I know, but you could lift her up outside my window."

He pulled his ear abstractedly, "Hm-m-m, maybe. But my old aunt who lives with me and takes care of Susy would flip her wig, at the thought."

"Did you . . . tell Susy about me?" Erin asked almost shyly.

"Sure. I tell her everything." He was checking the gauges. "She loves the hospital. It's a fairy palace to her. She thinks your name's funny, Winter . . . and that—"

"What Mac? Go on!"

"Oh, she's real fanciful, dotes on fairy tales. She insists you're enchanted, 'Sleeping Beauty' . . . stuff like that."

Erin said mirthlessly, "True enough. Tell her I'm the original ice-maiden, all frozen and turned to stone."

A few days later, Miss Brown, her nurse, was adjusting the Venetian blind. "Well, for pity's sake," she said, "that looks like Mac." She tilted Erin's mirror, "Look out in the court! Here comes Mac, bringing Susy to see you."

Erin saw Mac grinning and waving outside the open window. He was standing in the grass between the wings of the hospital, and a small laughing

child with bouncing red-gold curls was perched on his shoulder.

"Hello Mrs. Winter . . . Mrs. Summer!" she called in a mischievous flute-like voice.

"Hello Susy!" Erin called back, unable to take her eyes away from the sparkling face, the dancing red curls. With a pang she thought so might her own child look, if she could ever have one.

"Now Susy," reproved Mac, "I wasn't kidding about the lady's name."

"Is it really Winter? Like snow and ice? Like Christmas?"

"That's right, Susy." Erin followed this lead, "I'm kin to Christmas. I have magic powers. Tell me what you want and I'll pass the word along."

"I knew she was enchanted! I told you so," Susy exclaimed. "If you're magic, Erin, say some words to break the spell so you can come out and play with me."

"Time we were shoving off," Mac said hastily. "We'll come again."

"Susy, the magic words are hard to learn," Erin called clearly.

Mac's eyes flicked hers. "Just one word, Erin, fight."

Erin sighed, wishing she had Susy's firm belief in magic. But there was no magic word, no open sesame to her prison door. Even love didn't seem to help. She was suddenly bewildered by her own stubborn despair. She tried to summon the strength of her love for Dave but it was strangely remote, as if he were someone she had loved long ago. But she remembered clearly everything about her house, the curtains she had made, the flowers she had planted. And now she ached just to touch the

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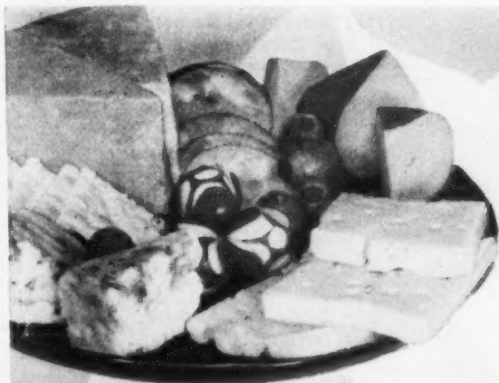
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A Division of Dairy Farmers of Canada
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walls which had held her happiness. Her arms must move with the violence of her longing. But nothing happened. She lay as motionless as she always had.

But she found she could not banish from her mind the bubbling laughter, the bouncing red-gold curls of Susy—the child she could never have. Suddenly an idea struck her. Why couldn't she play the Christmas fairy to Susy and see her eyes radiate those sparkles of delight over fabulous dolls, toys, a play house perhaps? Dave would love it. They could plan it together, even though Christmas was months away.

The spark of interest died; the days drifted monotonously. She didn't even know what day it was, or care, until mellow chimes sounded one morning from her television. Idly she watched Gothic arches of a church appear on the screen, people walking up stone steps in the sunshine. It was Sunday.

A moment later a minister's voice

intoned: "Count thy blessings . . ."

Erin moved her head restlessly. "What blessings! Turn that off, Miss Brown."

The nurse's brisk footsteps expressed disapproval but there was a click and the lighted square darkened.

"Well, haven't I lost everything out of my life?" demanded Erin bitterly.

For a moment Miss Brown's face was bleak and lonely. "You've got love, haven't you?" she said.

Instantly a clear little voice inside Erin repeated the word, *love*. And she thought guiltily, Why, of course! She had the greatest blessing of all. "You are loved, Erin Winter," the voice said.

So many people fighting with every tool of science and medicine, because they loved her. Dave, her mother . . . friends, Mac and the nurses. And she was doing nothing to help. Like someone apart, just looking on at a futile battle.

Anger at herself suddenly burned

through her veins. She could feel the tide of it pouring through her, pulsing with energy. Mac had said, bluntly, once when he found her in tears: "Seems to me the only thing any human being has absolute control of is his mind. You alone have the power to reject despair and inject determination and courage—if inject is the right word."

"It is," she had said, "I've had enough of them to know."

Now she realized Mac was right. She had a mind. She must use it and snap out of this. The will power came from deep within, from some life-giving spring. She'd read about soldiers who found a reserve strength which enabled them to do the impossible—to fight on, dying, and win a battle for a country not their own, for people they didn't know, or who hadn't yet been born. But they had weapons—and their own arms and legs!

And she had love on her side. The

tenderest, deepest love always there, waiting for her. Again the new pulsing energy beat through her veins, and she knew positively that someday, *someday*, she would be well again.

She woke in the darkness that night, to noise and confusion. Thunder rumbled and rain sang against the windows. Her night nurse leaned over her. "Don't be frightened. We're having a storm. I hoped you'd sleep through it."

Erin blinked at a flash of lightning. A man hurried in and began checking the pressure gauges, and in confusion she cried, "Where's Mac? I want Mac."

"He's not on duty tonight, Ma'am. His kid's sick."

"Susy!" Erin forgot the thunder. "It's just a cold," the nurse said. "Mac's a clucking old granny over her."

Erin winced at the rolling thunder. She felt the old trapped feeling and gasped, "I used to put a pillow over my head . . . when it stormed!"

The nurse smiled down at her and put a hand warmly against her cheek. Once again Erin knew that frenzied longing to reach up and hold fast to that hand. If only Dave were here, or Mac. The leashed violence of the storm was shattering. She could hear nurses running in the hall, a child crying somewhere, and hushed voices of reassurance.

Thunder exploded again, and abruptly all the lights went out. The respirator coughed once and was still.

The man said loudly, "Don't be scared, Miss. Crew's on duty in the boiler room, warming up the generators, and I'm on the hand crank right now."

A smothering sensation swept over her. The nurse flicked on a flashlight and Erin could feel her watchful eyes on her face. "Don't get panicky, Mrs. Winter," she said firmly. "We're all taking care of you."

She wasn't suffocating; she knew that, yet the silence appalled her. Her sighing monster was dead. "I can't—I!" She began to gasp chokingly when the door opened and in dashed Mac, his khaki shirt drenched with rain.

"Hi, sister!" he panted, "just thought . . . I'd look in . . . on you." His eye went to the gauges.

"It's . . . not working!" she gasped, "I can't . . . breathe—"

Incredulously she heard Mac's chuckle. "Everything's working but you! Gosh, sister, with that imagination you ought to write books! Listen, will you?"

Unable to believe it she heard the rhythmic sigh of the machine, steadily, regularly, as if it had never given that terrible little cough and stopped dead.

"I've just come from the boiler room. Current's been on five minutes," Mac said.

An orderly tapped on the door just

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1 broiling chicken 1½ to 3 lbs.
cut into pieces
1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

1 Maple Leaf egg, slightly
beaten, with
¼ cup milk
Dry bread crumbs
1 to 3 lbs. NEW DOMESTIC
for fryer.

Heat the NEW DOMESTIC, in fryer or pan, to 375° F.—a 1" cube of bread browns in 50 seconds at this temperature. Roll chicken pieces in seasoned flour, then egg mixture, then bread crumbs. Place breaded chicken in the hot NEW DOMESTIC and fry 15—20 minutes until brown and tender. For larger pieces fry 20—25 minutes at 350° F.

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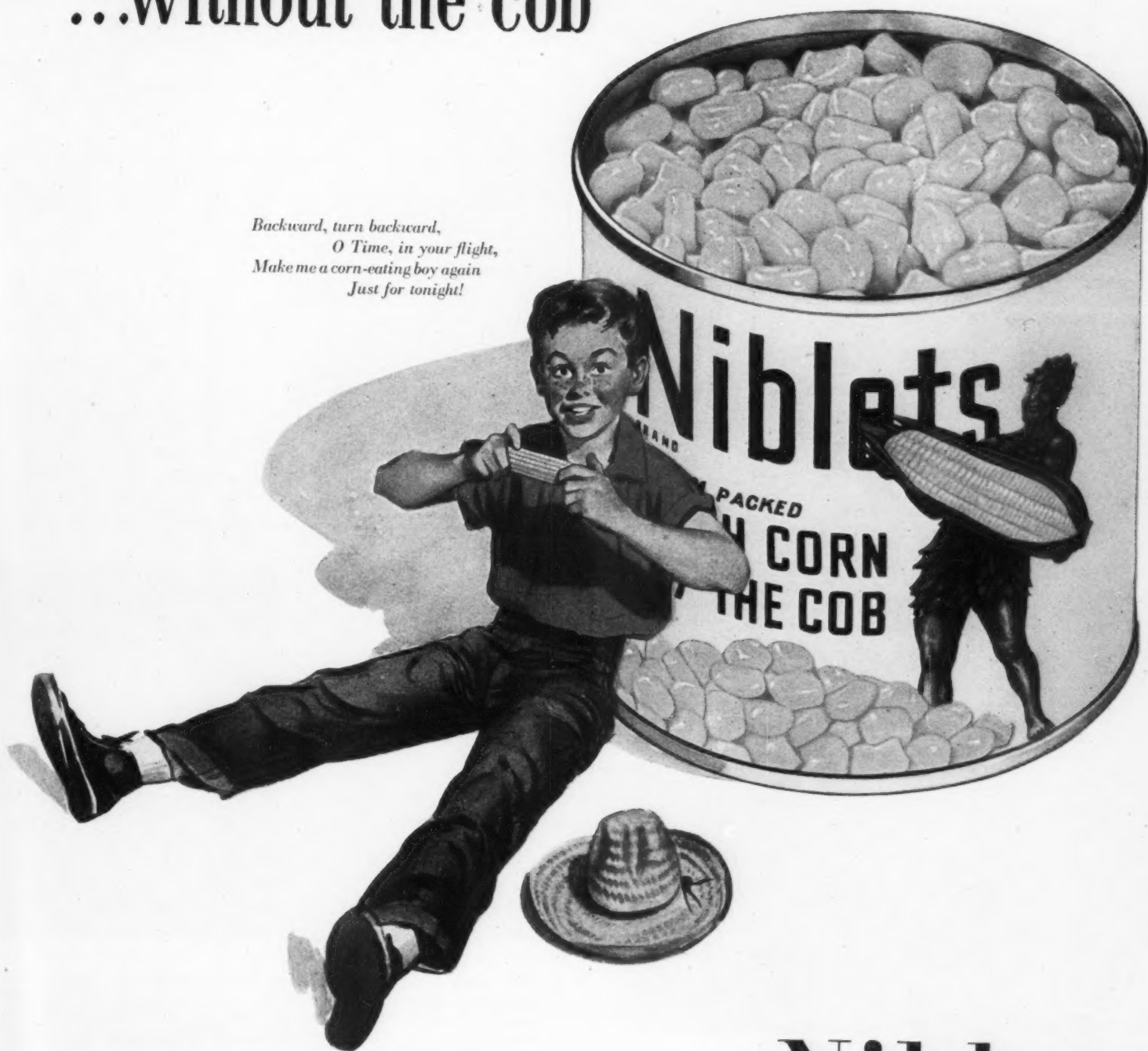
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CLEVER wives who notice how finicky husbands are about the flavour of bacon realize that all bacon *doesn't* taste the same. So they serve Swift's Premium Bacon—it's sure to please *any* man!

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So show *your* wisdom—serve your husband the bacon he'll *really* enjoy—Swift's Premium! It's the largest-selling bacon in the world.



Swift's Premium Bacon tastes even better cooked this way: Place slices in cold frying pan. Do not overcrowd. Cook slowly turning often. For extra crispness pour off fat as it is accumulating.



Swift's Premium Bacon
with the sweet smoke taste

SWIFT—to serve your family better!

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then and thrust in his head. "Mr. Winter's phoning to see if you're all right, Ma'am. He says he'll be over, right away."

"Bringing you that pillow to put over your head," the nurse smiled.

Warmth flooded Erin. Dave and Mac always watching over her! "But he mustn't come," she cried. "It's dangerous in such a storm. Mac," she begged, "you go talk to him. Remind him to shut the windows!" And she thought worriedly, men are foolish and reckless when they are alone. He might have an accident in this storm.

The thunder still rumbled violently. The comforting sigh of the respirator was mingled with the rush and noise of the rain—healing rain! It was washing away all the fear and loneliness in her heart.

She slept much the following day, exhausted by the night's excitement. The day after, one of Mac's crew was in checking. Mac was off duty. In fact he was taking a short vacation, Miss Brown told her. Erin was hurt that he hadn't said good-bye, but her days were filled with therapy lessons, the rocking bed, the portable. She was "breathing on her own" now for twenty minutes at a time.

"Where did Mac go on his vacation?" she asked the technician, while Miss Brown was in the corridor getting her luncheon tray.

"Why, nowhere, Ma'am. He's been that upset about his little girl being sick."

"Susy?" Erin gasped, "no one told me!"

"She had the flu, and she got out of bed hunting Mac, the night of the storm. It made her worse. They brought her in here yesterday . . . pneumonia."

Then he dropped a tool as Miss Brown hissed, "Haven't you any sense?"

"You kept it from me!" Erin's voice rose. "She's in this hospital . . . and it's my fault because Mac came in the storm, to help me!"

"It's not your fault," Miss Brown said distinctly. "It's unfortunate that Mac's aunt is deaf and didn't hear the child calling that night. Susy's doing all right. She's holding her own."

Erin's eyes were streaming tears. "They say *that* . . . when someone is dying! I've got to do something. Poor Mac. Oh, I've got to help him!" In a frenzy of impotence she tried to move. Yet nothing happened. No answer to the terrific effort, the passionate desire—she couldn't lift a finger to help Mac or Susy.

Dave walked in at that moment, and Erin sobbed out her grief and terror. "I'll go right away," Dave said.

"Get specialists, Dave, nurses. Make Mac let you!"

"Mac's got this hospital in the hollow of his hand," Miss Brown said crisply. "Every nurse on the floor is helping, and he's there twenty-four hours a day. What he needs—are prayers."

Erin closed her eyes as if at a blow. Who was she, she thought wildly, to



THE INSTITUTE APPROVES

We did the family wash

102 times before we

passed this laundry set



THREE TIMES a week for thirty-four weeks Chatelaine Institute did a family-size wash to test the Kenmore washing machine and dryer set. These machines, designed as fully automatic, were used in the Institute as they would be in the average home except that clothes were carefully examined both before and after washing to judge the performance of the machine in removing soil.

During the washing period the action in the tub was observed to determine the amount of agitation (too much is hard on clothes, too little does not remove soil).

Because they are important guides to success and satisfaction in using major appliances we studied the instruction booklets for both the washing machine and dryer, making sure that they covered all points thoroughly.

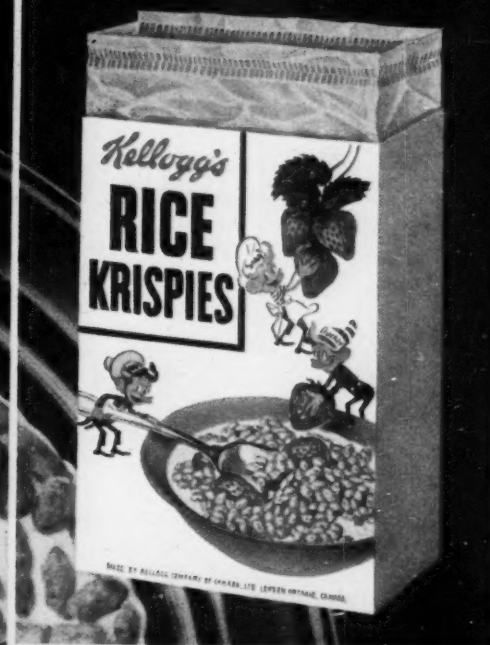
Every load of clothes washed was dried in the automatic dryer and here we found no difficulty in operation and no service problems.

At the end of one hundred and two washings and dryings we were satisfied with the performance of the machines. But we still wanted to know how they would stand up under a standardized washer test and the wear on clothes resulting from the washer action. For this the machines were tested by our physicists in their laboratory. Accelerated tests there indicated good washing ability, only moderate wear from washing action and sturdy construction of both machines.

After this intensive testing the Institute was convinced the Kenmore automatic washer and dryer would give good performance in the home laundry and has awarded this equipment the Chatelaine Seal of Approval. +

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"Rice Krispies" is a trademark of the Kellogg Co. of Canada, Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

"snap!" "crackle!" "pop!"



EVER TALK OVER YOUR PROBLEMS with a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies? They've got an answer for everything. "Snap! Crackle Pop!" they say merrily when you pour on milk or cream. You can't help but agree, "Maybe that's right!" How can you argue with anything so good natured - and so good to eat! Try Rice Krispies tomorrow. You'll find out that the world's only talking cereal has a crispness really worth talking about!

Sunbeam

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MIXMASTER JUNIOR

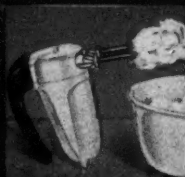


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WITH ALL THESE
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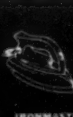
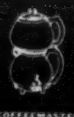
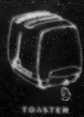


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Famous
for



pray for anyone when she'd been so bitter all these weeks?

"Give Erin something to quiet her," murmured Dave as he went to the door.

"It's good for her," the nurse said stubbornly, "she's waking up at last—thinking about someone besides herself." But she went quickly back to her patient.

Erin kept her eyes closed. She wasn't conscious of words, only of the fierce plea that rushed out of her heart, "Mac's done so much for everyone else, God," she whispered, "don't take his Susy! If people are bothering you about me, don't pay any attention to them. Please God, just concentrate on Susy!"

Then Dave was back. "They need a transfusion," he said, "and fortunately my blood matches—"

"The one thing," remarked Miss Brown dryly, "that can't be manufactured by science. Only by the human body."

Exhaustedly Erin dozed. She woke hours later. It was dusk and Dave was there. "The news is good, Erin. She passed the crisis half an hour ago." He sat down beside her, leaning his head tiredly against her pillow. He clasped her hand through the porthole. "Mac sent you his love."

Erin smiled at him, feeling close, loving his hand clasping hers. Again she felt that furious tide of energy pouring through her, as it had that morning when she wanted so frantically to move, to help Susy. And there was a queer tingling sensation. Without a voluntary thought, her fingers moved slowly in Dave's.

She felt his arm grow rigid, his eyes jerk around to hers. "Did you move, Erin?" he stammered, "did your fingers move in mine, just now?"

She was full of wonder, whispering, "They told me . . . it would come back like this, gradually, just a little at first."

It was curiously like coming out of an anaesthetic, finding you were alive. Again her fingers moved within his warm clasp. The wonderful feel of it shook her heart.

"Oh Erin, it's beginning! You're going to get well!"

"I've got to work hard," she said soberly. "You see, I asked God to write me off . . . not to bother about me any longer . . . and just take care of Susy. So I'm on my own now. I've got to . . . fight it, alone."

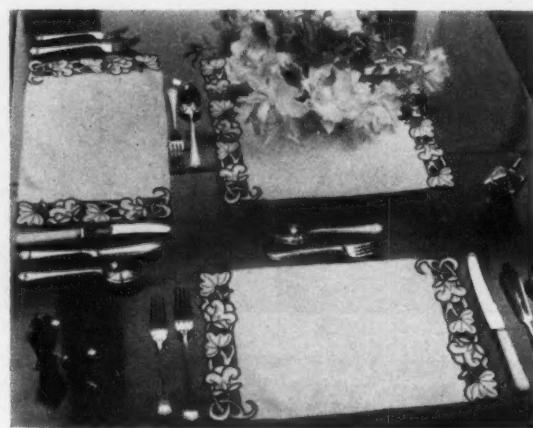
"Not really alone—you know that," She smiled back at him.

There was a peaceful silence in the room. The night wind ruffled the curtains at the window. Then oddly she remembered Mac's words the night of the storm . . . "With that imagination, sister, you ought to write books!"

Could she really write something, dictate it? Something that might help someone traveling the same bitter lonely road? Like those embattled soldiers, fighting almost beyond death for people they'd never see or know? Surely the way wouldn't seem as hopeless if you knew someone had gone before you, had blazed a trail?

Excitement stirred her. If she could write something, she could conquer time and space. In a book she'd be free again; she could walk or run! She felt that terrific rush of energy again . . . she must tell Dave about it. But in the morning . . . she was too tired to talk now.

The night enfolded her, warm and quiet. The regular sighing rhythm of the respirator sounded softly in the room. Suddenly she knew just how she would begin her story. With startling clearness she saw the words, just as if she were writing them across a clean sheet of paper. "Someone was sighing in the room. She heard it dimly through her troubled dreams . . ." +



CUTWORK LUNCHEON MATS

Simplicity is the keynote of this luncheon set, stamped on best quality pure Irish linen, either white or cream. One centrepiece (15" x 14") and one place mat (15" x 10") on white linen, \$1.25. Extra place mats, 60c each. On cream linen, \$1. Extra place mats, 50c. Threads for each mat, 25c extra. Please state color choice for threads. Order No. C60.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept.,
481 University Ave., Toronto.



PAINTED EXPRESSLY FOR WESTON'S BY DON ANDERSON

One done... One to go

Five o'clock—one job done and one to go. Behind her is another day... ahead is her home and family. For she is the modern wife whose skill and effort in office or plant is helping to build two big projects... the Canadian Future and the Canadian Home.

Moments from now, the girl on the job will be transformed into the lady of the house. Out of the slacks or office suit... and into a pretty house dress and fresh lip-stick for a home-coming husband. These efficient hands will be flying in her very own kitchen, doing the jobs women love to do for their men... fixing dinner... picking up bits of mending... whisking through a touch of ironing. And then... the precious time of quiet sharing, as both dream of the future their present labors will make come true. The house they will own... the garden they will tend... the children they will educate and watch grow...

Canada is a working country... and women stand side by side with their men to see that the work is done. It's a fine

system, and a democratic one. And the not-so-silent partner helps her husband hold the line on both fronts. This is the way a family grows... and with such families Canada reaches new horizons of happiness and achievement.

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Weston's take this way of honoring Canadian women, who for many years have made Weston's quality products the first choice in their homes. The name of Weston's is a family favorite today just as it has been for generations—a preference based upon quality first and always in food products.

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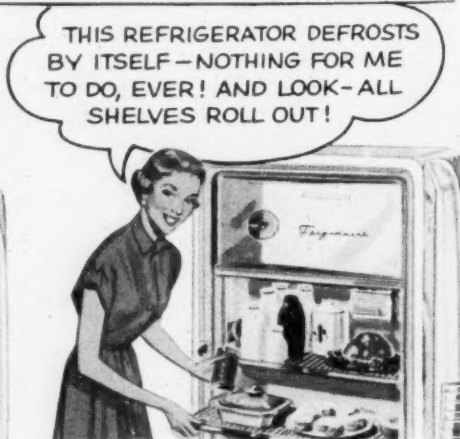
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Look! The glamorous new Cycla-matic Frigidaire with complete Self-Service!

It's the easiest to use food freezer-refrigerator ever made!



Cycla-matic Model CTD-103C

Ask your Frigidaire Dealer about all the Frigidaire appliances. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Toronto 13, Ontario.

If you've been waiting for something really new to happen to refrigerators before you buy — here it is! The Cycla-matic Frigidaire's new concept of *complete Self-Service* makes food-keeping more convenient than ever before. You never have to reach — all food's up front *instantly*. Roll-to-You Shelves glide out all the way with just finger tip pressure. No more groping or playing hide-and-seek with foods.

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Cycla-matic Frigidaire



Built and backed by General Motors

My Favorite Recipe



How Mme. Yousuf Karsh,

the wife of the famed photographer,

makes

LOBSTER A L'AMERICAINE

AMONG SEVERAL classic recipes for this dish I have found the one that follows best for my purpose. As I haven't the fortitude to cut up live lobsters I dash to the sea-food store at the last moment (having ordered the beasts in advance), get them split for me while I wait, and dash back home.

If the lobsters are small, have one per person. If they are bigger, half a lobster will do. Crack the claws and cut the rest of the lobster, depending on size, into two or four pieces. There have been times when my sense of humor got the better of me and my guests have been served their lobsters split in half and had to manage as best they could. Here are the other ingredients, to serve six people:

½ pound butter	3 tablespoons tomato concentrate
1 cup mixed grated carrots and	3 tablespoons olive oil
chopped green onions (if you can	3 teaspoons beef juice or double
get shallots instead of onions, so	consommé
much the better)	3 teaspoons thick fresh cream
3 or more cloves of garlic, depending	½ pint or more dry white wine
on your own taste	Pinch of curry powder
Bouquet of parsley, thyme and bay	Pinch of saffron
leaf	Plenty of fresh-ground pepper

Melt the butter in a fire-going casserole. When it is hot, add all the other ingredients—except the lobsters—and simmer this sauce for three quarters of an hour. Then put the cracked and cut-up lobsters in this sauce until cooked (around 30 minutes).

Place on serving dish. You can either pour the sauce as is over the lobsters or strain it first. Add several good pieces of butter. Sprinkle with finely chopped fresh herbs (in winter this means mostly parsley and perhaps chives).

Pour half a cup of warm brandy on the surface and light it. See the pretty flames burn and serve. Serves six. +

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HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR NEW COTTONS

Though sleek as silk, crisp as taffeta,

cotton is still the good old reliable when it goes in

the suds. But for best results take these tips

BY FRANCES HUCKS, CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

WHEN YOU "Swing Out in Cottons" this summer (see pages 26-28) you'll discover that the old reliable cottons have taken to masquerading in all sorts of delightful disguises. They may look like filmy silks, crisp taffetas, shadowy damasks, rough linens or tweeds—they may even look like cottons occasionally. But you'll be relieved to know they still have the old reliability when it comes to wear and care.

Almost all cotton garments are washable but that doesn't mean that all are treated alike in the laundry.

The sturdier fabrics, like broadcloth, chambray, denim, drill, seersucker and such, which we find in blouses and shirts, housedresses and aprons, children's clothes and sports garments, can go in the machine and come out looking fresh and bright. If they are white or pastel-colored give them a ten-minute wash in hot water with a general-purpose soap or detergent. If they are colorfast prints or solid colors use water not quite so hot and reduce the washing time a little—five to eight minutes is recommended.

More delicate fabrics and garments of fragile construction should be hand-washed in moderately hot water with a mild soap or detergent, squeezing the suds through the garments until they are clean. In this group are billowy summer dresses, hot-weather formals, dainty blouses and lingerie, and infants' and children's clothes which may be made of such sheer cottons as organdie, batiste, lace or fine voile.

The fine knitted cottons demand hand washing, too, as do sweaters and bouclé suits, most quilted cottons and fabrics that need color protection.

Built-in Advantages

These are the familiar cottons, but even they have become more practical and attractive with the development of new methods of processing and finishing the fibres or the fabrics.

Now-familiar labels ("Sanforized," "Shrinketized," etc.) guarantee that the garment will not shrink more than one percent in either length or width. There are methods of making sheer cottons permanently crisp; there are finishes which produce a wrinkle-resistant fabric and, of course, there are dyes that are colorfast to washing. Incidentally, few colored cottons are guaranteed to be sunfast—a quality which is perhaps of less significance in garments than, for example, in curtains.

These treatments ease the laundry problem and increase the life of the garment, while other processes make them more resistant to soiling. Study garment tags to be sure of the qualities guaranteed for the fabric you are buying, as well as laundering requirements.

"Luxury" Cottons

Then there are the permanently glazed fabrics which have a sleek, polished-looking lustre and are washable, shrink-, soil- and wrinkle-resistant. Some very lovely cottons combine this lustrous quality with embossed designs, sculptured patterns and textured effects, giving such a luxury look that you hardly dare hope they will be washable as well.

But they are. In general hand washing is safest but the machine can be

Continued on page 80

Let your Baker be your Menu-Maker!



● In wise menu-making, baker's bread now plays a bigger part than ever! Baked with enriched flour, it adds a substantial supplement of "The Big 3" protective B vitamins—plus iron! And see what a colorful platter you can make with your baker's breads in variety: white, raisin, rye, French-style, whole wheat or cracked wheat.



● Just as accessories can "make" a costume, a delicious assortment of baker's rolls can "make" your dinner menu. Even an ordinary meal has that "eating out" suggestion with a variety of crusty hard rolls. Or serve a basket of soft rolls piping hot: plain round, clover leaves, or Parker House. Fresh out of your baker's oven today!



● When Junior hollers: "Hey, what's for dessert, Mom? . . . whee-e-e!"—it means he's just glimpsed that gorgeous dish of baker's goodies on the sideboard. Once more the baker is your menu maker! Daily he bakes dozens of fancy things to flatter every taste. Take your pick of yummy pecans, butterflies, filled rings, turnovers . . . cakes and cookies in variety!



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With Certo you use only a ONE-MINUTE full, rolling boil. You don't boil down your juice, so you average 50% more jam or jelly. You keep the lovely fresh-fruit taste and color, too. There's a separate kitchen-tested Certo recipe for each kind of fruit. Follow the simple directions carefully to be sure of sparkling, taste-tempting jams and jellies.

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Certo in either form gives equally good results



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Continued from page 78

used in many cases when proper care is taken and it does save effort, especially with garments like very full square-dance skirts or long housecoats. Quilted cottons are sometimes used for these full, billowing garments. If the backing is of good quality material and the quilting firm and close, they may be machine-washed.

Brief, gentle washing is the rule for these cottons, whether done by hand or machine. With the automatic washer shorten each phase of the cycle—washing, rinsing and spinning—giving only a two- to three-minute wash in warm (not hot) water using a mild soap or detergent. Shorten the agitation during the rinsing to not more than two or three minutes and spin for only a few seconds. The complete cycle, particularly the spinning, might leave these new finishes more wrinkled than other methods of washing, so observe the precautions above. With a wringer-type machine it may be safer to take the articles from the rinse water and let them drip dry if possible. This avoids setting creases which are less easily removed from some of these permanent finishes than from the standard cottons.

When to Starch

Glazed fabrics, knitted cottons, quilted material, corduroy and permanently finished cottons need no starching. With others it is optional. A light starching gives a crisp fresh look to gingham, voiles or any cottons that are not permanently stiffened and, in addition, increases resistance to soiling.

How to Iron

Some cottons need no ironing or at most a little touching up with a warm iron after they are dry. Fabrics like seersucker and other crinkle finishes, knitted cottons and corduroy are in this group.

White and pastel cottons look best when ironed on the right side while slightly damp, with a medium-hot iron. Dark plain colors and prints are treated the same way but ironed on the wrong side. All embossed and embroidered cottons must be ironed on the wrong side. Have them slightly damp and use a medium-hot iron with gentle pressure. Careless treatment can flatten and distort the raised pattern. Smooth-surfaced glazed cottons should be ironed when dry on the right side with a warm iron.

Cotton Blends

Some of the tags and labels you examine when shopping for cottons will indicate a blend of this fibre with others such as nylon, rayon or wool. Such tags should indicate the best cleaning method. If you're in doubt have the garment dry-cleaned. When guaranteed washable follow the procedure for the fabric which predominates—percentages should be stated on the tag.

Check all garments carefully before laundering and mend any rips or tears. Remove stains that won't come out in the wash, empty pockets, close slide fasteners, remove thick shoulder pads and any nonwashable trimmings. Then follow laundering instructions carefully and your cotton wardrobe will be as crisp and fresh next year as it is when you buy it. +

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original liquefier-blender takes all the hard work out of food processing—grinds coffee beans for fresh aromatic coffee, purees vegetables for baby foods and soups, chops nuts and vegetables for salads, blends left-over meats for sandwich spreads—fixes delicious, nutritious meals in minutes. Exclusive leak-proof Flex-O-Matic seal permits container to open at either end for easier emptying and to use standard canning jars for processing small amounts of food, sealing, storing in same jar.

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YOU WERE ASKING THE INSTITUTE

How do you clean white kid gloves at home?

Put gloves on hands and apply benzene with a clean cloth. Keep away from water to prevent spotting. Dry slowly on a towel, away from heat. Glove fingers keep their shape better while drying if stuffed with batting or cleansing tissue.

Does the Institute have a recipe for glazed pigs' tails?

Clean pigs' tails thoroughly and simmer in water to cover for forty minutes or until tender. Drain. Place meat in baking dish. Make a syrup of honey or corn syrup and brown sugar. Cook until sugar is dissolved, then pour over meat. Bake in a hot oven, basting frequently, until tails are covered with a smooth glaze, for about fifteen minutes.

How can I remove a spot of nail polish from a brocade dress?

If the material contains cellulose acetate, do not attempt to clean it yourself. Otherwise sponge spot, working from the outside in, with acetone (cellulose acetate fabric will dissolve in acetone), then a mixture of equal parts water and alcohol. Try the method first on an inside seam or hem to make sure the fabric or color will not be affected.

Are dip silver cleaners satisfactory?

They serve a purpose for rush jobs or ornate pieces difficult to clean with regular polish and should be used only occasionally. They do not claim to "polish," but only remove tarnish. Never use on oxidized or "French" finishes as they will remove the finish.

How can rust spots be removed from a porcelain enamel sink?

Try a household scouring powder first. If the sink is badly stained a mild solution of a chlorine bleach may be left on for thirty minutes. Full strength chlorine bleach will damage the enamel. Powdered bleaches, other than chlorine, can be used safely and can be left until the spots are removed.

The safest method for cleaning a badly stained sink is to let coal oil stand in it until the rust disappears. There is no danger to the porcelain finish and hot soapy water will remove traces of the coal oil.

Is there any way to perk up ruffled nylon sash curtains?

Try giving them a light starching next time you wash them. Use precooked starch made according to the direction on the package and be sure to blend it well with lukewarm water, using twice the amount of water you use for cotton dresses. The starch treatment perks up the curtains and does wonders for the frills. Nylon blouses respond to light starching too. A light pressing with your iron at lowest setting gives best results.

We are moving into a new home soon. Have you any tips on packing that will help to avoid too much work on the day we move?

Plan in advance. It's not too soon, right now, to look over accumulated letters and magazines and do start collecting cartons. Veteran movers say well-labeled packages and boxes save countless hours during those first few

days of getting settled in a new home. So stock up on big labels, then write on each the entire contents of the package.

What to pack first? Begin with your stored possessions, discarding anything that has no sentimental or material value. Books can be packed easily in small or medium cartons and tied with

heavy rope so they can be easily carried. Pack linen in flat containers. Jars of fruit and jelly should be wrapped in several thicknesses of newspapers and, like the books, packed in small cartons, tied securely. And for convenience at your destination, be sure to label the cartons, for a happy moving day!

I have been told that because my cake tins are old and darkened my cakes will not be as light or high. Is there anything to this?

"The brighter your pan, the better

your cake will bake," say experts who have been concentrating on testing baking pans for months. Of course, you don't need to throw out all your old pans to follow this advice. Look them over carefully. If some are just dull and a little discolored, get out those handy scouring pads, the kind made with fine steel wool and a soap compound. It's amazing how they will bring back the shine on your pans. Badly blackened cake tins may not respond, so replace them when you can.



When you ask yourself— Which vinegar shall I use?

To make the best salads you buy the best fresh fruits and vegetables. To add the final flavour touch you need the best vinegar. So, to the question: "Which vinegar?" the answer is obvious — "Heinz!" It saves you money because a little goes such a long way. No wonder Heinz is the world's best selling quality vinegar.

Heinz makes three kinds. The White Vinegar is first choice for salads and pickling. The Cider is especially good for fruit salads. The Malt goes well with meat and seafood salads.

Heinz Vinegars are bottled in several sizes to suit every family need.

HEINZ

FAMOUS VINEGARS

FOR PICKLING—Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada, Ltd. Dept. S. P., Leamington, Ont., for a FREE copy of recipe book, "Pickling Success."



From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake

Carnation Home
Service Director



FUDGE SAUCE

QUICK FUDGE SAUCE CREATED BY CARNATION

Fudge Sauce—silky-smooth, deep-brown, rich-chocolate flavored. Fudge Sauce for pouring in a thick stream over ice cream... and simple puddings... and cake. M-m-m-m—how I love it! Don't you? If you do like Fudge Sauce, you'll be thrilled as we are, with the new 1-2-3 Fudge Sauce we developed in our test kitchen. It's *always* smooth, because Carnation is a *better-blending*, heat-refined milk. Luxuriously rich, because Carnation has the consistency of cream. More chocolate-y, too, because Carnation brings out the best in your ingredients. Try this wonderful new sauce—it's so easy you can't miss!



CARNATION 1-2-3 Fudge Sauce

(Makes 3 cups sauce)

- 1 large can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 squares (3 ounces) unsweetened chocolate*

SIMPLY COMBINE Carnation, sugar and chocolate in saucepan over medium-low heat. Allow to come to the boil, stirring occasionally. Then cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add teaspoon vanilla, and beat with rotary-type beater until smooth and thoroughly blended. Serve hot or cold.

*For more chocolate flavor use 4 squares chocolate.

YOUR GROCER is probably featuring Carnation Milk Displays right now—with FREE recipe leaflets attached. Get your free leaflet containing my recipe for 1-2-3 Fudge Sauce, and 3-Minute Butterscotch Sauce.

PEPPERMINT AND CHOCOLATE is a favorite combination. So, how would you like a recipe for Peppermint Ice Cream, to serve with Fudge Sauce? It's easy and economical—thanks to Carnation, the milk that whips. But remember, you must use Carnation Milk. No other form of milk will do.

PEPPERMINT FROST

(Makes 8 servings)

- 1 large can undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 egg whites
- ½ cup light corn syrup
- 1 cup crushed peppermint stick candy

Chill Carnation in freezing tray of refrigerator until soft ice crystals form. Pour into chilled bowl; whip stiff. Add lemon juice; continue whipping until very stiff. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Fold syrup, egg whites and candy into whipped Carnation. Freeze in refrigerator tray until firm.

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EARLY SUMMER... and salmon... and fresh asparagus! Don't know why, but to me they just seem to belong together. One of my very favorite main courses at this time of year, is Salmon Puffs with hot fresh asparagus, and potatoes whipped light and fluffy with undiluted Carnation. Of course, I don't save my Salmon Puffs only for summertime! They're so delicious I serve them the year 'round. The secret of their moistness and rich flavor, is... Carnation Evaporated Milk! Double-concentrated, heat-refined Carnation, makes a marvelous difference. Do try cooking with Carnation! You'll find your meals greatly improved.

CARNATION SALMON PUFFS

(Serves 4 to 5)

- 2 tbsps. butter
- 3 tbsps. flour
- 1 cup undiluted Carnation Evaporated Milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 tbsps. chopped parsley (or green onion)
- 2 tbsps. lemon juice
- ½ cup fine dry crumbs
- ½ lb. can salmon, flaked
- Shortening for frying

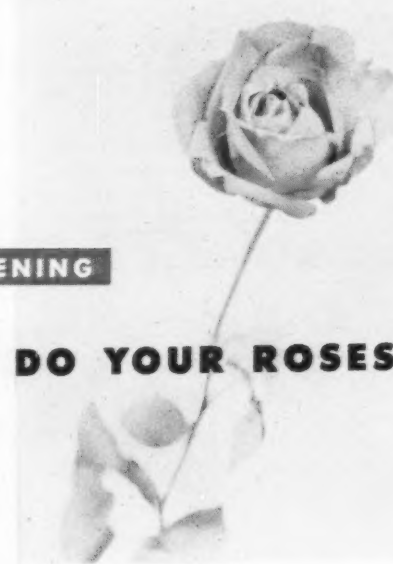
Blend butter and flour over boiling water or low heat, stirring constantly; gradually add Carnation. Continue stirring over heat until thickened. Season to taste. Cool. Combine sauce, parsley, lemon juice, ¼ cup crumbs, and salmon. Form into 2-inch patties. Coat with remaining crumbs. Pan-fry or deep-fry until surface is crisp and brown.



"from Contented Cows"

GARDENING

HOW DO YOUR ROSES GROW?



There's no secret to raising these beauties if you keep up the weekly battle against their two worst enemies

BY HELEN O'REILLY

THERE IS something wrong with the gardener who can't grow roses. Not that I am one to pretend that rose growing consists of nothing but flattering floppy hats, gardening shears, and baskets of long-stemmed beauties—it is just that roses have grown wild on this continent from the Arctic Circle to far below the Forty-ninth Parallel since time began. There is nothing wrong with the roses, therefore, and nothing wrong with our climate for them, so...

The catch is, of course, that cultured roses have to be constantly and lovingly protected from their enemies. In the charming technical phrase, roses are "host plants" to an overwhelming number and variety of pests—they are threatened by ten kinds of beetle, seventeen kinds of scale, by maggots, borers, galls, weevils, moths, caterpillars, worms, earwigs, rabbits, mice, aphids, leaf hoppers, thrips, spiders, slugs and (believe it or not) false slugs, mealybugs, and root-knot nematodes, not to mention fungi. And one expert says that man is their worst enemy of all.

If you are wondering why anyone ever attempts to cultivate the rose look about you now in June and see, as the poets have noted since the dawn of history, how "lovely is the rose!" No other flower is quite so well beloved, and one simple proof of this universal admiration is the fact that even those unnatural creatures who, while admiring your borders, will ask politely the names of such common or garden flowers as the peony, the columbine, or the del-

phinium—even such as they will recognize the rose.

The other answer to the why-try-roses question is that, although they are comparatively expensive to buy, roses are long-lived plants. I know a hybrid perpetual called Frau Karl Druschki that is forty years old. Properly placed (in the sunshine on well-drained ground) and carefully planted, many roses will outlive their planters—think, after all, how many ills this flesh is heir to compared to a few paltry bugs, slugs, thrips, and beetles (only a few of which you will have to face in any particular locality).

But enough of these sad thoughts on mortality. June is upon us, the gorgeous month of roses, and our object is to keep those roses in the pink of perfection and so make sure they bloom again. A properly cared for hybrid tea or floribunda rose will flower over and over again right up until the frost. The two requisites are cultivation and pest control—in other words, your roses must be kept weed-free and insect-free—it is as simple as that.

Cultivation means keeping the surface of the soil around your plants constantly stirred so that weeds cannot take root and water can get down to the roots. Mulches and extra fertilizers are just means to lighten this labor, but cultivation is the true essence of the matter. For instance, well-rotted manure spread over a carefully cultivated bed will smother the weeds for a time but they will spring up eventually with

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN'T GROW LILIES?

Helen O'Reilly tells you how in

JULY CHATELAINE

newed vigor, and roses do not thrive in competition! Peat moss will smother weeds even more effectively, and look nice too, but in the end it may cake over the top of the soil and keep out the moisture so necessary to growing roses. The best plan of all, therefore, is to get into a routine of cultivating around your roses once a week and that's that.

As to those paralyzing pests and fungi, why not spray once a week and stop worrying? For, let's face it, your roses are open to attack from one or other of those unattractive insects and diseases from earliest spring to killing frost. The insects are divided into those that chew the leaves and flowers and those that suck the sap from the stems. Most of the chewers are finished off by poison, arsenate of lead, and the sucking beasts, such as aphids, are disposed of with nicotine. The diseases are black-spot, mildew, and cankers and the preventive medicine for all three is sulphur.

The routine, then, is this: combine sulphur and arsenate of lead (the proven proportions are nine parts dusting sulphur to one part arsenate of lead, in case you make your own, but there are good patent preparations on the market); constantly spray or dust with these ingredients to prevent most rose afflictions, and nicotine can be rushed to the rescue if the little sucking pests are seen.

For dusting and spraying I suggest you get both a dusting gun and a sprayer. You may dust by tying the stuff in a fine muslin bag on the end of a stick and shaking it among your



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Yes, Madam, for baking that's really festive, there's no substitute for the good old Magic way! Four generations of Canadian women have proved that Magic Baking Powder makes the very best of your recipe, of your chosen ingredients. Keep Magic on hand for all your baking... cakes, cookies, cup cakes and biscuits.

INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES

2 cups sifted pastry flour
or $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ tps. Magic Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
Pinch of grated nutmeg
3 tbsps. fine granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilled shortening
1 egg, well beaten
Milk
Soft butter or margarine
Sweetened sliced strawberries
Lightly-sweetened whipped cream
6 whole strawberries

Grease a cookie sheet. Preheat oven to 400° (hot). Mix and sift twice, then sift into a bowl, the flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt, nutmeg and sugar. Cut in the shortening finely. Combine the well-beaten egg and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Make a well in the flour mixture, and add liquids; mix lightly with a fork, adding a little more milk, if necessary, to make a soft dough that is a little stiffer than a plain biscuit dough. Knead for 10 seconds on lightly-floured baking board and pat or roll out to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thickness; shape with floured 2½-inch round cookie cutter. Arrange, well apart, on prepared cookie sheet; brush with milk. Bake in preheated oven 14 to 16 minutes. Split hot shortcakes and spread with butter or margarine; arrange bottom halves on individual serving plates and pile with sweetened sliced strawberries; cover with top halves of shortcakes. Top each shortcake with a spoonful of whipped cream—or with more fruit and cream—and add a whole berry. Yield—6 shortcakes.



*Magic costs less than 1¢
per average baking*

rosebushes, and your spray solution can be poured over them from a watering can. In both operations, however, it is vital to cover the foliage on both sides and this takes a good deal of manoeuvring if you have not the proper tools. Dust and/or spray preferably on a still evening or in the early morning before the wind is up and, if only you can arrange it, just before a rain.

Needless to say there are exceptions to these golden rules. For instance, there is no sure poison for the scourge known variously as the rose beetle, the rose bug, or the rose chafer. It looks like a slender, yellowy-tan potato bug and flourishes particularly in sandy areas and some of the DDT preparations may work for you. The old-fashioned, deadly method of picking off each bug by hand into a jar of kerosene remains the surest way to do battle and, as these enemies lay their eggs in the ground, the constant cultivation mentioned earlier exposes and destroys their young in a most gratifying way.

If black-spot has reached your roses (before you read this advice, of course), do not hesitate a moment but pick off every infected leaf from the plant—it begins on the lower leaves—and from

the ground beneath your plant and burn them fast. Black-spot starts as a small dark purple spot that gets gradually larger and develops a yellow rim; sometimes the whole leaf turns yellow, speckled with black spots. The spores of this noxious disease are in the air itself but they need moisture to germinate so your roses are safest from them in hot dry weather and it is during damp rainy periods that you must watch like a hawk. Which brings us to watering.

Never Merely Sprinkle

Roses need a good soaking once a week and that does not mean a gentle sprinkling. Unless there has been a heavy rain soak your rose plants by removing the nozzle of the hose and letting the water seep right into the ground around your plants. There are fine new devices, such as soil-soakers made of plastic, that are ideal for this very operation but the thing to know and remember is that it is better not to wet the foliage and that a mere sprinkle of water is worse than none at all.

If you have yet to see the rose that is worth all this trouble, you have not seen a properly grown rose blooming in

a June garden, that's all! Once you have seen a beautiful hybrid tea rose such as the famous Peace, with its golden buds opening to pale yellow edged with pink, or the fragrant scarlet loveliness of Christopher Stone, once you have yearned over clusters of the floribunda called Pinocchio, in salmon pink flushed with gold, or another, in delicate coral with red outer petals, called Ma Perkins—only then can you decide what price roses!

And in case you are just getting into the rose-growing groove, these are the general classifications. Hybrid teas (tea roses crossed with hybrid perpetuals) are rosebushes that range from fifteen inches to four feet in height according to the variety—and there are literally thousands of varieties. They are recurrent bloomers although they are called inaccurately "monthly" or "everblooming" because they flower repeatedly through the summer. Go to see them in the nurseries and the rose shows during this month of roses. Look for the old standbys like Comtesse Vandal whose orange-copper buds open to brilliant pink and Charlotte Armstrong with buds and flowers of richest red. You will see the latest marvels of rose

culture like the All-America winner of 1954, Mojave, that takes its name from the colors of the Painted Desert—true orange-rose touched with red and scarlet tints.

There are only a few hybrid perpetuals shown now—like my Frau Karl Druschki which is a glorious white—and they bloom sturdily in June only. The latest wonders are the hybrid polyanthas called floribundas—low bushes with small roses in magnificent clusters, showy for the border yet delightful for cutting. The newest is a heart-breaker in delicate pink with a spicy fragrance named Lilibet, All-America winner in its class.

"Before the alyx breaks," runs the report of the award, "the uniquely high-centred and symmetrical buds are empire red but rapidly turn pink as the petals unfold." Clusters of them—can you resist?

Of course these newest plants are the most expensive, so if you can't bear to wait for them, choose the older established favorites. But buy from a good reliable nursery, even if the price is a bit higher. Half a dollar saved, as I found to my sorrow, may mean a rosebush and a year's work lost!



"Quick . . . look across the road! Have you ever in all your life . . .



seen anything as beautiful as this . . .



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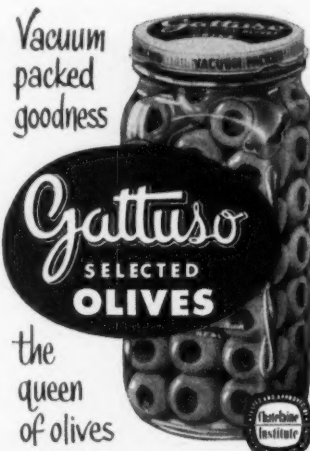
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KATHLEEN DUNNING

THIS CAREER COOK SAYS:

"I'd rather have my husband say the dinner was good than compliment me on my new hat."

"Families who are too proud to eat in the kitchen don't know how to enjoy life."

"Young women who slavishly follow cook-books will never be good cooks."

"If it is a choice between dusting and cooking a decent meal, my house goes dusty."

The author of these opinions has an excellent right to proclaim them. Kathleen Dunning—a small, dimpled, red-haired woman from Alberta who now commands an office with kitchen attached in New York's Rockefeller Center—knows food from many professional angles.

She has milked a dozen cows a morning. She has made hundred-and-fifty-pound Cheshire cheeses entirely by herself. She has been chief bacteriologist for a big dairy firm. She has churned prize-winning butter in a hand churn. She has managed a test kitchen. She has won the Cordon Bleu Certificate for gourmet cooking. She has invented dozens of recipes which have gone into the repertory of the home kitchen. She markets and cooks for her own family of four. And Kathleen Dunning loves to cook.

Miss Dunning is a topflight practitioner in a small, behind-the-scenes profession—that of the recipe maker and food publicist. They are the powers behind the recipe on the box top, the colored magazine advertisement, the newspaper food columnist and the radio domestic gossip.

Kathleen Dunning's background is international. She was born in Scotland, raised in English North Country parsonages, and learned her home economics in Canada, at the University of Alberta. Despite her three university degrees and her collection of blue ribbons, her basic food ideas are probably closer to those of a French peasant woman than of today's housewife in her gadget-laden kitchenette. She can look at the cornucopia of a supermarket through the eyes of a European and marvel at the choice of foods women have here on this continent.

"In the midst of all these riches, many women stick to the dull grind of meat and potatoes," she mourns. "Sometimes you think there are too many good things. The cook is not challenged to invent and make do, as she must in a country with less food. A French housewife has her soup stock simmering on the stove all week, and everything she can find goes into the soup sooner or later."

The red-haired food publicist deplors our architectural trend toward the kitchenette and one-woman kitchen. "Half

the joy of cooking is to have others with you in the kitchen. I believe in kitchens large enough for little helpers, a kitchen big enough for the guests to stand around and have their drinks and smell the good smells. And kitchen exhaust fans! They are useful for blowing away smoke, or airing out when the kitchen gets too hot, but they should never be used to chase out the smells of a good meal cooking.

No Lonely Chore

"Many of our brides today are losing interest in becoming decent cooks because of the tiny one-woman kitchens that look like dentists' offices. Cooking becomes a lonely chore that no one can share. The family and the guests are in another room, having fun, while she is sentenced to solitary confinement."

As the creator of hundreds of original recipes, Miss Dunning does not hesitate to warn against slavish reliance on the cookbook. "Once you have learned a sound recipe, have fun by trying variations on it. Cooking is a creative thing. It is not cement mixing, which must be done just so every time. It is a thrill to put your own special touch on a dish." She thinks girls should learn to cook when very small, before the kitchen and its lore become a drudgery.

When Miss Dunning was in her teens she got a summer job as a dairy maid for the Earl of Crawford at Wigan, Yorkshire. From this employment she went to Reading University for a dairying diploma. The curriculum was rugged. The small girl milked twelve cows at dawn, churned butter by hand, and became proficient at manufacturing huge Cheshire cheeses which required three hundred gallons of milk. "I had to turn over those huge cheeses by myself to grease them." Her butter took first prize at the Royal Agricultural Show in Manchester in 1930, which decided her on a professional career with food.

She was invited to live with an aunt in Calgary. In 1933, the little dairy culturist arrived in Canada and entered the University of Alberta to study home economics. Later she worked as chief bacteriologist for the Union Milk Company. In 1938 she went to New York

WHAT

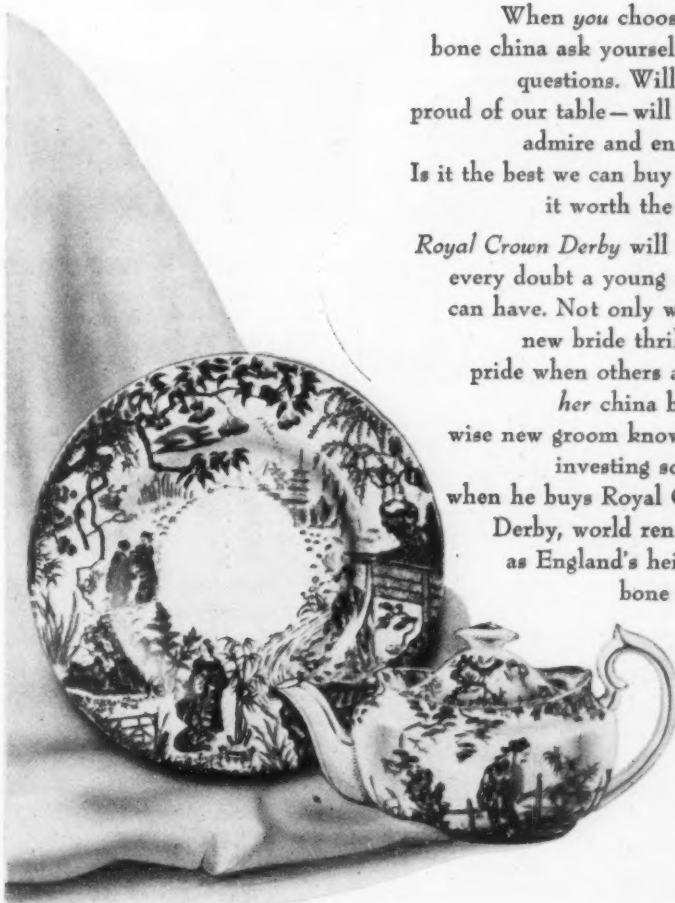
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for a year's study at Columbia University, subsequently becoming test kitchen chief for an advertising agency and an agency executive.

Despite her training in scientific cookery, Miss Dunning draws heavily on the French cooking tradition. "Most of the scientific dietary discoveries we publicize today were unconsciously followed by the old-time French chef. We recommend to modern housewives that green vegetables be cooked in a slightly acid water to preserve the vitamin C. French cooks have always done this. They add lemon juice, originally to preserve the fresh color of the vegetable. It also seals in the C vitamins. But a French cook would never substitute lemon juice for white wine in a recipe, as American cookbooks sometimes tell people who disapprove of wine. And incidentally—the alcohol in wine completely evaporates in cooking, leaving only the subtle flavor."

Miss Dunning in her busy private life is Mrs. Kenneth Fisher. Her lanky husband is a psychologist. They live in a large comfortable house on Long Island with their two children, Susu and Paul. After a forty-hour working week, plus twelve hours commuting, this professional recipe creator looks forward to cooking on week ends for family and friends. "I have Ken trained," she admits. "We take turns cooking the big meals. He is a very good cook. He is a marvelous foil for any new dish I am working on. I feed that man everything and he never complains and never gains an ounce."

TWO SUMMER SPECIALS

By Kathleen Dunning

This is my favorite way of using left-over egg whites. Meringues are no novelty—you can find a recipe for them in any good cookbook. There's a way of serving them dramatically, though—and I like to use a little showmanship with desserts, no matter how simple they are.

MERINGUES WITH STRAWBERRIES

4 egg whites 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup fine granulated sugar 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add sugar about 2 tablespoons at a time, beating constantly. Beat in vanilla. Mixture should be stiff and peaked. A pastry bag with a plain tube about 1/2 inch diameter is good for shaping your meringues but a soup spoon will do. Place on a baking sheet covered with waxed paper (do not grease). Bake in a slow oven (250 deg. F. to 275 deg. F.) 45-60 minutes or until dry and a delicate golden color. Remove carefully with a spatula as soon as they come from the oven. If they tend to stick, run a little cold water underneath the waxed paper. Cool on a rack.

When meringues are cold, sandwich two together with whipped cream. When they are all sandwiched, pipe the remaining cream through a pastry bag with a star tube and put about three rosettes of cream down the dividing line. You can anchor these on a large platter

"My daughter, Susu, is learning to cook. I think it is worth the nuisance of having her underfoot to get her started so early. And she loves it. When she was two I caught her rubbing the cat with garlic to make him good. One day Susu came home from a visit with her friend. She said, 'We had apple charlotte. It wasn't as good as yours. I don't think her mommy knows how to feed her.'"

A pleasant requirement of Kathleen Dunning's job is to lunch at quality restaurants, ordering new *spécialités de la maison*, and keeping up with the prodigious variety of fine dishes in the cosmopolitan eating houses of New York. When she discovers a good new dish she tries to wangle the recipe from the chef. "The other day at Marnel's restaurant I asked about a delicious new *pâté*. The waiter said it was against the policy of the house to give out recipes, and besides I could never cook it with its complex make-up of butter, chicken livers, brandy and so on. I went home with these clues and made a *pâté* just like theirs. Waiters usually give away a recipe while they are turning you down."

After more than twenty years of cooking as a career, the Canadian home economist still loves it. "I read every cookbook that comes out for new ideas. I can read a recipe like music. Just by reading it I can tell whether the dish would be interesting to eat."

"When I get very depressed," Kathleen Dunning says, "instead of buying a new hat, I make bread."

with a small amount of whipped cream. Usually I place all the meringues around the rim of the platter, then pile the centre with strawberries. Sprinkle a little confectioners' sugar on the strawberries just before serving. You can use other fruit if you prefer, but strawberries make a very pretty color combination. This dessert will serve six.

One day I planned a pea soup to use up some ham bone stock in my refrigerator. My cupboard was bare of peas but I did have plenty of potatoes and onions. This soup was the result. If you carefully remove all fat from your stock before using it, Potato Potage is very good served iced in the hot weather.

POTATO POTAGE

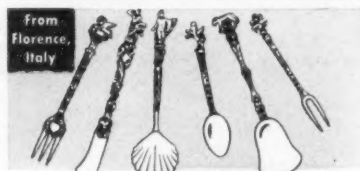
4 cups ham bone stock 3-4 cups milk
dash of cayenne pepper
4 large potatoes, peeled and sliced 1/2 cup cream
3 medium onions, peeled and sliced 3 tablespoons chopped chives
1 tablespoon salt

Place stock in large heavy pan with sliced potatoes, onions and salt. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer until vegetables are mushy. Rub through a sieve. Stir in milk slowly and add cayenne pepper. Correct seasoning—potatoes need a lot of salt. Stir in cream (you don't have to if you're counting calories or pennies, but it improves the flavor). Add chives just before serving. Serves six to eight. +

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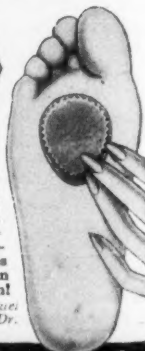
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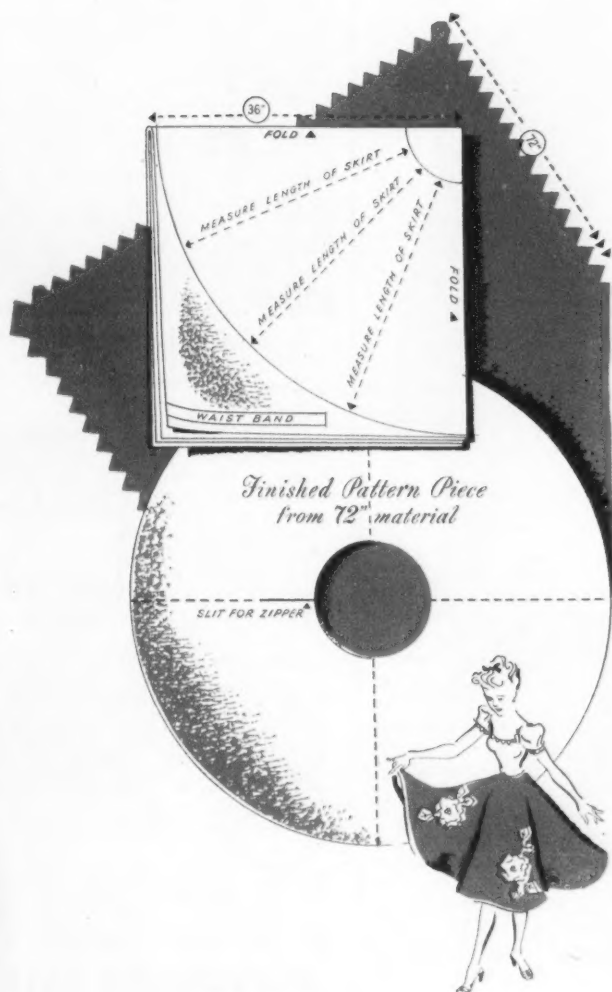
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Yardage—For adults: Fold two yards of 72-inch material into quarters; or two 72-inch lengths of 36-inch felt, placed double and folded in half widthwise. For children (or skating skirt): Fold one yard of 36-inch material into quarters, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 50-inch material—depending on length of skirt desired.

Directions—1. Using a compass (or a pin and a piece of string) mark off a quarter circle at point of folds for waist opening. For a 24-inch waist make radius of circle $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; for a 26-inch waist 4 inches; for a 28-inch waist $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, etc.

2. With a yardstick, measure out from the circle to desired length of skirt and mark every few inches. Draw a curved line connecting marks and cut along curve. Cut along curve of waist opening. If 36-inch material is used for the adult size, mark and cut as above, then sew selvedge edges together.

3. Cut waistband from remaining fabric, making band 3 inches wide and 2 inches longer than waist measure (3 inches by 26 inches for 24-inch waist).

4. Cut 7 inches along one fold (or leave selvedge open) from waistline. Insert 7-inch zipper.

5. Sew waistband to wrong side, fold to right side and top stitch. (Extra two inches is underlap.) Finish with hooks and eyes or dome fasteners.

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Continued on next page

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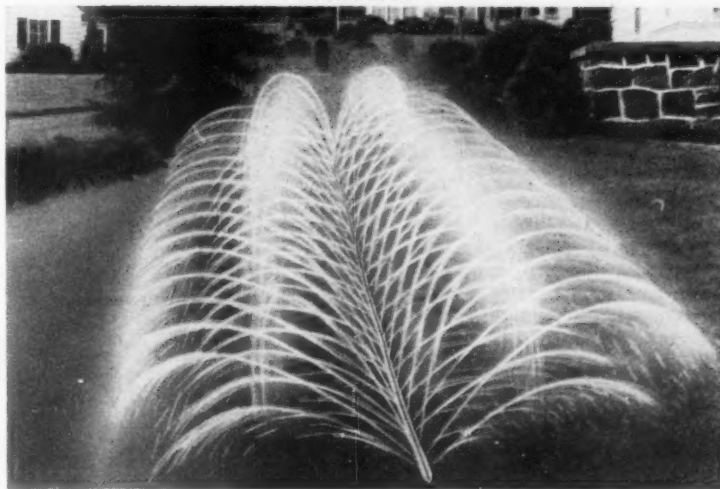


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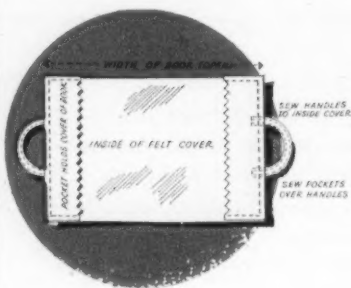
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MAKE THESE FOR YOUR BAZAAR (Continued from previous page)

BOOK COVERS are easy to make of felt in a wide range of colors, can be attractively decorated with initials or appliques. To give them sales appeal for people who like to read on trains, buses and streetcars, stitch a contrasting felt pocket for spectacles on the front cover.

Make a paper pattern first—Main section: Measure length of book from top to bottom. Open book flat on its back



and measure width. Add 1/2 inch to both of these measurements in making your paper pattern.

Pockets: Make pattern using length of book plus 1/2 inch, and 3 inches wide.
Handles: Cut strip of paper 3/4 inch by 7 inches.

Directions—1. Cut felt for main section, two pockets, and four strips for two handles.

2. Stitch four handle strips together to make two handles. Baste in place on insides of cover. Sew on pocket pieces, stitching well around three sides, leaving inside long edge open for insertion of book cover.

3. Use same technique for telephone books, omitting handles.

SPECTACLE CASES—Cut a rough paper pattern outlining glasses, allowing 1/4 inch around all sides. Lay pattern on felt, and cut four pieces with pinking shears. Decorate one piece with appliques, hand embroidery (wool or silk) or sequins or beads (or combination). Baste in pairs and complete case by sewing pairs together 1/4 inch from edge with double row of stitching—decorated piece on outside, of course. Two tones of felt may be used.

FOR YOUR APRON BOOTH

As well as the good old-fashioned stand-bys made of cottons, make glamorous aprons of such materials as nets, taffetas, sculptured cottons, iridescent organdie or nylon. Bazaar shoppers who entertain a lot will like these for party wear—particularly in seasonal motifs for Christmas, Hallowe'en or birthdays.



Directions—Cut 10-inch strip from bottom of towel for pocket and three additional strips 1 1/2 inches wide for ties and neckband. Hem edges of ties and neckpiece. Lay right side of pocket piece to wrong side of apron, sew cut edges together with 1/4-inch seam. Turn to right side, stitch selvedge edges together. Sew face cloth to top of towel for bib, with borders vertical. Attach ties to each top corner of towel (on wrong side), sewing third piece to upper corners of face cloth for neckband. It may be necessary to shorten and adjust neckpiece.

Terry cloth by the yard comes in lots of pretty colors, is very wide and perfect for baby bathrobes, socks, booties and jackets.

CHEF'S APRONS and barbecue aprons made of unusual fabrics will delight the male cooks. Use your imagination and hunt for chintz with some original motif, such as vegetables, hunting scenes or stoves. Striped denims can also be colorful and striking. Use a very simple straight pattern, like a butcher's apron.

MEN'S FIREPLACE MITTS are made by simply enlarging mother's pattern for oven mitts to big size. Men are cowards about picking up anything hot, and these will save many a dropped plate or casserole, too.

POT HOLDERS—Buy colored quilted cotton by the yard, or use any scraps from making aprons or cut from an old housecoat, using several thicknesses of lamb's wool as filling and binding with contrasting bias tape. Try the latest trick of inserting a small magnet in one corner. This saves sewing on rings or loops, as it clings to any metal.

BAZAAR SPECIALS

MAKE MONEY FROM CORK—A wonderful and inexpensive medium for making new things or covering old ones. You can

buy it in most art supply stores, in sheets of various thicknesses (1/16 inch, 1/8 inch, 1/4 inch, etc.). You can cut



Be a lovely, lovable BLONDE

Time-darkened blonde, brunette or redhead—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash you lighten just a shade or turn adorable, dazzling towhead. Have sunny highlights, one dashing streak! Not a dye... complete home hair lightener. Lightens arm and leg hair, too.

3 1/2 oz. 79c



OR if you don't plan to lighten—

Use a Marchand's RINSE after each shampoo for flattering highlights and temporary color... to blend gray streaks. 9 shades. 6 Rinses 39c 2 Rinses 15c

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LASTING
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This new dual-purpose deodorant talc keeps you twice as nice, smooths your skin, safeguards your freshness and keeps you fragrant as April Showers.

Regular April Showers Talc—only 59c

by **CHERAMY**
LEADING FRAGRANT TOILETRIES

it with scissors, razor blade or fret saw for the thicker pieces. The only other tools you need are a ruler, pencil and a stiletto for punching holes.

Directions—Before cutting in required sizes, coat the back of the sheet cork with shellac or clear plastic. This fills in the porousness and prevents your glue from showing through on the finished side. Dry thoroughly, then cut in shapes, apply cement or glue (follow directions on container for any glue or cement used) and apply to surfaces to be covered.

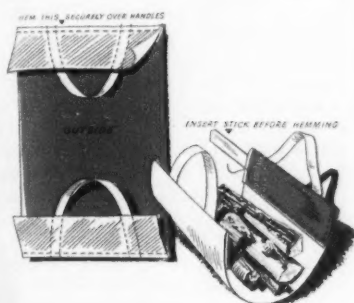
You may decorate cork with designs in paint or ink.

You can cover old tables (card or other small tables), boxes, bottles, old lamp bases, tins, canisters, etc.

You can make from the thicker cork sheeting such articles as place mats, picture mats, bulletin boards, coasters, and tray mats. If you want to add a border or frame in a contrasting color, use one of the new plastic tapes or passe partout.

WOOD CARRIERS will strike any fireplace operator as a marvelous idea, and are easily made on much the same design as the book covers.

Directions—Using a heavy ticking or denim cut one piece 18 inches by 28 inches, two hem pieces 18 inches by 4 inches and two handles of double fabric measuring 1 inch by 15 inches finished. Lay the handles on each end



of large piece on right side of fabric and lay each hem piece over handles on large piece right sides together. Sew $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch seam, making sure handles are well secured. Turn hem piece to inside and stitch. Insert flat stick 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Close side edges.

RUBBER ANIMALS made from inner tire tubes are most convincing and immensely practical for small children. (They are bathtub proof if well sealed.) Use either red or black tubes (sometimes red are harder to come by). There are lots of patterns available and choose a simple one, like a dog, fish, squirrel or horse, avoiding those having small intricate parts.

Directions—Split tube along inner seam and cut in pieces large enough for pattern, avoiding patches or holes. Wash well, then rub over with gasoline to brighten the rubber. The inside of the tube will be the finished side of the toy.

Lay pattern on tubing and trace around it with heavy pencil or needle. Cut out, using scissors. Paint features with enamel paint or ink, using two-hole shirt buttons for eyes. Cut out tongues, whiskers, etc., from pieces of contrasting tubing. Pull through small slits cut in the rubber. Cement firmly on the wrong side, leaving them free to wriggle and move on the right side. Be sure to use



Should you play high in the winter-time?

Perhaps you should . . . because the ceiling's the usual place for the warm air to gather. But now something has been done about it . . .

CRANE RADIANT BASEBOARD PANELS



Only Crane makes Cast Iron Radiant Baseboard Panels in Canada. They're ideal for new construction, easily installed in most existing dwellings. The last word in modern heating, they're one important item in the comprehensive Crane line of dependable equipment for complete heating systems—for hot water or warm air—for coal, coke, oil or gas.

are the modern method of introducing heat at ankle level—eliminating cold drafts—providing *more uniform* warmth from floor to ceiling throughout the room.

More than this—valuable wall space is free from obstruction. The Panels look like baseboards and are substituted for them—may be painted any color you prefer.

ASK YOUR PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTOR FOR FULL INFORMATION—or write

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A direct challenge



to the woman who doesn't use Tampax

Are you always serene, confident, perfectly poised . . . *no matter what time of month it is?* Or do nagging doubts on "certain days" make you feel constrained, uncertain, embarrassed.

Have you ever worried about odor? With Tampax sanitary protection you wouldn't have to. Tampax is worn internally, prevents odor by preventing exposure to the air.

Have you ever worried about ridge-lines? There are no belts, no pins, no bulky external pads with Tampax. Nothing can show because Tampax is invisible, once it's in place.

Has chafing ever bothered you? You can't even feel Tampax once it's in place. You even wear it (without giving it a second thought) in tub or shower. Tampax has other advantages. For example: it's easy and convenient to dispose of—user's hands need never even touch the Tampax. But why hesitate? Get this doctor-invented product at any drug or notion counter. Your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes in purse. Canadian Tampax Corporation Ltd., Brampton, Ontario.



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CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED, Brampton, Ontario.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name.....

Address.....

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tire-patching or other cement that will hold rubber.

Cement edges of various pieces together about 1/4 inch in, to make them stick. Sandpaper or scratch edges slightly if the rubber is worn smooth. Apply cement as directed on container and press edges together evenly. Stuff animal well with kapok or scrap airfoam, before final piece is cemented into place. Finish edges with over stitch or blanket stitch, using darning needle and heavy black thread which has been pulled through beeswax.

GAY UMBRELLA COVERS will be welcome to dress up those old umbrellas. Make a variety of plain or plaids to sell. They will fit most regular size umbrellas.

Materials—Use 3-inch or 6-inch ribbons, or any fabric cut 6 inches wide. A 5-inch or 6-inch zipper, or domes, and round elastic thread.

Directions—It is best to fit your first one on an umbrella to get the idea. Measure the length of a closed umbrella, from bottom to prong ends. Add one inch for hems. Cut fabric this length (two lengths if using the narrow ribbon). With fabric wrong side out fit around umbrella, pin edges together, shaping in a little toward lower edge. Remove, and stitch from bottom to within 5 1/2 inches from top. Insert zipper, or narrowly hem opening and apply dome fasteners. Make one or two small pleats at top edge to fit. Finish with narrow hem. Finish lower edge with 1/4-inch hem and then thread the elastic through it, drawing in a little. Tie securely on wrong side. Top may be finished with tassels, a frill of matching or contrasting ribbon (sewn on with hem), or a bow.

GARDENER'S KNEELING CUSHION is a sure-sale gift item even if the gardening season's over, because Christmas is coming. The picket-fence motif will start the recipient dreaming of spring. Out of



season the cushion can be hung up out of the way and in season can be carried about with its pockets bristling with garden tools, gloves, seeds, etc. The item consists of a 14-inch by 18-inch pillow form inserted in a designed-for-the-purpose cover of plastic, oil cloth, or denim.

Directions—To make the cover cut two large pieces 14 1/2 inches by 18 1/2 inches and cut one piece 6 1/4 inches by 18 1/2 inches for pocket. Sew a row of bias binding along one long edge of small piece, another parallel row 2 1/2 inches down. Mark into four sections each 4 1/2 inches long. On each dividing line, baste single fold bias, allowing to extend 1/2 inch beyond upper edge, finishing in a point, to resemble picket fence.

Place wrong side of pocket piece on right side of large piece. Baste around

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD DO AT THE FIRST SIGN OF PIMPLES



Specialists warn that pimples undermine children's self-confidence . . . may even cause permanent damage to their personalities. What's more, neglect of pimples can cause permanent scars. So act early. CLEARASIL, the new scientific formulation especially for pimples, may save your boy or girl from these double dangers.

New! Medicated Formulation CLEARS PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . Hides pimples while it works

Now! Entirely new hope for pimple sufferers. CLEARASIL, a remarkable new medicated formulation, dries up pimples surprisingly fast. Antiseptic, too . . . helps stop growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

INSTANT RELIEF from embarrassment because CLEARASIL medication is skin-colored to hide pimples while it clears them up. Greaseless, stainless.

THOUSANDS HAIL CLEARASIL. So many boys, girls, adults have found that CLEARASIL really works for them, it is now the largest-selling specific pimple medication in America.

Reader's Digest reported on clinical tests using CLEARASIL type medication.

MUST WORK FOR YOU OR MONEY BACK. Only 69¢ at all druggists. Economy size \$1.19. Get CLEARASIL today.

Clearasil



three raw edges. Sew all three pointed bias strips through both thicknesses to form the four pockets. Make two 8-inch handles of double thickness bias or the fabric. Baste handles in place centering on two 18 1/2-inch edges. Apply bias carefully to each of these edges, catching in all thicknesses. Place pieces together, finished edges matching. Baste around sides and lower edge. Apply bias. Stitch.

Insert pillow form, and slip-stitch the top edges, making sure handles are firm. (You can make the pillow form, too, if you wish. Cut two pieces of heavy muslin, 15 inches by 19 inches. Stitch a 1/2-inch seam around edges, leaving a 7-inch opening. Turn raw edges to inside. Stuff with kapok or airfoam. Slip-stitch open edges.)

SOMETHING FOR THE SMALL FRY

Don't forget to count the young and very young as some of your best customers, and be prepared for them when your bazaar opens. Avoid sad and frustrated faces because things are too expensive. If there's room it's a nice idea to have a special booth of moderately priced things, suitable for family presents. And the youngsters themselves will love making items like these as their contribution to the bazaar.

TABLE NAPKIN RINGS are readily made from meat paste cans, using a can opener that makes a clean cut. Cut off both top and bottom, leave ring shape or flatten by bending the can around a block of wood. Enamel any color and decorate by painting on designs, decals, or applying artificial flowers, shells, etc., which have been shellacked.

LETTER HOLDERS are made by cutting open one side of the can ring shaping over a piece of wood, to form a large U-shaped clip.

ASH TRAYS, PIN TRAYS and similar items can be made from oyster shells obtained from your friendly fish merchant. Paint, add shell flowers or decorate with names.

PAPERWEIGHTS AND DOORSTOPS can be made from stones collected at the beach or on country hikes. They can be waxed, polished or shellacked, otherwise decorate with paints. Young and old enjoy creating their own designs.

BURLAP PLACE MATS are something children will derive real satisfaction from making. Cut pieces 12 inches by 16 inches (it's wide and inexpensive), fringe edges. If you want a contrast darn edges coarsely with over and under stitch, using lengths of gay color in wool and string. Motifs cut out of chintz or trimmings may be sewn on as an appliqué. +

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance — otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

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HAIR DO'S and DONT'S

By *Carol Douglas*
FAMOUS BEAUTY
CONSULTANT



With all the summer's sun and fun, your hair needs extra care to keep you looking your loveliest. Above all, do protect your hair from the sun. If you find your hair sun-damaged after a day at the beach, use Tame Creme Rinse to restore lustre and natural softness.



DO make it a point to have Tame Creme Rinse handy at all times. This new invisible hair conditioner rinses on to impart a special loveliness to your hair—in just 20 seconds. Use it regularly as an after-shampoo beauty treatment. It makes your hair easy to manage, keeps it tangle-free. There are 16 treatments in each 69¢ bottle.

DON'T neglect to shampoo your hair at least once a week. And for rich, creamy-soft suds even in the hardest water, try the lanolin enriched lather of Toni Creme Shampoo. You'll be delighted with the silky feel of your hair, the lustrous sheen. Family-size jar \$1.00. Tubes 65¢ and 39¢.



DO select sharp, straight scissors to trim your hair. To taper-cut, hold scissors between thumb and third finger, bracing them against your fore-finger. Now move your thumb up and down with short jerking motions, never letting the scissors close completely.

DON'T settle for the second best when it comes to curlers for your next home permanent. Get the plastic SPIN Curlers by Toni. The specially



designed rod makes curl-winding twice as easy, twice as fast; clasp holds curl without touching hair, leaving no crimp marks. Complete set includes Midget-size for short neckline hair. Only \$1.29.



DO choose the permanent that's custom-made for your type of hair. No one permanent is ideal for every woman. There are 3 types of Toni Home Permanent. Your choice \$1.75.

Super
for hard-to-wave hair.

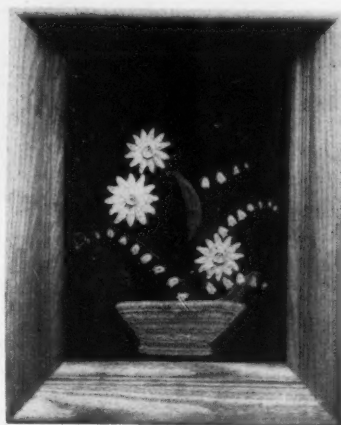
Very Gentle
for easy-to-wave hair.

Regular
for normal hair.



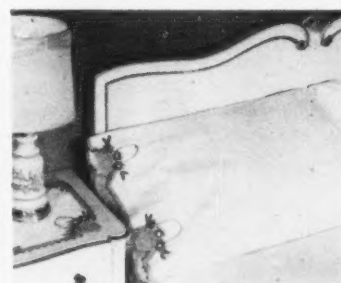
TONI — World leader in hair research — guarantees these products for good hair care.

FOR YOU TO MAKE



FLORAL PICTURE

Add a novel touch to your decorating with this charming picture. The flowers are crocheted separately and stitched to a black felt mat. Complete instructions for crocheting, 25¢. Sufficient black felt for mat, 25¢ extra. (Frames not supplied.) Order No. C147.



CROCHET BEDROOM SET

Baskets of flowers will add a refreshing charm to your bedroom ensemble. Runner and night table doily are of fine quality white Irish linen and the pillow slips are fine white circular cotton. Runner (12" x 42"), \$1 each; \$2 per pair. Order No. C144.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark,
Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept.,
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Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows



Mascara (plus Eye Shadow)

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

① With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

② Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

③ Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your eyes!



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LUGGAGE

Anticipating the growing trend to air travel, super-light, super-strong Skyway is not just modern, but ready for the future. Sleek exterior lines conceal a lavish roominess within. It's America's favorite—America's finest, and now it's in Canada at an irresistible price.



Five fashion colors—seven shapes and sizes.

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**WANT
THINGS
CLEAN
AND
SHINY
?**



**GET
S.O.S**

more useful and economical
than ever in the
10-PAD PACKAGE



THE SOAP
IS IN THE PAD
goes to work instantly



Refresh and reward the young people with zesty snacks and special diploma sandwiches.

GIVE THE GRADS A GOOD START

These tempting treats, easy to prepare, will make a post-convocation party something more to remember By CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

DIPLOMA SANDWICHES

1 cup cooked chicken	½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup chopped celery	¼ teaspoon ground black pepper
¼ teaspoon garlic powder	¼ teaspoon paprika
4 tablespoons mayonnaise	12 slices white bread

Force celery and chicken through meat grinder. Add garlic powder, mayonnaise, salt, pepper, paprika. Blend well. Cut crusts from thin slices of white bread. Spread with spicy chicken mixture. Roll to form "diplomas" and tie with ribbon. Makes 12 sandwiches.

CHEESE AND OLIVE CANAPE

Crackers	Stuffed olives
Ground ginger	Ground black pepper
Cheddar cheese	

Sprinkle crackers with ginger. Cover with thin slice of cheese cut to fit. Top with slice of stuffed olive. Sprinkle with ground black pepper and broil four to five minutes until cheese is bubbly.

CHEESE DUNK I

1 (4-ounce) package cream cheese	¼ teaspoon ground black pepper
¼ cup catsup	¼ cup cream
½ teaspoon onion salt	Potato chips

Mash cream cheese until smooth and stir in catsup, spices and cream, stirring until well blended. Place in bowl, surround with potato chips and sprinkle with paprika. Serves 8 to 10.

CHEESE DUNK II

¾ pound (12 ounces) cream cheese	3 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon anchovy paste	1 tablespoon grated onion
½ cup chopped ripe olives	1 teaspoon lemon juice
	Salt to taste

Mash cream cheese with a fork. Blend in anchovy paste, olives, cream, onion,

lemon juice and salt. Beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Chill several hours, then bring to room temperature before using. Makes about 2 cups. Especially good with potato chips.

DIPLOMA BROWNIES

3½ cups graham wafer crumbs	1 can sweetened condensed milk
¾ cup milk	½ cup shredded coconut
1 package chocolate bits	½ cup chopped nuts
	Few grains salt

Measure crumbs into bowl. Add milk. Mix until smooth. Melt chocolate and add with remaining ingredients to crumb mixture. Pour into lightly greased 9x9x2-inch pan. Bake in moderately hot oven 45 minutes. Cool. Cut into strips 1 inch by 3 inches. Tie each with a ribbon or cellophane bow. Makes 24 brownies.

DESSERT MORTARBOARDS

Fit wax paper into the bottom of a jellyroll pan. Mix a white or chocolate cake mix and pour into pan. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 20 minutes or until cake shrinks slightly from edge of pan. When cool, cut cake in 3-inch squares. Frost all over with chocolate icing. Place scoop of ice cream on each serving plate. On top, set the square of iced cake. Arrange 2 pieces of ribbon over one side and fasten with mint wafer.

LEMON-STRAWBERRY PUNCH

1½ cups strawberries, hulled and crushed	3 cans canned or frozen concentrate for lemonade, with water as directed on can.
½ cup sugar	
1 quart ginger ale	

Crush strawberries, add sugar, and let stand half an hour. Blend concentrate for lemonade with water as directed on can and pour into punch bowl. Add crushed strawberries and mix. Just before serving, add ginger ale and ice and mix well. Serves 32. +

Don't take chances
LARVEX
MOTHPROOFS
the cloth itself



**no odor • no storing
no wrapping • wear
clothes at any time**

To protect your woolens and blended materials against moth damage, moth-proof the cloth itself. This is just what LARVEX does—why it's so different and gives such wonderful protection.

LARVEX penetrates each tiny woolen fibre and makes the cloth so distasteful and indigestible to mothworms, they'd rather starve to death than feed on woolens treated with LARVEX. Mothworms will not, in fact CANNOT, eat holes in LARVEX-treated woolens.

And now LARVEX brings you its sensational new Finger-Tip Spray which makes it really fun to moth-proof. One spraying lasts a whole year. LARVEX withstands repeated dry cleanings. Washing removes LARVEX protection. Also available in regular 16 oz., 32 oz., 64 oz. and 128 oz. sizes.

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Home Mothproofer**

Mothersill's

The fast-acting
aid in preventing
and relieving
Travel Sickness.

for Adults & Children

THE WORLD OVER



**MY WASHING MACHINE
RUNS BETTER WITH
3-IN-ONE**



READER TAKES OVER

Continued from page 3

I am looking forward for a similar write up by the same person—"I found happiness in my third marriage." What a grand world we live in.—Mrs. G. Duchesneau, Bourlamaque, Que.

Looking at Living

I like your magazine and have been a subscriber for years but your articles on Look What's Happening to Living have been rubbing me wrong. Magazine editors only look at city homes. You can have my kerosene lamps, my square bath tub, laundry, my sad irons, and gas washer. Oh, for running water and electricity.—Mrs. J. Toth, Lundbrick, Alta.

... Having just finished re-reading an article in September Chatelaine I wanted to comment on How the Bakers Gave an Old House Young Ideas, by Catherine Fraser. The magazine trend today seems to be mainly new houses, small houses, modern ideas. The ideas are grand—if you have the money. What a charming effect was produced with ingenuity and little actual change in the Baker house. Couldn't we see more of this type of remodeling in your magazine?—Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy, Maxwellville, Ont.

Smug and Complacent

Sometimes your issues seem to be exceedingly smug and complacent with a narrow range of interest. Could we not have something to indicate that we in Canada are a part of the whole human family with responsibilities as tremendous as our privileges? ... The welfare of my family may be my primary concern, but I am not concerned in any adequate way unless I make some attempt toward a wider understanding of the world in which my family lives. What has your magazine to offer?—C. B. Wrenshall, Toronto.

Kate Taught Us How

Very unfair of M. Gregory to make such a remark about Kate Aitken. I was at a local hall where she in person taught us in one lesson how to make a suit out of one of hubby's old ones.—Mrs. Jennie Burroughs, Lennoxville, Que.

Pattern for Improvement

I have used many of your patterns. I definitely enjoy the magazine and notice the improvement, having had it in my home since it first began.—Mrs. A. C. Lawson, Calgary.

Love That Leprechaun

Congratulations on printing one of the most enjoyable stories I have had the pleasure of reading for some time—Mr. Cohen's Leprechaun by Phyllis Lee Peterson (January).—Alan M. Vipond, Montreal.

Belated Congrats

Belatedly, I just read I'd Want My Husband to Marry Again (October). I only want to congratulate you on bringing this to public attention so well to rid minds of prejudice. Having married less than a year after the death of my fiancé I felt I heard the stinging criticism but also know the necessity of happiness for which I thought the risk great enough. I've told my husband that I'd expect him to marry again, of course stipulating my replacement be a good

mother as well as wife (for we will soon be blessed with our fifth child) and I've felt the burden of an unwise stepmother—in fact, two.—Mrs. James E. Guy, Lima, Ohio.

Well-Traveled Chatelaine

... Several members of my family read it before it goes to friends and finally ends up in the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool—where it well and truly "goes the rounds"—beginning with the Sisters and ending up in the waiting rooms!

Canadian women wrote saying you printed too many photographs of our Queen and wrote too much about her. Here, in England, every word is read about the Queen and the Duke and her lovely family—there is never enough for most of us.—Joan B. Stabback, Liverpool, England.

The Acid Test

As a recent acquaintance (American) of Chatelaine, I wish to express my appreciation of the excellence of its

stories and articles. Subjected to the acid test of being read aloud they have come off with flying colors. When reading to oneself—if the plot of a story is good—redundancy and prolixity, irrelevant details and unimportant descriptions may be ignored or forgiven; but reading aloud is, as the French would say, "another pair of boots." In the latter case, excellent English and artistic restraint mean all the difference between enjoyment and endurance.—G. P. Nash, Harrington, Maine.

To make
your vacation
in Canada
even more
wonderful...

Canadian National makes RECORD PURCHASE of new passenger equipment!

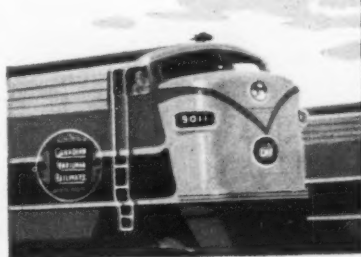
This record purchase marks the beginning of a new era in Canadian train travel. These modern cars offer a complete choice of accommodations... are designed to provide the utmost in comfort, in convenience, in beauty. Every day more of these cars are joining our fleet of famous "name" trains. By midsummer, they will all be in service, helping to make your Canadian National vacation more wonderful than ever.



Deep in Ontario's lovely Lake-of-the-Woods region is Minaki Lodge, a luxurious log-bungalow resort in a delightful lakeland district. Marvellous fishing... golf on forest-lined fairways... motorboating, canoeing, swimming and tennis. You will have a vacation you'll never forget.



In spacious new C.N.R. coaches you look at the scenery through picture windows... stretch out on your reclining foam rubber seat.



HOLIDAY IN CANADA

Canada has much to offer the vacationist... there's scenic British Columbia... Alaska cruises by the beautiful Inside Passage... tours of bustling Eastern cities, Old World Quebec, the coasts and quiet villages of the Maritimes... restful holidays at summer resorts like Jasper in the Canadian Rockies, Minaki Lodge in Ontario's Lake of the Woods region or Pictou Lodge in Nova Scotia. Wherever you go, East or West, it's wonderful getting there by CNR.



Attend the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont. July-Aug. Visit Canada's romantic Eastern Cities! The walled city of Quebec; Ottawa, Canada's capital; Montreal, "The Paris of North America"; the great city of Toronto.



With three wide, comfortable berths and completely enclosed toilet facilities, Canadian National's modern new drawing rooms offer ideal sleeping car accommodations for family groups.

CANADIAN
NATIONAL
RAILWAYS

THE ONLY RAILWAY
SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES

No matter where you plan to go, your Canadian National Ticket Agent will gladly make all arrangements... do everything to make your vacation trip a pleasant, memorable one. Or ask your Travel Agent.





Popular Gifts

FOR FATHER'S DAY

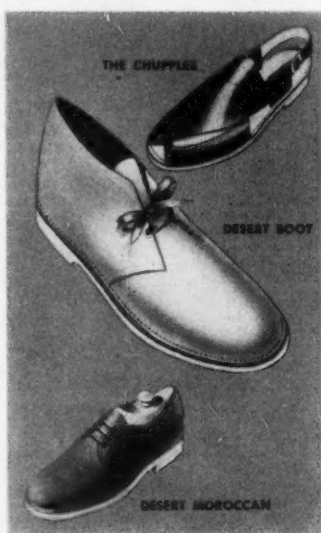


CLOVER CLUB BY FORSYTH

Summertime is white shirt time and what more appropriate gift for Dad is there than a Forsyth white shirt . . . famous for extra values in fabric, style and tailoring. Clover Club, \$5.95. (Sugar n' Spice "Zanzibar" tie, \$1.50)

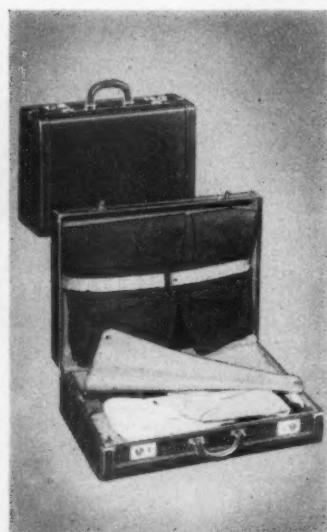
GIVE A FORTUNE IN COMFORT

His feet will find a new world of comfort and flexible ease in these Clarks Desert Casuals. Smart, casual styling with pure crepe rubber soles and heels. Please write for name of nearest dealer. Blachford Clarks Ltd., 3543 Danforth Ave., Toronto.



CIRCLE BAR SOX

Dad won't be able to wait to put on his beautiful, new Circle Bar Sox. Just what he wants in colour, pattern, fit . . . and they wear practically forever. The perfect Father's Day Gift. Made by The Circle Bar Knitting Co. Limited of Kincardine and Owen Sound, Ontario.



FAMOUS McBRINE BAGGAGE

No gift could win a happier welcome than a piece or two of good baggage. Yet it need not be expensive. This handsome 'Viscount' set for example, costs about \$27.50 for the Two-Suiter with the Companion case about \$18.50. Ask your McBride dealer to show you them.

IT'S VISCOSE . . . ALL VISCOSE

And that's why this cool, soft Van Heusen sport shirt provides something new and finer in texture, comfort and color. Launders beautifully, and with Viscose there's no need to worry about special iron temperatures. Buy him a shirt he'll really enjoy wearing . . . a Van Heusen of 100% Viscose.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE THE NAME

MAKES! You can be sure when you buy Turnbull's. That famous name is the last word in fine quality and superior workmanship. In sport shirts, the Turnbull design means perfect styling. These smartly informal shirts are tailored in a wide variety of colors and fabrics.

C. Turnbull Ltd., Galt, Ont. Makers of the famous CEETEE Underwear.

for Pop!

SUNDAY, JUNE 20th

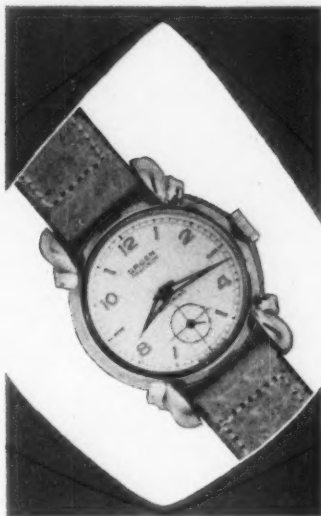


SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER

No more bother with brush and lather. Shaves in less time, in any room. Only Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER has the big, smooth single head and powerful 16 bar armature real motor. That's why it shaves closer and faster than any other method, wet or dry. Give Sunbeam and you give the finest.

GRUEN AUTOWIND "CRUISER"

This handsomely styled precision timepiece has a dependable 17-jewel Gruen Automatic movement. The case is water-tite and shock-resistant with luminous dial. In the brilliance and colour of yellow gold. With leather strap \$69.50. With bracelet \$75.00.



HALLICRAFTERS PORTABLE RADIO

Standard broadcast plus short-wave band. Built-in antenna. Maroon leatherette finish. Solid all-wood case will stand plenty of hard use. Ideal for the cottage, weekend hunting and fishing trips, all holiday and outdoor activities. Operates on AC/DC and battery.

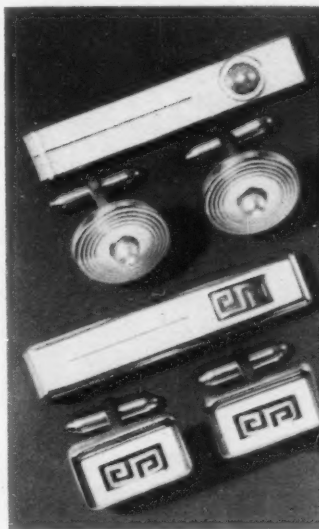
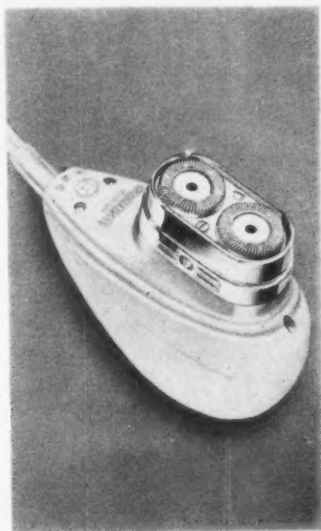


THE SEAFORTH ROYAL TRAVELLER

The perfect gift for Dad! Compact, red plaid Travel Kit containing Scotch Heather Shave Lotion, Cologne and Hairgroom, \$3.50. Same set in simulated alligator, \$3.50, or 6 piece PLAID TRAVEL KIT at \$7.50. All have adequate space for comb, razor, shave cream, etc.

POP WILL LOVE A PHILISHAVE

The gift of a lifetime is Philips sensational new Philishave rotary action, self-sharpening, electric shaver. Erases beard like magic without the slightest irritation. Its unique shape makes it easy to hold. Philishave is quiet, purrs like a kitten and shaves soft as silk.



MEN'S JEWELLERY BY KREISLER

Gifts Dad will wear with pride. Top: The beautiful Diplomat in rich gold overlay with genuine cultured pearl; about \$12.95. Below: The masculine Gladiator of gold, inlaid with Sterling silver ornament. Cuff links about \$7.50, tie bars from \$4.50. At most fine jewellery and department stores.

SWIFT GOODNESS across the board—
(packed fresh to stay fresh)



THIS you can bank on. Swift's Premium Canned Meats are on the *good* side of eating! All made from selected cuts of fresh meat, with a full share of natural juices in every helping. Many taste-tempting varieties to choose from. Just like we always say...

Swift...to serve your family better!

Listen to Aunt Fanny on the "Breakfast Club", CBC.

YOUNG PARENTS

Six games that are life savers when the children yell —

"HEY POP—IT'S RAINING OUT!"

By WILLIAM WINTER, artist and father of two

It's the Sabbath, pouring like mad out, not likely to stop—nor will the moppets. "What'll we do, huh, pop, what'll we do?"

Mother has drifted off for a little shut-eye with a mumble of "Had them all week, now it's your turn." Instructions to read a book or play with the nice toys received on last month's birthday is to court disaster. Half the parchesi men are down the toilet, the wind-up toys are keyless and the dog has chewed up the dolls. Jimmy's popgun was taken away from him weeks ago. He found you could yank off the cork and crayons make capital bullets, particularly effective on wallpaper.

The curtain is obviously rising on a very nasty bit of family life. It could be yours. But the writer is at the ready to take your damp little hand in his and introduce you to his home-made games for rainy days.



YOU MIGHT START OFF WITH STREETCAR. Odd chairs and tables are strung out in a line. Circles of paper pinned on two chair legs make the lights—transfers and tickets are easily contrived and a meat grinder turned on its side makes a grand control rod for the motorman. Pop can get a good twenty-minute ride on this one. Warning: these props have a nasty way of turning into the game called War, or Good Guys and Bad Guys, at the first sign of boredom.

ALL CHANGE FOR YOU WIN! YOU WIN! This card game is only suitable for moppets up to four years of age. A pack of cards is thrown at each child in turn. This must be accompanied by loud cries of "You win! You win!" Pause for general merriment. Then the cards are retrieved by the little darlings and thrown all over again. This game is good for twenty more minutes' sleep on father's part, particularly if he is clever enough to throw some of the cards under the chesterfield.



A GOOD GAME FOR SMALL GIRLS. Turn them loose in the kitchen to mix concoctions which must be swallowed by the other cooks. Warning: this game shows up feminine weaknesses for getting even. A spoonful of tapioca, mustard and marmalade is very interesting.



Continued on next page

"My feet are murdering me!"



Aching feet can put lines in your face!

• When tired, aching feet make every step a stab of pain, your face looks tense and drawn. Even worse, those tiny pain-lines may soon deepen into old-looking wrinkles... there to stay!

At the first sign of foot-fatigue, it will pay you to rub your feet with Absorbine Jr.

Soothing relief—fast!

Quickly, gently, Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools those aching spots—helps counter irritation causing the pain—acts at once with wonderful muscle-relaxing relief!

When your feet feel better, you feel better... and your face shows it! Get a cooling, soothing bottle of Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc., Montreal 19, P.Q.



Absorbine Jr.

"HEY POP—IT'S RAINING OUT!"

continued



A GOOD GAME FOR ONE SMALL BOY is to make a simple outline in pencil on a piece of old board and have him fill the area with nails. This little device is a grand energy and time user. Warning: only one player at a time—an essential rule for all hitting or striking games.

MARBLE GAME (not illustrated). Curtain rods (the flat bent metal kind) will make interesting aerial runways for marbles. The rods run from a high chair or table descending by stages to the ground where cookie tins, cups and funnels, ironing boards create an interesting course. Note: the curtain rods may not be used again as curtain rods.



HOSPITAL. If you are willing to play dead, it is possible to nap while participating in this one, your slumber broken only occasionally with twinges of pain. Warning: keep one eye open for sharp objects and strangulation. A building block or marble in the throat is hard to dislodge. Discourage, too, adhesive tape on the hairy part of the calf.

SEPTIC TANK OWNERS Read this!

You may have been cautioned against using any kind of chemical to clean toilet bowls connected with septic tanks. *This does not apply to Sani-Flush.*

Write to us for free copy of "Report of Scientific Tests". These tests were made by a noted firm of sanitary engineers. They prove beyond question that Sani-Flush is perfectly safe. It cannot harm any septic tank system.

If you are one of those who have been missing the benefit of Sani-Flush in cleaning toilet bowls without drudgery, you can begin using it at once. It not only cleans away the film that gathers in all toilet bowls but disinfects as well. Just follow the simple directions on the can.

Write today for your free copy of report. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. Made in Canada.



PERFUMED with
a mild, fresh fragrance

RANGE-GREASE easily removed

Just apply Kleenoff, leave awhile and then wash off. It's so easy!

Kleenoff



BLONDES!

New LOTION Shampoo

Made FRESH at home as you need it!

Brings out Shining Radiant Color... Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY!

Now without tints, rinses or ugly bleached look you can safely give your hair the sparkling shine and highlights that men love!

Called BLONDEX this fragrant powder needs only water added to become a soft cleansing lotion shampoo. Instantly removes dingy film that makes hair dark and old-looking, brings back flattering lightness and lustre. Absolutely safe—use it for children's delicate hair. Get BLONDEX today at 10¢, drug and dept. stores.



CHATELAINE — JUNE, 1954

THESE MEALS MAKE GOOD TRAVEL COMPANIONS

*Your palate doesn't have to rough it when you
take to the open road with these tasty treats that are
equally at home in the cottage or at the roadside*

BY CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

"Hearty and informal" is the theme for these menus planned for summer eating outdoors. Keep foods fresh by carrying them in a portable ice chest.

MENU I

Paprika Crisp Chicken
Cottage Potato Salad
Radishes Green Onions
Butter Tarts Apples and Bananas
Iced Tea Milk

MENU II

Cottage Baked Beans De Luxe
Bacon in Buns
Celery Sticks Small Whole Tomatoes
Fresh Sugared Strawberries
Date and Nut Bars Chilled Fruit Juice

MENU III

Assorted Sandwich Fillings
Buttered Bread Buttered Soft Rolls
Dill Pickles Mustard Relish
Individual Fruit Jellies
Chocolate Cup Cakes Date Bars
Hot Coffee or Tea in Vacuum Bottle

COTTAGE BAKED BEANS DE LUXE

½ cup chopped onions	4 tablespoons chili sauce
2 tablespoons butter	2 teaspoons prepared mustard
2 (15-ounce) cans oven baked beans in tomato sauce	Few grains salt and pepper
	1 cup cottage cheese

Fry onions in butter until light brown. Combine beans, chili sauce, mustard and seasonings in top of double boiler. Heat and add cooked onions. Add cottage cheese, blend well, then cook over low heat for 10 to 15 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

PAPRIKA CRISP CHICKEN

3 pieces of cut-up chicken	¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup flour	1 teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt	¼ cup butter or margarine

Rinse chicken in cold water, drain well and dry with a towel. Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika in a paper bag. Shake 2 or 3 pieces of chicken in the bag at one time to coat thoroughly. Melt butter in frying pan, then place pieces of chicken in the hot fat. Brown both sides, then cover and cook over low heat for 30 to 35 minutes, basting every 5 or 10 minutes. Take the cover

off the pan for the last few minutes to crisp the chicken. Then serve immediately. Serves 8.

Note: For a picnic, cool chicken pieces and wrap individually in aluminum foil. The chicken may be served cold or heated in the foil in your picnic fire.

COTTAGE POTATO SALAD

3 cups cooked diced potatoes	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped celery	½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper	¼ teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion	¼ teaspoon paprika
½ cup mayonnaise	2 teaspoons lemon juice
	1 cup cottage cheese

Combine cooled potatoes, celery, green pepper and onion. Mix well, then chill. Mix together the mayonnaise, seasonings and lemon juice. Blend thoroughly. Fold in salad dressing mixture to the first mixture. Then add cottage cheese and toss until blended. Serve cold on crisp lettuce leaves or pile into cartons for picnic eating. Makes 4 cups salad.

INDIVIDUAL FRUIT JELLIES (For picnic dessert)

1 package pineapple jelly powder	1 (15-ounce) can fruit cocktail
1 package lemon jelly powder	1 banana, cubed
1 cup boiling water	1 orange, peeled and sectioned

Combine jelly powders and add boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Combine fruits and drain off juice. Measure juice and add enough water to make scant 3 cups liquid. Add to jelly mixture. Cool and partially set in refrigerator. Meanwhile spoon fruits into individual small freezer cartons (the waxed or plastic kind with lids). Add cooled jelly mixture, dividing evenly. The amount of fruit and jelly in each will depend on the number to be served and the heartiness of the appetites. Serves 8. Cover containers and place in refrigerator until set. Keep chilled until ready to take on picnic. Stack cartons firmly in chill chest or sturdy box, so they will not upset.

Note: This makes a refreshing easily served picnic dessert. Canned diced pineapple may be substituted for the banana and orange if desired. +

IT HAPPENS IN TWO SECONDS

Within two seconds after starting, top-flight tap dancers hit the spectacular speed of 840 taps per minute!



And as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Aspirin, it is ready to go to work, to bring you



Test shows how fast Aspirin disintegrates in your stomach!

FAST PAIN RELIEF

WHEN a headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain is making you miserable, use ASPIRIN for fast relief.

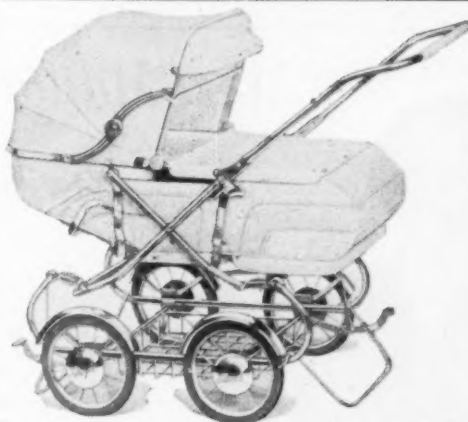
The reason for the speed of action of ASPIRIN is shown in the picture above. ASPIRIN disintegrates in your stomach in 2 seconds to give you fast pain relief!

In addition, ASPIRIN is a single active ingredient that is so gentle to the system it has been used . . . year in and year out . . . by millions of people . . . without ill effect! So take ASPIRIN—with confidence!



ALWAYS ASK FOR ASPIRIN

LOW PRICES!
Pocket tin of 12 . . . 19c
Economy bottle of 24 . . . 29c
Family size of 100 . . . 79c



No other carriage like it in all the world!

The Lloydlite

So light — you have to push it to believe it! The "Lloydlite" just floats along because it is the lightest full size carriage in the world. Easier to push, handle and to carry . . . it weighs 40% less than any comparable steel carriage because it is made of tough aluminum alloy — as used in building airplanes.

The "Lloydlite" has all the special features of safety, comfort, quality and economy, which have made Lloyd carriages the favourite choice of Canadian mothers. Lloyd steel carriages are also available in a wide range of styles and prices. Lloyd Carriages are made in Canada by Heywood-Wakefield Company.



To help you choose your baby's name, we offer this book of 500 names and their meanings. Mail coupon with 25c in coin!

Heywood-Wakefield Co. of Canada Ltd.,
Dept. C6
ORILLIA, Ontario.

Please send me my copy of the 36 page book "What's In A Name?". I am enclosing 25c in coin.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ (please print clearly) Prov. _____

2



they marry **Younger** every year...

It is a characteristic of young Canadians that they are prepared to accept responsibility at an early age. For example, statistics show that Canadians are marrying younger every year. Today, the average age of grooms is under 27, while the average bride is under 24. Twenty years ago the average age for grooms was over 29—and for brides, 25. Such responsibility calls for the provision

of adequate family security—the keystone of which is life insurance. North American Life has assisted in meeting the insuring public's changing needs through a highly trained agency force. Since 1881 many young Canadians have laid firm foundations for family security on North American Life policies—with policy-owner satisfaction in...

a mutual company serving Canadians for more than three generations.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

HEAD OFFICE...



TORONTO, CANADA

TIPS FROM THE INSTITUTE ON . . . SPICES, ROASTS

What are saffron and oregano?

Both are spices. Saffron is extremely popular with Spanish chefs and gourmets. It will impart both an interesting flavor and golden color to rice dishes.

Oregano tastes like a blend of marjoram and sage, is more pungent than marjoram itself. If used sparingly, it perks up pizza pies, all types of cheese dishes (try it sprinkled on macaroni and cheese or cheese sandwiches) and even gives a delightful flavor to lamb, pork, veal or chicken, if rubbed in the meat just before roasting.

How can I use aluminum foil when I am cooking a roast?

Wrap the roast (or chicken) in aluminum foil, using a large enough piece to completely cover the meat, with the edges overlapping at the top. Now set the meat in the roasting pan and cook with the pan not covered. About half an hour before the end of roasting time, fold back the top edges of the foil to allow the roast to brown. When removing the roast, you will notice that the juices are held in the foil. It is easy to make a pouring lip in the foil, pour off the fat, saving the remaining juices to make a delicious gravy.

I spilled cologne on a colored wool dress which has left a yellow stain. Can I remove it myself?

If the dress is white, you can use cool water, hydrogen peroxide and soap suds. However, this mixture may react to some dyes and damage the color of the dress. Try putting the stain face down

on a clean absorbent cloth or white blotting paper and sponge the wrong side of the fabric with carbon tetrachloride, working toward the centre of the spot. Change the cloth underneath as it soaks up the stain. If you don't have any luck this way, your best bet is to take it to a reputable dry cleaner, explain what made the stain and what you have done to try to remove it. To find a recommended dry cleaning establishment, phone the Better Business Bureau.

Should the grill of my new waffle iron be washed before use?

Do not wash the grill of a waffle iron at any time unless it really needs it. (If it smokes during the preheat period—it needs a bath!) After ordinary use, allow to cool and use a small stiff brush to remove the particles of batter left on the grids. Perhaps you will want to use a slightly damp cloth to get off sticky spots. If you do have to wash it and the grids are removable, dry quickly and thoroughly (in a warm oven) before returning to the appliance. It is best to follow the manufacturer's instructions and if you did not get a booklet with your waffle iron, write to the company and they will send you one.

How can I remove a rust stain from a white cotton garment?

Place the garment over a bowl of steaming hot water. Apply a few drops of lemon juice to the spot (a clean medicine dropper is handy to use). Repeat if necessary. The sun will probably finish the job! +

Yes, Madam, they're all *flexible* polythene

...bowls, food containers, juice storers, ice cube trays, a host of colourful house-wares that don't break, crack or chip—that actually bounce when dropped. The flexible tops and closures seal in your food's freshness and flavour, seal out foreign tastes and odours.

Start building a permanent polythene collection for your kitchen...this flexible plastic practically lasts forever. Ask for polythene housewares.



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
PLASTICS DEPARTMENT • MONTREAL
Suppliers of plastic raw materials

DON'T

TAKE

Poison

ON



YOUR PICNIC

Every summer somebody's picnic ends in violent illness or worse because good food turns bad. These food safety rules can prevent a family tragedy

BY JEAN BYERS, CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

EVERY SUMMER, somewhere in Canada, scare headlines echo an old and sometimes tragic story. "Three hundred poisoned in cream-puff panic" . . . "Food contaminated by sneeze makes fifty ill" . . . "Hospitals treat 229 after school picnic."

Such headlines need not be repeated this summer—and certainly will not concern your family picnic, your school or church outing—if you learn the simple facts about how good food turns into poison and how to guard against it in advance. If you don't you may have no warning at all, for in the most common cases bad food tastes perfectly good.

Sandwich fillings, cream puffs, cream pie and pudding, gravies, stuffing—these are the foods most likely to play host to the staphylococcus toxin which causes ninety percent of all food-poisoning cases. In fact, any moist food left sitting too long in a warm room makes a suitable place for staphylococcus bacteria to multiply and produce the toxin which can cause violent illness. Even thorough cooking will not remove the danger of poisoning once the toxin has been formed, but you can prevent the toxin from forming in the first place by placing all susceptible foods in the refrigerator.

So many food-poisoning cases are due to staphylococcus because the toxin can be produced in dangerous quantity by a simple oversight like forgetting to refrigerate picnic sandwiches overnight. Staphylococcus bacteria are present in the human body, in the air and soil around us, and head colds spread them rapidly—but the bacteria themselves are relatively harmless. Trouble starts when these bacteria multiply in warm moist food and produce a poisonous substance, or toxin.

Five or six hours at room temperature is enough to incubate "staph" bacteria to a point where the toxin produced is dangerous. Neither the color nor the flavor of the food changes, and the first indication of food poisoning is violent nausea and vomiting, usually from one to six hours after eating. The attack is very unpleasant but rarely fatal. You just wish you would die. However, another bacteria-produced toxin—botulinum toxin—is one of the most deadly poisons known to man.

While the botulinum toxin is fortunately rare, botulinum bacteria are commonly found in garden soil and consequently may cling to vegetables. Because the bacteria themselves are relatively harmless, fresh foods are seldom poisonous; but bacteria contained in home-canned vegetables or meat may produce the deadly toxin while stored on your kitchen shelf. And this toxin will not be destroyed by boiling such food before it is eaten. Low-acid foods—corn, string beans, spinach, asparagus—are commonly incriminated but, in general, no vegetable should be home-canned except in a pressure cooker and only then with extreme precautions. Many women have successfully home-canned vegetables for years without mishap. However, there is always the chance that "just once" botulinum toxin will form and that "once" usually means death.

Another form of food poisoning, causing about six to eight percent of all cases, is due to straight infection of the food by a group of bacteria known as salmonella. These micro-organisms are of intestinal origin and are present in food because of careless handling of diseased animals in the slaughter house or careless storage of foodstuffs. Flies, mice, rats, or human

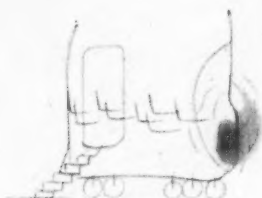
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This is how a blind man "sees"

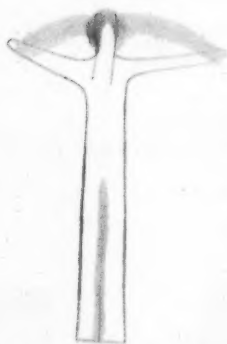
... a bicycle



... a bus



... a horse



... and he used this image for men, women — and trees. But his first actual sight of a woman was disappointing. He had anticipated a lot more.

After a lifetime of blindness, George Lafleur of Ottawa was recently able to see for the first time. He soon discovered that even familiar objects did not look the way he imagined them. The illustrations above show you some of the mistaken impressions he used to have.

In the new Maclean's, George Lafleur tells you in his own words exactly what it's like to be able to see for the first time in his life. Here's a moving article you'll want to read... the story of a man who has just discovered what sight means. Look for it in the June 1 Maclean's.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

MY FIGHT TO FREE AN INNOCENT MAN by Fred Thompson

Here's a story that should never have happened in Canada. The story of how an innocent man can be sent to jail for a crime he didn't commit. Read how a Toronto newspaperman fought for two years to persuade the law to reverse its verdict and free 19-year-old Paul Cachia.

ME AND MY RUSSIAN WIFE by Eddy Gilmore

In this bonus length feature Eddy Gilmore tells you about his 11 years in Moscow as an Associated Press correspondent. Read how he finally succeeded in obtaining permission for his Russian wife and children to leave Russia.

These are just three of the many up-to-the-minute articles you'll enjoy in this issue of Maclean's. Read Maclean's and find out for yourself why it's the most talked about magazine in Canada today.

MACLEAN'S

Canada's National Magazine
A Maclean-Hunter Publication

carriers may contaminate food with salmonella bacteria which multiply rapidly and can reach a dangerous concentration without affecting the normal appearance of the food. Unlike staphylococcus toxin, the salmonella bacteria are destroyed by heat and food can be made safe by thorough cooking. Your best protection is to make sure you buy government-inspected meat from a reputable dealer and to clean, store, and cook all foods carefully. Since contamination may occur after cooking, be sure leftovers are refrigerated and used within a short time.

Although staphylococcus and salmonella poisoning are most common, there are other causes of food poisoning. The food itself may be bad and may have started to decompose. If carried to the extreme where the food becomes completely inedible for any normal person, ptomaine poisons are produced. The term ptomaine is correctly used only in this type of poisoning and is so rare as to be almost nonexistent. Other types of food poisoning, though commonly called ptomaine, are not ptomaine poisoning.

Chemical poisoning is due only to carelessness and is entirely avoidable. This occurs where growing fruits and vegetables have been sprayed against insects or disease and not washed before eating. Since you can never be sure whether a poisonous spray has been used, it is essential always to wash fresh fruits and vegetables thoroughly. Other poisonings occur where household poisons, such as insecticides and disinfectants, have accidentally been mixed with the food.

Mushrooms and Shellfish

Inherent poisons, where the food itself cannot be tolerated by the human system, are found in some types of mushrooms, ergot in grain, and some shellfish at certain times of the year. Poisoning from grain ergot is non-existent in Canada where all commercially milled grain must pass stringent government inspection. Home-milled grain may run the risk of being ergot-infected. Mushroom and shellfish poisoning can be avoided by eating these foods only when obtained from a reputable source.

Last words from the Ladies

QUIZ BY GERARD MOSLER

Here are the last recorded words — some pious, some pathetic, some defiant — of fifteen famous women in history whose names are also listed below. See if you can attribute each speech to the woman who spoke it. A score of 15 right gives you the last word, but 12 is still excellent. For the answers, see page 104.

WHAT WOMAN spoke THESE LAST WORDS?

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1. Queen Victoria | a) O Liberty! Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name! |
| 2. Anne Boleyn | b) I want to meet my God awake. |
| 3. Edith Cavell | c) One man have I slain to save a hundred thousand. |
| 4. Josephine Beauharnais | d) Leave the green! |
| 5. Elizabeth the Great | e) Stay a little longer, <i>M. le Curé</i> , and we will go together. |
| 6. Lady Jane Grey | f) All my possessions for a moment of time. |
| 7. Charlotte Corday | g) Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Blessed be God! |
| 8. Jane Seymour | h) Farewell, my children, forever. I am going to your father. |
| 9. George Sand | i) <i>L'île d'Elbe! Napoléon!</i> |
| 10. Mary I | j) The executioner is, I believe, very expert, and my neck is very slender. |
| 11. Maria Theresa | k) Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. |
| 12. Madame de Pompadour | l) You will find the word <i>Calais</i> written on my heart. |
| 13. Joan of Arc | m) I realize that patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone. |
| 14. Madame Roland | n) No, my head never committed any treason; but if you want it, you can have it. |
| 15. Marie Antoinette | o) Oh, that peace may come! |



After each shampoo or home permanent

add the fresh color and lustre of LOVALON the modern hair beauty rinse

- Leaves hair soft, easy to manage • Blends in yellow, grey streaks • 12 flattering shades
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A few cases of food poisoning are actually allergies—a negative reaction to certain foods which may result in hives, rashes or vomiting. The only preventive is to keep away from foods your system cannot tolerate.

The rumors and superstitions about aluminum cookware and tin cans as sources of food poisoning have no basis in fact. Aluminum is excellent for cooking, and modern tin cans make convenient refrigerator containers when adequately covered and stored only a reasonable length of time. Use any opened can of food as soon as you possibly can.

Nearly all food poisoning can be avoided by taking the proper precautions. Chatelaine has prepared a list of rules to help keep you and your family poison-proof all year round.

Buy wisely: Buy only good quality food from a reputable dealer where meats have been inspected and vegetables have been graded by the government.

Store wisely: Store fresh food in the refrigerator and use as soon as possible. Meats should be loosely wrapped and placed in the coldest part of the refrigerator. Vegetables should be washed and kept in a crisper. Staples such as flour and cereals must be kept in covered containers safe from any possible contact with animals, flies, rats, etc.

Clean carefully:

Vegetables and fruits must be well washed before cooking or eating raw while other food (such as meat and staples) should be bought in a clean condition or sterile packages. Personal cleanliness is a must for food handlers and any infection, no matter how small, should be attended to immediately.

Cook thoroughly:

Thorough cooking will destroy salmonella bacteria or parasite infections such as may be found in pork. Leftovers should be well heated before serving. Cooking, however, is not a safeguard against toxins already formed in the food by staphylococcus or botulinum.

Refrigerate: This is one of the most important rules because bacterial growth is slowed down in cold temperatures. All fresh food should be refrigerated promptly, and all cooked foods should be cooled immediately and refrigerated at a temperature between 32 and 40 degrees F. Custard mixtures and similar staph-suscept-

ible foods should be pre-cooled in ice water and placed in the refrigerator immediately. Sandwiches should be spread in single layers in the refrigerator until cold, then piled, wrapped, and returned to cold storage. NEVER leave creamed foods, sandwiches, ground meats, etc., at room temperature. Always keep them in the refrigerator until ready to serve. Staphylococcus poisoning is too common to risk the almost certain infection which occurs when foods are left at room temperature. In warm weather in general it is best to avoid serving custard or cream foods at any time.

Can foods wisely: Follow prescribed methods of preserving fruits and vegetables (booklets are available from federal and provincial departments of agriculture). Do not home-can vegetables except with a pressure cooker and following instructions very carefully and exactly.

Use up a season's supplies before the next canning season arrives.

Store household poisons—insecticides, weed-killers, medicines, disinfectants, etc.—in tightly covered, well-labeled containers, away from food storage.

Eat wisely: "When in doubt—don't."

Any food which is suspicious in any way—looks or smells bad, has an "off" flavor—should be thrown out. This includes meats which have gone grey and soft toward the centre; cream foods and fillings which have not been refrigerated; canned foods which are gassy, sour, have an odor, or came from a bulged can. (Commercially canned foods are prepared under such rigid controls that they rarely spoil; however, if dropped, damaged, or in a defective can, spoilage may occur.) Remember, botulinum and putrefaction can usually be detected by appearance and odor. Staphylococcus and salmonella may be present in food that looks and tastes normal.

If food poisoning does occur, give an emetic (dry mustard and water or salt and water) and call a doctor promptly. Vomiting, intestinal cramps, diarrhea, and dizziness are common symptoms of such an attack.

This summer make sure your picnic is fun—by taking a little more care in preparing and storing food. Food poisoning is sudden and unpredictable, but it can be avoided by eliminating human carelessness. +

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THE WOMEN OF HALIFAX

Continued from page 17

streets are named after people important in George III's day. If she attends St. Paul's Anglican Church, she knows she is worshipping in the oldest Protestant church in North America. At one of her city's busiest intersections, Quinpool Road and Robie Street, stands a gnarled willow tree on which pirates used to be hanged.

Two women of the past she will always remember are Frances Wentworth, wife of one of the first governors, and Julie St. Laurent, mistress of one of its most famous residents—Edward, Duke of Kent, who later became Queen Victoria's father. These two beauties reigned in the days when Halifax was infamous all over the continent as the wickedest city in North America, when rum flowed freely, women wore white wigs and people kept Negro slaves. Frances, a well-preserved charmer of more than forty, had earlier scandalized the city by having an affair with visiting Prince William—later William IV. To please Julie, a French countess, Edward built "Prince's Folly," an Italian-style mansion out on Bedford Basin with an artificial lake, a bandstand and winding pathways spelling out the letters of her name.

Almost a hundred years after Frances and Julie had departed, another famous lady of quite a different sort stepped off the gangplank. Anna Leonowens, the Anna of Anna and the King of Siam, had come to live with a married daughter at 48 Inglis Street. She scarcely waited to untie the ribbons of her Liberty bonnet before organizing the young ladies of the city into a club to read Shakespeare. In 1881 when she was more than seventy, she launched Halifax's first art college. At ninety, far from retiring to the rocking-chair, she hoisted the suffragette banner and urged Halifax women not to pay taxes unless they were allowed to vote.

Men Do the Headwork

The Red Cross and the Children's Aid Society in Halifax both owe their beginning to an ardent organizer of later vintage, Mrs. Agnes Dennis, CBE. At one time this energetic club worker held down the president's chair in four organizations—the Red Cross, the YWCA, the Local Council of Women and the Victorian Order of Nurses—and it was under her presidency that the Local Council of Women started playgrounds in Halifax.

But the Agnes Dennises of Halifax are the exception, not the rule, and super clubwomen are almost as rare as buffalo beans. On the whole Halifax women work their knitting needles and baking ovens hard, turning in mountains of socks to the Red Cross and popovers and layer cakes for sale at church bazaars, but few of them seek executive positions. One critical Halifax career woman says, "They're wonderful workers with their hands but they sit back then and let the men do all the headwork."

Perhaps the reason lies in the slower tempo of life in Halifax. A Halifax woman can always find time to pass the time of day with neighbors. She rarely

rushes telephone conversations. She likes long strolls on Sunday afternoons. Her husband comes home each day for lunch from his nearby office and frequently spends two hours over it. She is never surprised when taxis stop to let her cross the street—a practice that rattles visitors from Montreal. One page of her telephone directory urges, "Always be polite, it pays."

Although she has the whole Atlantic crawling with live lobsters for a front yard, the Halifax housewife spends twice as much on canned fish as women in other parts of the country and generally treats her guests to chicken or beef. She and her family spend less than half as much eating out in restaurants as families in Vancouver, and less than a third as much as families in Winnipeg—good restaurants in Halifax are scarce. She dresses conservatively. The Italian haircut has scarcely raised a hair of her head. In a city where rum was once cheaper than water there is little or no night life.

Prince Alberts from the Attic

Rummage sales are her favorite way of raising money. Every Friday night the paper runs notices of at least half a dozen. One husband grumbles, "It isn't safe to take off your trousers these days or your wife is bundling them off to a rummage sale."

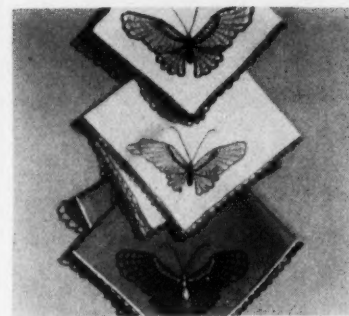
Culturally her city is enjoying a small renaissance, owing mostly to its new Canadians. In 1949 Mariss Vetra, a Latvian, produced an opera to celebrate the city's bicentennial. A friend, Alfred Strombergs, supplied music from a twenty-six-piece symphonette, which is now self-supporting. Although the opera association isn't as healthy financially, Haligonians help out with the costuming by bringing from the attic Prince Alberts, regimental uniforms, old muskets, and great-grandmother's bustles and capes. A ballet company was started four years ago and has proved itself particularly precocious. The members have already worked up a typical ballet feud and now Halifax has two infant and rival ballet schools.

The Halifax music festival is the third largest in Canada and has the largest school entry. The Theatre Arts Guild rounds out Halifax's cultural fare with five plays a year, which they present in an old school.

To balance her winter's activities, a Halifax woman gets outdoors in summer. She and her family probably sail at one of the city's moderately priced yachting clubs. There are two good golf clubs. She can pack the kids in the car and in fifteen minutes be at one of many beaches. There are ten thousand handy lakes where she can fish.

In any spare time she can always join the eternal debate, "Would the Maritimes have been better off if they hadn't joined Confederation?" In most cases she will state flatly that her province would be better off financially as part of the New England states, yet she is proud of the fact that if Nova Scotia hadn't stood firm in the American Revolution we would probably all be singing the Star-Spangled Banner as our anthem today.

She's a Bluenose and proud of it. Although she admits life in her scarred and character-filled city may not be the easiest in Canada, it's a sober, cheerful, frugal and comfortable life that suits her very well. +



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Last words from the Ladies

Answers to Quiz on Page 102

- 1—o (In reference to the Boer War.)
- 2—j (Shortly before her execution.)
- 3—m (On the eve of her execution by Germans as an Allied spy.)
- 4—i (Napoleon was her divorced husband.)
- 5—f
- 6—k
- 7—c (Murder of French revolutionist Marat.)
- 8—n (Shortly before her execution.)
- 9—d (In reference to her wish that no monument be erected on her grave.)
- 10—l (In reference to the French reconquest of Calais.)
- 11—b (Declining a drug to relieve pain.)
- 12—c
- 13—g
- 14—a (At the guillotine in 1793.)
- 15—h (Referring to husband Louis XVI.)

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